FORUM and Century

The Magazine of Controversy. Its method is to give a fair and friendly hearing to both sides, all sides, of important questions of the day. Its practice is, in an age of shifting authority, of relativity and specialization, to apply common sense both to threadbare tradition and to glittering novelty. Its object is, by stimulating independent thinking, to promote sound individualism in a democracy.

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

Editorial FOREWORD

WHAT are "the dominating forces in modern life"? The University of Cincinnati invited the Editor of THE FORUM to present that problem at a recent meeting of the Cincinnati Business and Professional Men's Group. A week or two before he had an opportunity to test the question on the Pacific Coast at a luncheon of the Phi Beta Kappa Society of the University of California. The most emphatic of many answers came from an undergraduate who maintained with some fervor that the dominating force in American life to-day is the passion for motion. We moderns, he claimed, must keep moving at any cost. Without caring where we take off from or where we are headed we welcome any convincing command to "move on" that will excite in our breasts the heroic illusion of perpetual motion. This answer will satisfy some readers of THE FORUM, but not a majority.

IN Cincinnati the reaction to the question was different. One member of the audience indicated as a common denominator of all the forces dominating society to-day the battle between collective and individual ideas, the conflict between the high winds of manufactured ideas, designed to sweep the masses from their moorings, and minds determined to exercise their own powers of selection. There is of course nothing especially new or modern in the mere struggle of collectivism versus individualism. But what is altogether new in our generation, and startling, is the tremendous acceleration and rapid spread of mass ideas by machinery, and the need of new courage, keener powers of discrimination, and more alertness on the part of any individual who is ambitious to turn out an occasional original thought of his own.

NOT that we are slaves to the machine; we are enslaved by synthetic ideas manifolded and disseminated by the aid of machinery. The printing press, the telephone, the motion picture, the radio are all engaged in ceaseless reiteration con-

Contents for MAY

The American Legion in Politics	MARCUS DUFFIELD	257
Good Old 1913. *Reminiscences of a Golden Age*	ELMER DAVIS	266
Prophets Not Without Honor	EDWARD ANGLY	272
Lincoln Memorial. *A Poem*	THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL	277
Pooh-bahs of Sport	JOHN R. TUNIS	278
"Calvin Coolidge Says"	SCRUTATOR	284
Why India Follows Gandhi	H. N. BRAILSFORD	286
Yours for a Quick Rise. *A Short Story*	ROBERT B. PARKER, JR.	293
Motormania	RODNEY GILBERT	300
The Onward March of Repeal	FABIAN FRANKLIN	307
Digging Our Graves With Our Teeth	LOUIS I. DUBLIN	311
SOS from the Colleges	H. ALEXANDER SMITH	316
Opinions about Books		
The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens	C. HARTLEY GRATTAN	VI
Savage Messiah	FRANCES WARFIELD	VI
The Memoirs of Marshal Foch	P. W. WILSON	X
The Magnificent Comedy	WILLIAM C. WHITE	XI
Travel. *Visby, Enchanted City*	WIRT W. BARNITZ	XXI
Our Rostrum		XXVI
Downtown. *Foreign Bonds*	DONALD REA HANSON	XXXV
Toasts		XL

VOL. LXXXV — No. 5

THE FORUM, combined with THE CENTURY MAGAZINE (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.), is published monthly by the Forum Publishing Company, Inc. 25 cents a copy; $2.50 a year; foreign subscription, $3.50. Publication office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. Editorial and general offices, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Back copies not over three months old, 25 cents; all other back copies, $1.00. Four weeks' advance notice required for change of address, and such notices must supply the old address as well as the new. *Indexed in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.*

All manuscripts should be typewritten, accompanied by return postage, and addressed to the Editor at the New York office. No responsibility is assumed for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.

Printed in the United States of America. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1931, in the United States and Great Britain. No article in this issue may be reprinted in whole or in condensed form without express permission from the editors.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FORUM

Next Month

AMERICA IN THE DUMPS

André Maurois

André Maurois visited this country before and after the Wall Street crash. He saw things that we, with our eyes glued to the stock market pages and the "help wanted" columns, never discovered. In his usual vivid style he portrays America in the process of taking the jolt, as it appeared to a sympathetic outsider.

THE LEGION ON A SPREE

Margaret Doty

With the billion-dollar bonus tucked away in its pockets, the Legion will journey to Detroit this September to celebrate. Preparations have been made to make this the biggest and wettest convention in history. Taxpayers will be interested in what Miss Doty has to say about where a large part of the "adjusted compensation" is going.

TWISTING TAMMANY'S TAIL

Norman Thomas

New York City's widely-advertised clean-up is just another futile gesture, says Mr. Thomas. Graft and Tammany are so thoroughly entrenched that no attempt to clean up the political system will ever succeed; the only solution is to change the system entirely. In this readable paper Mr. Thomas outlines the basic causes of all municipal graft.

PORTRAIT OF THE MAN IN THE STREET

George Frederic Nieberg

What does the Man in the Street look like? What does he think about? What does he do with his spare time? What are his tastes? In other words, what is a typical American? Mr. Nieberg has drawn a picture of this celebrated and elusive creature. Not a very flattering picture, and we don't think most of our readers will agree with it, so we are giving them a chance to reply by offering prizes for the best sketches of The Typical American, to be published in succeeding issues. The announcement will be made in the June issue.

PRIMA DONNAS OF THE PULPIT

Robert Neville

Startling information about the lengths to which our modern pastors will go to crash the pages of the newspapers. Half the time their sermons are directed more at the city editors than at their congregations. Mr. Neville knows; he handles such matters for the New York *Herald Tribune*.

SMASHING THE DOPE RINGS

Captain Samuel Taylor Moore

A fascinating narrative of adventures in following the secret trail of dope from the factories of Egypt and Turkey through France and Switzerland and into the United States. Recently a shipment of a million dollars' worth of opium was seized in a small trucking concern's offices in New York. Captain Taylor describes the elaborate organization which makes it possible to slip such large consignments past the watchful eyes of the Federal agents.

FOREWORD

Continued

verting and conditioning our minds to one or another form of propaganda.

MOTION pictures can popularize crime until vice takes on the folk measure of the heroic. The radio can be placed at the service of the Vatican, and the Pope enabled to reaffirm the old moral standards sanctioned by religious authority not merely to several thousands hearing his voice in Saint Peters, but to millions listening in many languages. Eventually science will manufacture a common auxiliary language by which a new idea or an old idea can be communicated to the entire human family. Chain newspapers convert their millions to mass ideas. A few years ago André Maurois wrote for THE FORUM a fantasy of the coming first interplanetary war in which the five newspaper czars of a world at peace aroused the human race from lethargy by inflaming them with patriotic hatred against an imaginary foe in the moon who was alleged to be attacking our planet with baneful rays.

EVEN homely, hard-earned, practical economic experience can be swept away by waves of synthetic thinking. In Russia a receiving set on every farm, a Soviet text book in every home can train a generation to whom our Western ideas of industrial democracy will seem incomprehensible. In America mass advertising can fan the passion to destroy old patterns and to buy new patterns and create a national hypnosis of unlimited power of consumption.

THE sweep of mass ideas is a fact to be faced but not necessarily an evil. Raising the general level of information or morals by synthetic education, eliminating economic waste by standardized industrial habits of mind, or even advertising the bathtub, ready-made clothes, and better tooth paste may be good for the greatest number. But we all come to grief when there are not enough wise men to go round as leaders, men aware of all the contending forces and competent to apply common sense to keep the rest of us, animated by some collective idea, from charging half-cocked toward the nearest precipice like a herd of Gadarene swine.

IT is a healthy symptom of our confused but creative modern life that every human in modern society is obliged to face the fierce winds of propaganda and to decide whether he is willing to be swept along with the herd or chooses to stand fast and select his own ideas and wrap about him the cloak of his own conclusions. To serve this lonely individual and fortify his courage is the purpose of writers in THE FORUM.

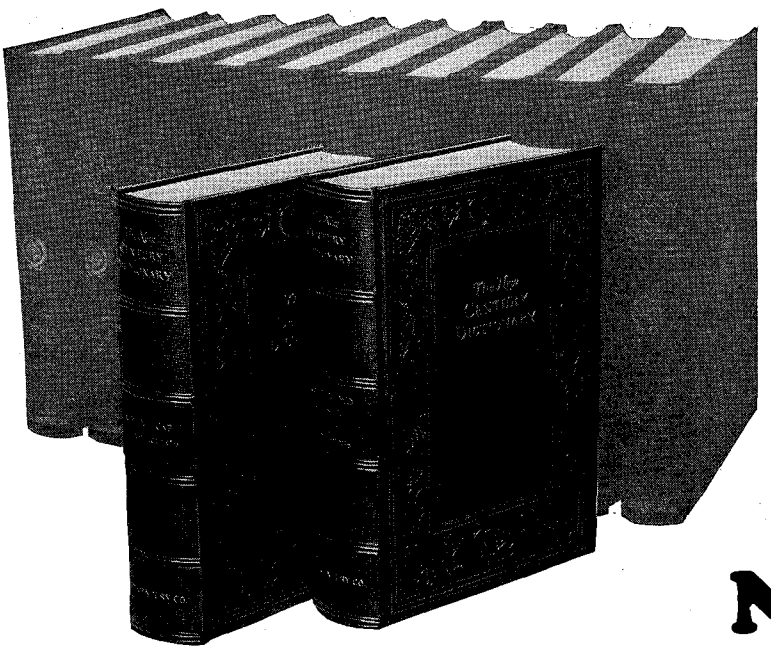
HENRY GODDARD LEACH

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICA'S GREATEST DICTIONARY

CONDENSED AND POPULARIZED, AND NOW OFFERED TO YOU IN THIS NEW AND COMPACT LOW-PRICED FORM!

The Century Dictionary contained more than 8500 pages, and was bound in 10 large quarto volumes.



THE NEW CENTURY DICTIONARY contains 2800 pages, and is now issued in 2 quarto volumes.

THE NEW CENTURY DICTIONARY

Three years ago the publishers of the famous *Century Dictionary* took the first step toward placing a modern form of this work in every home. They offered a condensed and popularized work known as THE NEW CENTURY DICTIONARY, at the then unheard-of low price of $22.50. This dictionary appeared at that time in *three volumes* and was sold by subscription only. Now the publishers take a second great step. The subscription period having expired, THE NEW CENTURY DICTIONARY is being offered to the public in a new *two-volume* form at the *unprecedented low price of $9.00!*

An Entirely New Dictionary

The original *Century Dictionary* has long been recognized as the most ambitious and scholarly dictionary of the English language published in America. Its definitions are everywhere quoted as authoritative. For years the publishers received requests for a dictionary based on it, but more compact and more popular. THE NEW CENTURY DICTIONARY is the answer. Abridged and condensed, it makes available to a wider public the substance of the accumulated learning of the original work; and to this has been added much new material dealing with new words and senses.

Complete and Handsome

In addition to the usual features of every good dictionary, THE NEW CENTURY DICTIONARY contains twelve thousand quotations from British and American authors to illustrate word meanings; contains full and dependable supplements of synonyms and antonyms, abbreviations, business terms, foreign words and phrases, tables of measures and weights, biographical names, geographical names, and miscellaneous proper names; has four thousand high-grade illustrations, including twelve beautiful full-page color-plates; and is printed in large, clear, readable type. The volumes are bound in a dark-red leather-like material, which is strong and attractive, and the covers are richly embossed and stamped in gold.

A Remarkable Opportunity

To the many persons who have looked upon a *Century* dictionary as a luxury beyond their reach, the issuing of this new popular edition offers a remarkable opportunity.

YOUR CASH ORDER MAKES THIS LOW PRICE POSSIBLE

MAIL THIS COUPON

THE CENTURY CO. .....
353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Send me the new two-volume edition of THE NEW CENTURY DICTIONARY, carriage paid, the price of which is $9.00.

☐ Check
☐ Money Order } is enclosed
☐ Send C.O.D.

Name .....

Address .....

F-3

.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.—KEATS

Reviews by

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN **P. W. WILSON**
FRANCES WARFIELD **WILLIAM C. WHITE**

American Document

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LINCOLN STEFFENS; Harcourt, Brace, 2 vols., $7.50.
Reviewed by C. HARTLEY GRATTAN.

MR. STEFFENS might well have called his autobiography "The Education of Lincoln Steffens," for while he has adopted none of the devices used by Henry Adams and has none of Adams' mournful solemnity, what he is really about is the tracing of the evolution of his own mind. Steffens was born in San Francisco in 1866 and still thrives. His father was a merchant of comfortable means and Steffens' childhood was happy. The chapters devoted to recounting these years might well be printed separately as a book for boys since they so admirably tell of a boy's pleasures, dreams, disillusionments, and accomplishments. The word "disillusionments" should be underlined, for the major part of the two volumes is a record of them.

If the most important function of education is to disabuse our minds of false ideas of the world and its ways, then Steffens started his education very early. His boyish eyes saw the crookedness of the race track; his adolescence and young manhood were taken up with discovering that academic theories of ethics provide no key to the world of practical affairs. For it was ethics which engaged Steffens in his long education which started at Stanford and carried him to Germany and France. By accident he was dropped from the academic heights into the maelstrom of New York journalism. One of his first experiences was to see the chicanery which is Wall Street in all its nakedness, and hard upon that experience came a period as police reporter in the time of Croker, Devery, and Dr. Parkhurst. These experiences "educated him" but did not deprive him of ideals, as is shown by the fact that he went from them to the operation of the most literary New York newspaper in recent years. And from that he went to muckraking.

Steffens entered muckraking with the idea that grafting was the work of malign bad men and that it could be eliminated by electing good men to office. He came out of it with admiration for the skill and honesty of the malign bad men and a hearty skepticism of the worth of good men as politicians. For after all the bosses and the crooks were men of power who happened to abuse their trust — which Steffens interprets to be the good of the masses of the people. The good men were usually weak or were imported into politics from occupations which gave them no conception of how to operate a government. Furthermore, the more he dug into the matter the clearer it became that the political corruption was a natural by-product of the evolution of this country from a Jeffersonian agrarian democracy into a Hamiltonian plutocracy. Corruption came from the desire of ambitious business men operating privileged corporations like railways, gas works, *etc.*, to make the government responsive to their needs. A false division between politics and economics was brought vividly to Steffens' attention by his burrowing into the "shame of the cities," and his solution became the identification of politics and economics plus a shifting of the aims and rewards set up as desirable by society.

As he looked about the world he found no country free from the contradiction he had detected and consequently no country was free from graft. Other countries were blessed with a more realistic citizenry and so there was less hypocrisy about the matter. It was a natural transition from such a position to an interest in revolution. Steffens went through the Mexican Revolution as an observer close to Carranza and looked on sympathetically at the Russian Revolution of Lenin and the Italian Revolution of Mussolini. The war touched him very little, but the peace was a further proof that "good" men like Wilson were helpless in the hands of "honest" men like Clemenceau.

What Steffens learned seems remarkably like what a later generation, if properly taught in the schools, starts out with; that is, a realization that government is a problem in economics and that a true regeneration of society can only come through an entire revision of its aims and ideals.

This book deserves a place beside *The Education of Henry Adams* as an American document. It has not the literary quality of Adams' record, but what it reveals is of comparable importance. One peculiar thing about Mr. Steffens' book is that he seems to have fictionized his autobiography; either that or he has a most phenomenal memory, for he records conversation after conversation with the assurance of a novelist. This is a book to study and ponder. Especially should it be studied by young men, for the wisdom of Steffens at sixty-five should be in the possession of every young man of twenty who faces the world to-day.

New Bohemians

SAVAGE MESSIAH, by H. S. Ede; Knopf, $5.00.
Reviewed by FRANCES WARFIELD.

MR. EDE has collected Henri Gaudier's letters, principally those to Sophie Brzeska, and has bound them together with an account — based on Miss Brzeska's diary and the memories of people who knew them — of the lives of this oddly-assorted brother and sister who were no brother and sister at all. The book, an invaluable addition to Ezra Pound's memoir, which appeared in 1916, has been published appropriately in companion size to Pound's; the two are interdependent. The older book is Pound speaking — of the delightful, erudite young madman whose promise of genius he recognized and encouraged before it was too late. The new one is Gaudier only — Gaudier and Miss Brzeska, the dry, possessed Polish woman with whom he maintained a jarring platonic relationship through five years

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

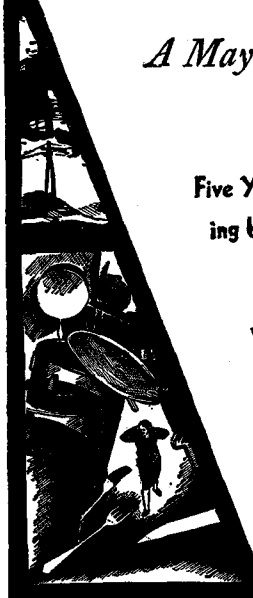
At last — Russia's Own Story of the Five Year Plan

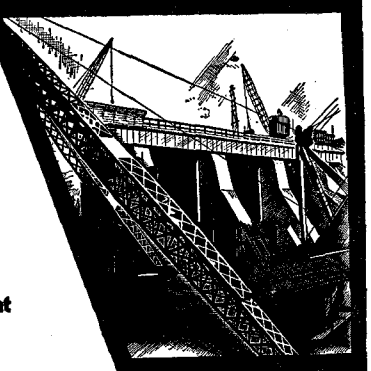
NEW RUSSIA'S PRIMER

A May Selection of the Book of the Month Club

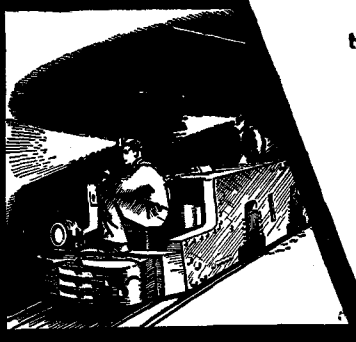
In this book the Soviet Government tells its own story of the Five Year Plan—not for outside propaganda, but for compulsory reading by the Russian people.

Americans know in a general way the outline of the plan whereby Russia is to transform herself from a backward agricultural country into a modern industrial state. It is an attempt to remodel an entire nation on the efficiency basis of a Ford factory. *New Russia's Primer* tells the story of this social and industrial revolution—the most ambitious in all history—in simple language and with a vividness that dramatizes the whole gigantic undertaking.





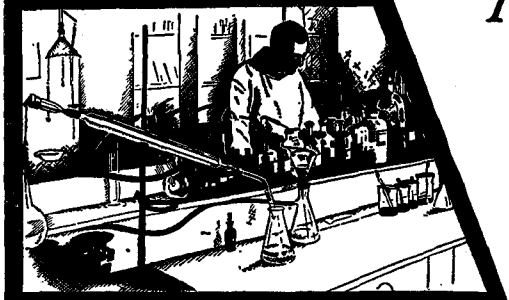
Professor Counts of Columbia, who discovered and helped translate *New Russia's Primer,* calls it *literally fascinating. Practically every page carries the mark of genius.* Lavishly illustrated, $1.75



PAN-SOVIETISM

The Issue before America and the World

by Bruce Hopper



Shortly before the Great War, Professor Usher's "Pan-Germanism" startled the world with its analysis of Germany's political ambitions. "Pan-Sovietism" is no less startling in its presentation of Soviet plans and policies, and in its outline of the factors in the approaching struggle between Russia and America for world domination. It gives an up-to-the-minute analysis of the actual functionings of the Soviet Government, of the economic and industrial background for the Five Year Plan, and of the outlook for the future. $2.50.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jungle Ways

Seabrook's Book out of AFRICA

William Seabrook

With "The Magic Island" Seabrook as an explorer into the primitive and ecstatic elements of life caught the attention of the world. In his new book he has dared much further.

In "Jungle Ways" Seabrook goes further than any civilized writer has ever before dared to go in presenting the unexpurgated truth about the intimate life and customs — religious, magical, moral, sexual, and social — of the real savage.

He lived in Africa with the natives of the Ivory Coast Jungle, with the Gueré cannibals, and with a little-known phallic-worshipping tribe. Accepted as "the black man with a white face," he was initiated into the secret rites and practices of civilizations fantastically different from our own.

"Jungle Ways" is one of the most profoundly exciting documents that any white man has ever brought out of the Dark Continent. "Seabrook brings from Africa precious material that practically all earlier explorers have missed."

—*N. Y. Post.*

With 32 photographs, $3.50

Limited edition of 249 copies, signed by the author, with 8 extra photographs, $15.00

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO.

383 Madison Avenue, N. Y.

Books

of adoration and exasperation and whom he probably would have married.

Gaudier met Miss Brzeska in a Paris library when he was eighteen and she was thirty-eight. They drifted together like two foundering derelicts, confident that their association would bring them both triumphantly to shore. They combined their names. Explosively they shared their theories, living quarters, tantrums, and funds. Gaudier was just beginning to feel himself a sculptor. Miss Brzeska wanted to write. When she was off on her continual search for a quiet place to work on the trilogy which ill health, nerves, and twisted emotions never let her write, they bickered and made love through letters.

It takes a while to read this book. You stop to ponder theories of art and the madness of artists. You pore over the reproductions of Gaudier-Brzeska's work. You reread Pound's memoir and come upon vorticism again with all the sentimental tenderness reserved for fifteen-year-old dance tunes. You fall to composing solemn valedictories to the Twenties, like those current a year ago, checking up on Gaudier's contemporaries in impassioned experiment — Epstein, Brancusi, James Joyce, T. S. Eliot, Pound, and the rest — speculating what would be Gaudier's place to-day if a German bullet had not found him in 1915, when he was not yet twenty-four years old.

Gaudier was, perhaps, primarily a sculptor's sculptor. Probably he would be still, if he were working to-day. Like James Joyce, he might have vanished into an artistic Never-Never Land. But his place in all likelihood would be an important one, if hunger, poverty, and physical and nervous exhaustion had spared the Savage Messiah, as his friends called him, to create what he had in him to create. From Mr. Ede's book it becomes clear that he might not have been spared. Gaudier had just four years as a sculptor. Most of this time he earned a small living in an office in the daytime and at night and on Sundays, in wretched studios, starving himself to buy materials, he cut his strange, blunt figures directly from stone and metal with tools he forged himself. It is astonishing that he produced the volume and quality of work that he did, doubtful that without some sort of financial recognition he could have continued much longer. The story of these years is not pleasant, less so because it is in a sense the story of most young artists who experiment outside the established tradition. It presents a new and realistic Bohemia, of leaking roofs, filth, and incredible handicaps. It is an unspoken affirmation of the principle of the late John Quinn, the collector, who held that it is of first importance to buy the work of living artists who need money, since by

— AGAIN —

A Monumental Novel by

MAXIM GORKI

THE MAGNET continues where BYSTANDER left off, but also stands by itself as a powerful novel depicting the emergence and growth of the spirit of revolt in Russia. His canvas is immense, and variety of his types prodigious. An amazing performance. *Translated by* ALEXANDER BAKSHY.

$3.00

THE MAGNET

A fascinating conception

Don Juan

by JOSEPH DELTEIL

Delteil's Don Juan is the soft, warm-hearted, warm-blooded lover of women and of the apostles — the lover of the Virgin — the lover of sensation in this "earthly paradise" which was created for man's delight. *Translated from the French by* KAY BOYLE. Illustrations by CHARLES SANDFORD. $2.50

THE STORY OF D. H. LAWRENCE

Deeply moving — wonderfully illuminating — this tragic history written by a man who knew Lawrence as intimately as any man living. Mr. Murry is the first to decipher the tragic record of Lawrence's inward struggle.

Illustrated, $3.50

J. MIDDLETON MURRY'S

SON OF WOMAN

JONATHAN CAPE & HARRISON SMITH

139 East 46th Street, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DEATH WALKED AT THEIR ELBOWS!

Four gallant, good-humored men entered the unknown jungles of Eastern Bolivia, while natives freely bet five to one that they would not come out alive. The story of their incredible hardships and adventures, written with a modesty and vividness inborn in the author, makes GREEN HELL one of the memorable books of the year.

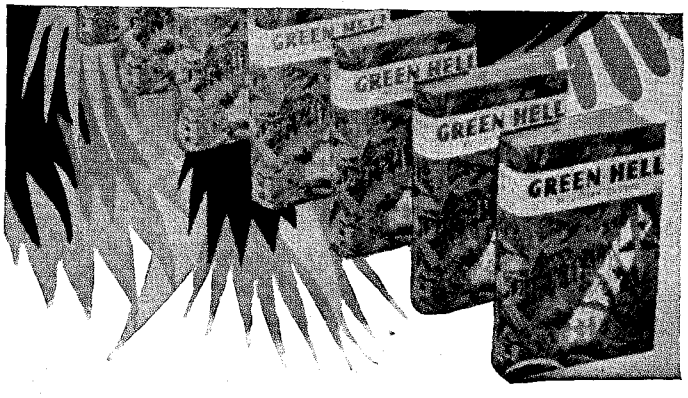
Praised by Famous Adventurer

W. B. Seabrook, author of *The Magic Island*, etc., says: "Julian Duguid is a real adventurer, and he writes like a streak." Like a streak!—that is the phrase we have been trying to find to express the magnificent sweep and drive of this book.

Four Extraordinary Characters

"A fiction writer would give anything he possesses to have invented these four characters," says Dorothy Scarborough, well-known critic. A gorgeous company they are—a Bolivian diplomat, a British cinematographer, a Russian tiger-hunter, and the utterly charming young English author—four modern musketeers!

GREEN HELL



BY JULIAN DUGUID

At every gathering where conversation turns to the live topics of the day, the inevitable question will be: "Have you read GREEN HELL?" Don't miss it. Illustrated. $4.00

THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[x]

Good journalism is contemporary history

America likes to listen to the "best man" in any field. And when the man whom Ex-Secretary of State Frank Polk called "the best reporter America has" writes fully and honestly of his life, his autobiography is a book America wants to read.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LINCOLN STEFFENS

He covered New York — Wall St., the Ghetto, police, crime. He "raked the muck" in city, state and federal government. He went to wars and revolutions, to the Peace Conference. Mingling with the outstanding figures of the day — Roosevelt, Wilson, La Follette, Clarence Darrow, Lenin, Mussolini — and bosses and crooks — he always knew the "inside stories." He tells them, humorously, tolerantly, in the rich wisdom of his experience. His is like no other commentary on America. For, as Max Eastman says, "Lincoln Steffens knows intimately more phases of American life than any other man living."

2 vols. 100 illustrations $7.50

Harcourt, Brace & Co.
383 Madison Ave., N. Y.

making it possible for the artist to continue, the purchaser himself shares in his creation.

Soldier's Apologia

THE MEMOIRS OF MARSHAL FOCH, translated by Col. C. Bentley Mott; Doubleday, Doran, $5.00.
Reviewed by P. W. WILSON.

IN THE contribution of Marshal Foch to mankind, the most valuable element has been personal character, and it is character that has been expressed in the dignified restraint of his apologia. Erect, correct, direct, that is the soldierly style of this book. Like the stroke of a sword, so do the sentences flash. They are cold as steel. They are courteous as a salute.

Such rejoinder is effective. The egotism, like art, conceals itself. There is created the impression that the Pershings and the Haigs, the Ludendorffs and the Hindenburgs, the Clemenceaus and the Lloyd Georges, even the Joffres, the Petains, and the Nivelles were floundering into failure when Foch the infallible extricated civilization out of the chaos. He alone has no mistakes to admit. To err is human and he was incapable of it.

In its very majesty of courage, the claim is fascinating. Almost we are persuaded to believe that Marshal Foch was not only a great man, not only an able commander, not only a chivalrous gentleman, not only a stainless crusader, but a legend. To shatter the illusion seems like sabotage. Yet even in France, the illusion is dispelled.

At the outset of the war, Foch, appointed to a critical position, played a part, as did other generals, of which his nation has every reason to be proud. He writes that Kitchener greeted him with the words, "Well, so we are beaten," and told him that on July 1, 1915, not before, one million trained soldiers from Britain would reach France. While Britain was better than her word and sent many thousands of soldiers in advance of the date, Foch is right in insisting that, during the interval, France had to bear the brunt of the German onset on the western front. His own services on the Marne are undeniable; nor is his account of them exaggerated. In that exciting situation, his decisions were rapid and justified by victory.

But even in that hour of triumph, France was in two minds about Foch and his command was suspended. His admirers treat this incident as an instance of *lèse majesté* and suggest that Foch displayed the calm resignation of a martyr. Clemenceau offers a more human description of the capacity of Foch for emotion. However, the activities of an indispensable general were resumed and the personality of Foch impressed Lloyd George as deeply as the personality of Lloyd George impressed Foch. The men were alike. Both of them trusted to instinct. Both of them were impatient of mere "information." If Foch became generalissimo, it was because Lloyd George believed in him, which meant that Great Britain was prepared to concede the title to French susceptibilities.

It is here that we approach the thin ice. What is the carefully documented indictment of the strategy attempted by Foch? In the autumn of 1917, Haig, relying on "information," believed that the Germans were concentrating their last blow on his army. Events proved that Haig's information was correct. But this book justifies the view that the information was not accepted either by Foch or by France. Foch admits that, like Petain, he feared a blow elsewhere. He admits that, like Petain, he withheld reënforcements from the real point of danger. He also admits that at the moment when Haig was preparing to resist the German offensive, which fell on him alone, the French were urging the British to weaken their line by diverting troops to a general reserve.

What is the second allegation? It is that in July, 1918, Foch proposed no more than a limited offensive. In the memorandum which he prints and which has been misquoted in no way by Haig's biographer, General Charteris, Foch laid it down that there was to be no "seeking a decision." He said plainly that "1919 will be the decisive year of the conflict."

Haig, on the other hand, had said for months that a mass attack by the Germans would leave them in a disastrous position and, at the risk of his reputation, he sought the decision in 1918. It was thus a major offensive that Haig ordered and, however great the hazard, that major offensive on the British front was the beginning of the immediate end. The comment of Foch is nonchalant. "This proposal," he writes, "was so perfectly in harmony with my previous instructions and with my way of looking at the matter . . . that I wished to follow it up immediately and increase its scope as much as possible." The following-up was beyond all praise and the troops of the United States delivered their full share of hammer blows.

After the Armistice, Pershing and Haig laid down their commands. They did not attempt to make peace as well as war. Foch tried to be statesman as well as soldier. That he was actuated by a sense of duty is obvious. But the result was dissension — over which unedifying wrangle, with supreme skill, he draws a veil. A fair judgment on his genius is to say that he was the D'Artagnan of the World War. As a D'Artagnan, he will be eternally be-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books

loved. But D'Artagnan was not Richelieu. He was not Napoleon.

Lost Years

THE MAGNIFICENT COMEDY, by Meade Minnigerode; Farrar & Rinehart, $3.50. Reviewed by WILLIAM C. WHITE.

MR. MINNIGERODE, who will be remembered particularly for his breezy book on American history, *The Fabulous Forties*, now turns to a dim period in the history of France. Starting off with the motto, "The history of the fall of Robespierre is not long; some scoundrels destroyed some scoundrels," he has explored the five years from the fall of Robespierre to the coming of Napoleon.

His explorations, conducted exclusively with a flashlight, have illuminated a period that has long been neglected. In the average student's knowledge of French history there is a hiatus; French history has moved at fever pitch until the shot that closes Robespierre's career and ends the Terror. Then there is a natural reaction; history too must stop for breath. Not until Napoleon appears does the reaction that began in 1794 cease. It is this reaction which the author follows and whose characteristics he trails.

It is a period that has many counterparts in history — as in England after the Restoration or in America in the years after the war. (What a magnificent historian of the Harding régime Mr. Minnigerode would be with his statement, that perhaps sums up this book, "Politically, if it had not been so pitiful, it was excessively funny.") The author takes up his tale at the moment when the Terror has pranced through France and people are tired of its chance steps. "It has been a very powerful drug, the Terror, unexpectedly cut off, and human systems had to find other stimulants with which to replace it. . . . The dead of the Terror were taken for granted. . . . Shoving into theatres and dancing at balls, that was the craze, the first flush of hysteria — and let the dead bury the dead." Then follows a detailed study of that hysteria in every one of its manifestations.

Such a period is characterized by its great number of mediocre leaders — as if Time, having produced a Danton and a Robespierre, needs rest before permitting a Napoleon to emerge. Mediocrities whom the dead weight of history has carried into the dust have been dug up and given breath enough for one more strut. Larevelliere-Lepeaux, one of the Directory of 1795, "hunchbacked, spindlylegged and thin voiced," Pitou, "the Royalist street singer," play their petty parts once more. The coming of Napoleon, a strong man, is like a breath of fresh air — but even he had his faults: "His face was all bloody

MACMILLAN

SIR JAMES JEANS' New Book

THE STARS IN THEIR COURSES

By the Author of

THE MYSTERIOUS UNIVERSE
THE UNIVERSE AROUND US

One of the greatest of living astronomers takes you in this new book on a fascinating tour of the heavens and shows you the wonders of the universe as seen through the giant telescopes of today.
Second Printing — Illustrated $2.50

Up from the Ape
By Earnest A. Hooton
How we came to be what we are, recounted with humor as well as authority. $7.00

Science and First Principles
By F. S. C. Northrop
Written for the layman who wants to know something about what modern science is saying as well as for the scientist and the philosopher. $3.00

The Remaking of Marriage
By Poul Bjerre
A study of the psychology of sex relationships by a distinguished Swedish psychotherapist. $2.50

The Religion of Man
By Rabindranath Tagore
The great Indian philosopher and poet has brought his thought and experience into definite focus in this book: The Hibbert Lectures for 1930. $2.50

Vale and Other Poems
By A. E.
(George Russell)
"It seems to be a distillation of the essential quality of all his poetic work." — *New York World-Telegram* $1.50

NORMAN THOMAS'
AMERICA'S WAY OUT
"Mr. Thomas' concise and well-considered statement of the problems of collectivism in American life is important reading." — *New York Evening Post*
Second Printing $2.50

GERMANY AND THE GERMANS
By EUGEN DIESEL
An informing, readable introduction to the Germany of today — both the country and the people. $2.00

THE ECONOMIC LIFE OF SOVIET RUSSIA
By CALVIN B. HOOVER
"The best and most comprehensive view of Soviet policies and their application now obtainable." — *New York Times*
Third Printing $3.00

THE QUEST FOR SOCIAL JUSTICE
By HAROLD UNDERWOOD FAULKNER
A new volume in *History of American Life*, covering from the viewpoint of the social historian the fascinating period from 1898 to 1914. $4.00

BEHIND MOROCCAN WALLS
By HENRIETTE CELARIE
Tales of Moroccan women, translated by Constance Lily Morris and illustrated superbly by Boris Artzybasheff. $6.00

Prices subject to change on publication

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY ~ 60 FIFTH AVENUE ~ NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOK QUESTIONS

Do you remember "Trivia" and "More Trivia?"

LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH's new book of aphorisms and essays has the same wit, shrewdness and individual flavor.

AFTERTHOUGHTS
$1.35

Do you know the genealogy of Uncle Sam?

CONSTANCE ROURKE has done what Lewis Mumford calls "the greatest piece of investigation in American cultural history" in her book on American humor and its influences on our literature.

AMERICAN HUMOR
$3.50

Who is the most powerful force in American life today?

MARY DAY WINN gives some amazing statistics and writes amusingly, provocatively, thoroughly on just how powerful American Woman is.

ADAM'S RIB
$2.00

Do you know the Britishers' substitute for Communism?

R. H. TAWNEY, noted British economist, writes what the *New Statesman* calls "one of the few creative works that the Socialist faith has produced."

EQUALITY
$2.25

Who is the great judge whose writings rank as literature?

BENJAMIN N. CARDOZO's new book has been eagerly awaited, not only by members of his profession but by a large general public for "the benevolence, wisdom and charm of these papers." — *N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

LAW AND LITERATURE
$2.75

Do you know what novelist won the James Tait Black Prize for the best fiction of the year in England?

E. H. YOUNG has won thousands of admirers in America with this same novel. Eighth printing.

MISS MOLE
$2.00

Who wrote "The Cradle of God" and has just issued a companion volume to it?

LLEWELYN POWYS has written the long-awaited record of his actual visit to the Holy Land. "That's literature," says the *N. Y. Times.*

A PAGAN'S PILGRIMAGE
$2.50

Who is the greatest philosopher in America since the death of William James?

MORRIS R. COHEN, who has at last given the first full statement of his basic philosophy.

REASON AND NATURE
$5.00

Harcourt, Brace & Co.
383 Madison Ave., N. Y.

Books

from the pimples which he had been nervously scratching. But they were to save the day, the pimples; for Bonaparte was telling the troops that the Jacobian Deputies had attacked him with daggers."

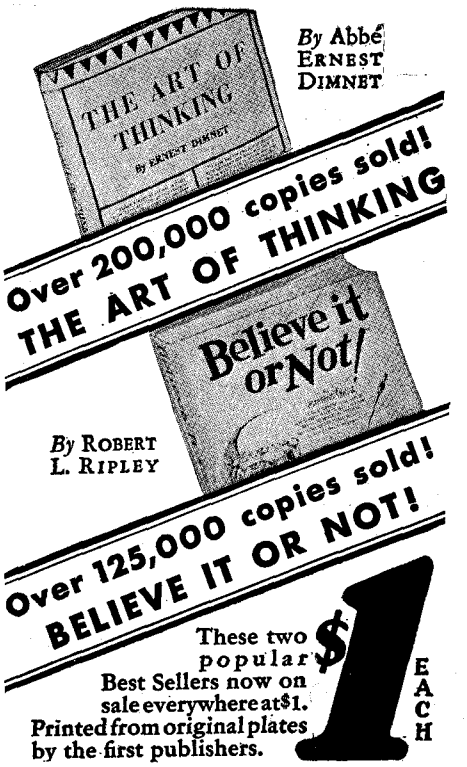
With sharp flashes, like the individual shots from the flashlight, the author has thrown his story into the light of the present day. It is more story than history — for history is supposed to be dull. Whether he has placed his emphasis correctly, only a careful perusal of the sources which he lists in the bibliography will tell. But with a colorful style, always dramatic, and dramatic by repetition of phrase or idea, he fills in a little-known period of French history with high color.

Those who are fond of thinking by analogy constantly compare the French Revolution with the Russian Revolution. The period which this book describes tells how the reactions to the Terror brought with it "No reserve any more, no restraint, no decorum; and such sights as to make you roll up your eyes." It is worth while remembering that the reaction to the Terror in Russia brought the desire to build up the economic structure of the land; there has been no Robespierre as yet in Russia and as yet no "Magnificent Comedy."

Books in Brief

WILSON, THE UNKNOWN, by Wells Wells; Scribner, $2.50.

THIS IS a highly interesting, but just as highly dubious, effort to straighten out all the inconsistencies of our war President. Wells Wells (the name is a pseudonym) attributes to his hero a god-like strategy, an audacity, and a clairvoyance that would do credit to Zeus himself. He thinks that every dubious move made by Wilson was designed as far-seeing campaign strategy. Wilson really intended to be President for three terms. Thus the Mexican policy, aimed against Huerta, was secretly dictated as fodder for 1916. Humanitarian legislation, so Mr. Wells' argument runs, was insufficient as an issue to beat the numerically superior Republicans; therefore a Mexican issue (Mr. Wells thinks of Wilson as a great, though altruistic, imperialist) which would offer to American capital and enterprise a new frontier beyond the Rio Grande would serve. Bryan might object, but America would take fire with a new incarnation of Manifest Destiny and a New Monroe Doctrine. Unfortunately for this plan, the World War interfered, and Wilson was forced to substitute the slogan, "He kept us out of war." That did well enough for the moment. But after his return from Paris, there was 1920 staring Wilson in the face. According to Mr.



By Abbé ERNEST DIMNET

Over 200,000 copies sold!
THE ART OF THINKING

By ROBERT L. RIPLEY

Over 125,000 copies sold!
BELIEVE IT OR NOT!

These two popular Best Sellers now on sale everywhere at $1. Printed from original plates by the first publishers. $1 EACH

SIMON AND SCHUSTER • *Publishers*
386 FOURTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

CURIOUS BOOKS

1. Unusual Reprints . . .
2. Unexpurgated Volumes
3. Private Presses . . . .
4. Curiosa and Esoterica
5. Limited Editions . . . .
6. Foreign Translations

Send for descriptive catalogues

PANURGE BOOK CO.
100 FIFTH AVENUE . . NEW YORK

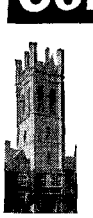
No Need to Grope for the Right Word

Build your vocabulary by constantly using

Webster's Collegiate

The best abridged dictionary. 106,000 entries, 1,256 pages, 1,700 illustrations. Thin-Paper Edition: Cloth, $5.00; Fabrikoid, $6.00; Leather, $7.50. At your bookseller's or from the publishers. Free specimen pages on request.
Get the Best.
G. & C. MERRIAM COMPANY
53 Broadway Springfield, Mass.

COLLEGE COURSES
AT HOME



Carry on your education. Develop power to initiate and achieve. Prepare for college. Earn credit toward a Bachelor degree or Teaching Certificates *by correspondence.* Select from 450 courses in 45 subjects, including English, Mathematics, History, Education, Psychology, Economics, the Languages, etc. Write for catalog.

University of Chicago
539 ELLIS HALL CHICAGO, ILL.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Not Mere Reprints!

Every book listed on this page is a popular copyright. We have distributed many millions of classical reprints, but until June 30 offer the public a great library of popular copyrights. Every book listed on this page is exclusive. You cannot get them in any other form. Considering that they are POPULAR COPYRIGHTS the price of 20 books for $1 is an unbelievable bargain! *Order before June 30.*

On JUNE 30 We Must Quit Selling Popular Copyrights at 20 for $1, *and return to reprints of the Classics!*

We had a wonderful vision of selling Popular Copyrights at 5c, but royalties and outrights to authors force us to abandon this plan on June 30.

Your final chance! You may take your pick of the Popular Copyrights listed on this page at the rate of 20 for $1, but after June 30 these Popular Copyrights will not be available! A new list of classical reprints will be issued after June 30. This is necessary in order to save the idea of Little Blue Books at 5c each. This chance will never be repeated.

Mail Your Order Before Midnight of June 30.

UNTIL JUNE 30 - Popular Copyrights at 20 BOOKS for $1

14 What Every Girl Should Know
19 Story of Nietzsche's Philosophy. Durant
25 Rhyming Dictionary
39 Story of Aristotle's Philosophy. Durant
42 Origin of Human Race
53 Insects and Men; Instinct vs. Reason. Clarence Darrow
56 Dictionary of U. S. Slang
58 Tales from Decameron. Boccaccio
72 Color of Life and Love
74 Physiology of Sex Life
82 Common Faults in English
83 Evolution of Marriage
87 Nature of Love
91 Manhood: Facts of Life
92 Hypnotism Explained
97 Self-Contradictions of Bible
98 How to Love
109 Facts You Should Know About Classics. McCabe
110 History of World War
125 Woodrow Wilson's War Speeches
126 History of Rome. Wood
133 Principles of Electricity
150 Queer Facts About Lost Civilizations
159 Story of Plato's Philosophy
172 Evolution of Sex
175 A Hindu Book of Love
176 Four Essays on Sex. Havelock Ellis
192 Book of Synonyms
217 Puzzle of Personality
218 Essence of the Talmud
228 Plain Talks With Husbands and Wives. Ellis
271 Is Death Inevitable?
286 Prostitution in the Ancient World
287 Best Jokes About Doctors
297 Do We Need Religion? McCabe
326 How to Write Short Stories
347 A Book of Riddle Rimes
364 How to Argue Logically
367 How to Improve Your Conversation
374 Psychology of Suicide
375 Love Story of an Old Maid
377 Psychology of Joy and Sorrow
383 Prostitution in the U. S.
403 Facts You Should Know About Music
411 Facts About Phrenology
414 Art of Being Happy
431 U. S. Commercial Geography
439 My 12 Years in a Monastery. McCabe
440 Baseball; How to Play
446 Psychology of Religion
447 Auto-Suggestion: How It Works
449 Auto-Suggestion and Health
452 Dict. of Scientific Terms
467 Evolution Made Plain
473 Lives of Chorus Girls
475 Develop Sense of Humor
479 How N. Y. Girls Live
488 How Not to be a Wall-Flower
491 Psychology for Beginners
493 Novel Discoveries in Science
501 How to Tie All Kinds of Knots
503 Short History of Civil War
509 Are We Machines? Clarence Darrow
518 How to Make Candy
524 Death and Its Problems
529 Woman the Criminal
536 What Women Beyond 40 Should Know
556 Hints on Etiquette
557 Is the Moon a Dead World?
603 The Electron Theory
606 How to Play Chess
609 Are the Planets Inhabited?
627 Short History of the Jews
629 Handbook of Legal Forms
637 German-English Dictionary
639 4,000 Most Essential English Words
644 Women Who Lived for Love
645 Confidential Chats with Wives
653 What Boys Should Know
654 What Young Men Should Know
655 What Young Women Should Know
656 What Married Men Should Know
657 What Married Women Should Know
658 Toasts for all Occasions
661 Neurotic America and the Sex Impulse
679 Chemistry for Beginners
681 Spelling Self Taught
682 Grammar Self Taught
683 Punctuation Self Taught
687 U. S. Constitution
688 Teeth and Mouth Hygiene
696 How to Pronounce Proper Names
697 4,000 Words Often Mispronounced
703 Physiology Self Taught

We Planned Bigger Than Cold Business Practice Would Permit

We hoped to be able to issue a great library of Popular Copyrights, but we must be blunt and admit the bitter truth — the royalties and fees were too gigantic, considering that we were getting only 5c per book. Under our old plan we reprinted the classics — Shakespeare, Emerson, Poe, Keats, etc., and these works entailed only a mechanical expense. We go back to that policy after June 30. So now we must clear our shelves of these Popular Copyrights. All must be sold. This is a LAST CALL announcement.

704 Facts About Palmistry
705 100 Professions for Women
710 Botany for Beginners
715 Auction Bridge for Beginners
717 Modern Sexual Morality
724 Burbank Funeral Oration. Judge Lindsey
727 Psychology of Affections
730 Mistresses of Today
731 Mental Differences of Men and Women
734 Book of Useful Phrases
759 How to Conquer Stupidity
767 Facts About Astrology
768 Best Jokes About Lawyers
773 Good Habits and How to Form Them
775 First Aid for Investors
777 Riddle of Human Behavior
781 Catholicism and Sex
782 Psycho-Analysis: Mind and Body
784 Association Tests in Psycho-Analysis
789 Digest of U. S. Marriage and Divorce Laws
800 Sex in Psycho-Analysis
801 A Rapid Calculator
804 Freud on Sleep and Sexual Dreams
810 Scandals of Paris Life
815 Dict. of Familiar Quotations
816 Shakespearean Quotations
817 Her Burning Secret
819 Book of Strange Murders
820 Jokes About Married Life
821 Improve Your Vocabulary
822 Rhetoric Self Taught
823 English Composition Self Taught
835 Handbook of Useful Tables
841 Future of Religion
842 Best Jokes of 1925
843 Can You Control Conduct? Clarence Darrow
845 Facts to Know About Fortune Telling
846 Womanhood: Facts of Life
847 How to Play Card Games
850 Bad Habits and How to Break Them
851 Bible Myths and Legends
853 How to Know the Songbirds
855 How to Write Letters
856 Arithmetic Self Taught. 1
857 Arithmetic Self Taught. 2
858 Psychology of Leadership
862 German Self Taught
864 Chats With Husbands
869 Best Jokes of 1927
872 Manual Parliamentary Law
876 Curiosities of Mathematics
877 French Cooking for Amateurs
879 Best Jokes About Preachers
882 Psychology of Character Building
883 Debate on Capital Punishment. Clarence Darrow
884 Debate on Prohibition. Darrow
889 Jokes About Kissing
891 Your Talent and How to Develop it
893 500 Riddles
894 How to Advertise

895 Astronomy for Beginners
896 Wages of Sin
901 Women: Eternal Primitive
902 Dictionary of Foreign Words
904 Sex Symbolism. Fielding
910 Is Life Worth Living? Darrow
911 Is Mankind Progressing? Clarence Darrow
964 How to Be Happy Though Married
966 Rational Sex Ethics
972 Book of Popular Jokes
975 Cleopatra and Her Loves
984 Harmony Self Taught
986 How to Talk and Debate
987 Art of Kissing
988 The Art of Courtship
995 How to Play the Piano
997 Recipes Home Cooking
999 Latin Self Taught
1000 Wonders of Radium
1003 How to Think Logically
1004 How to Save Money
1005 How to Enjoy Orchestra Music
1006 Children's Games
1007 Revolt Against Religion
1008 Origin of Religion. McCabe
1009 Typewriting Self Taught
1010 Amateur Magic Tricks
1011 French-English Dictionary
1012 Best Negro Jokes
1013 Best Irish Jokes
1014 Best American Jokes
1015 Comic Dialect Poems
1018 Humorous Limericks
1020 Why I Am an Infidel. Luther Burbank
1021 Italian Self Taught
1023 Popular Recitations
1030 World's Great Religions
1049 How to Sing
1051 Cause and Nature of Genius
1052 Nature of Instinct and Emotions
1053 Guide to N. Y. Strange Sections
1056 Devil's Dictionary. Ambrose Bierce
1061 Human Origin of Morals
1062 Humoresque. Fannie Hurst
1064 Simplicity of Radio
1065 Lives of U. S. Presidents
1069 Conquest of Fear
1070 How to Fight Nervous Troubles
1074 Commercial Law
1078 Morals in Greece and Rome. McCabe
1079 Phallic Elements in Religion. McCabe
1082 Best Jewish Jokes
1084 Did Jesus Ever Live?
1088 Truth About Mussolini
1089 Common Sense of Sex
1091 Facts About Cancer
1092 Simple Beauty Hints
1093 Amusing Puns
1094 Insanity Explained
1097 Memory: How to Use It
1103 Puzzles and Brain Teasers
1105 Spanish-English Dictionary
1109 Spanish Self Taught
1111 Prostitution in the Medieval World
1113 Love from Many Angles
1122 Degradation of Woman
1123 Facts About Puritan Morals
1124 On the Bum
1126 Eating for Health
1130 The Dark Ages. McCabe
1135 Prostitution in the Modern World
1138 What Atheism Means
1139 Photography Self Taught
1144 Truth About Jesuits. McCabe
1148 Sexual Crimes in U. S. Law
1164 Unlovely Sin. Ben Hecht
1167 Sinister Sex, etc. Hecht
1174 How to Write Business Letters
1176 A Mad Love. Frank Harris
1204 Dict. of Musical Terms
1206 How to Swim
1207 French Self Taught
1208 Success Easier Than Failure
1209 Charming Hostess. Entertainment Guide
1210 Mathematical Oddities
1216 Italian-English Dictionary
1221 Facts About Will Power
1225 How to Avoid Marital Discord
1228 Jokes About Drunks

1231 Best Jokes of 1926
1233 Better Meals for Less Money
1238 Beginning Married Life Right
1239 Party Games for Grown-Ups
1241 Outline of U. S. History
1242 Care of Skin and Hair
1244 How to Write Love Letters
1246 Best Hobo Jokes
1247 Psychology of Love and Hate
1249 Best Jokes About Lovers
1250 Companionate Marriage
1251 What Do You Know?
1257 How to Become Citizen
1278 Ventriloquism Self Taught
1279 Side Show Tricks
1285 Gamblers' Crooked Tricks
1292 Best Short Stories of 1928
1311 Real Aims of Catholicism
1316 Revolt of Modern Youth
1317 Meaning of U. S. Constitution
1318 Case For and Against Sexual Sterilization
1320 How to Get a Husband
1321 Fasting for Health
1322 Confessions of a Modern Woman
1329 Facing Life Fearlessly. Clarence Darrow
1330 Facts About Digestion
1333 Common Sense of Health
1337 Breakdown of Marriage
1339 Crooked Financial Schemes
1340 How to Get a Job
1341 Unusual Menus
1342 Typical Love Problems
1347 Trial Marriage
1349 Life of Lindbergh
1351 How to Get Ahead
1354 Book of Similes
1356 How to Make Wills
1357 What You Should Know About Law
1358 How to Acquire Good Taste
1359 Is Birth Control a Sin?
1360 Pocket Cook Book
1361 Who Killed Jesus?
1362 Law for Women
1363 Law for Auto-Owners
1365 How to Build Vocabulary
1371 Sins of Good People
1379 President Harding's Illegitimate Daughter
1380 Flesh and the Devil
1382 Is Our Civilization Over-Sexed?
1385 Defense of Devil
1388 Are the Clergy Honest?
1389 Tobacco Habit
1392 Confessions of a Gold Digger
1395 Instantaneous Personal Magnetism
1412 Stories of Tramp Life
1413 My Prison Days
1419 Unusual Deaths
1420 Why Wives Leave Home
1421 How to Get a Divorce
1426 Foot Troubles Corrected
1428 Unusual Love Affairs
1430 Shorthand Self Taught
1434 How to Think Clearly
1436 Strange Marriage Customs
1437 Curiosities of the Law
1439 Intelligence: How to Test It

1440 Can Man Know God?
1442 Facts About Graphology
1445 Wild Women of Broadway
1448 Character Reading from Faces
1450 Do We Live Forever?
1455 End of the World. McCabe
1459 Psychology of Criminal
1460 American Statistics
1471 How to Become Mentally Superior
1475 Best Jokes of 1928
1476 What You Should Know About Your Sensations
1477 How Glands Affect Personality
1480 Causes of World War
1481 The New Immorality
1484 Why Preachers Go Wrong
1491 Power of Women
1493 Wine, Women and Song
1496 Sexual Factor in Divorce
1497 Companionate Divorce
1498 M. U. Sex Questionnaire
1500 Why I Am an Agnostic. Clarence Darrow
1501 Mussolini and the Pope
1503 Effective English in Speech
1504 Overcome Self-Consciousness
1508 Facts about Poisons
1513 Statistics: How to Understand Them
1514 Edison's Inventions
1524 Famous Eccentric Americans
1525 Menace of Modern Prison. Barnes
1528 Getting into Print
1529 Why I Am Not an Atheist. Holmes
1530 Why I Believe in God. Eddington
1531 Can We Follow Jesus Today?
1532 Don Quixote
1533 Famous Infant Prodigies
1534 How to Test Urine
1535 How to Throw a Party
1536 Facing Death Fearlessly
1537 Essence of Unitarianism
1538 Rational Sex Code
1540 How We Can Live Happily
1542 Who Started World War?
1543 Is War Inevitable?
1544 Against Capital Punishment
1548 Chinese Cook Book
1553 Exercises for Nervousness and Indigestion
1554 Exercises for the Heart
1555 Rules for Success in Business
1556 How Sun Gives Health
1559 Can We Change Human Nature?
1563 Marvels of Sunlight
1565 Catholicism and the Public Schools
1566 How to Conduct Love Affair
1568 Full Text Edison's Scholarship Questionnaire
1569 Boccaccio—Lover of Love

How to Order:

Just list titles desired by number. Order at least 20 books and enclose money order, check or currency at rate of 20 books for $1 — minimum order $1. We prepay postage and ship at once. Prepaid offer applies only when remittance accompanies order. Save real money by sending cash with order. (No C. O. D. orders can be sent to Canada or foreign countries; these must remit by international postal money order.)

Use This Simple Order Form for Popular Copyrights Before June 30

HALDEMAN-JULIUS PUBLICATIONS
Dept. X-12, Girard, Kansas

Enclosed please find $..... which is payment at the rate of 20 books for $1 for the following popular copyrights which I have listed by number on the lines below.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

If you want every book listed on this page (364 books) remit only $16.75 and make an X mark here_____.

Haldeman-Julius Publications, Dept. X-12, Girard, Kansas

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Book Tells Why

Many Are Sick But Do Not Know It!

Dr. Hay's Amazing Book is of Great Importance to those Who are Fatigued or Ill . . . But of Even Greater Value to Those Who Think They Are Well.

"HEALTH VIA FOOD" by William Howard Hay, M.D., has been acclaimed as the greatest contribution to health, happiness and long life ever written. It explains clearly how disease originates, how to recognize signs of ill-health, how to eliminate worry and fear, *how to free yourself easily of such common complaints as headaches, colds, insomnia, bad breath, drowsiness, etc., and the more serious disorders such as asthma, neurasthenia, kidney trouble, ulcers of the stomach, rheumatism and many others.*

Disease Is Self-Controllable

Dr. Hay explains why disease is unnecessary because self-created, therefore self-controllable. He shows why the only effective treatment for disease is what the body itself can do. He proves conclusively that we create health or disease at the dinner table. He cites case after case in his twenty years of successful experience with diet control to prove what his methods have done for thousands of people . . . many of them hopelessly ill and despondent.

Chronic Cases Restored To Health

As Director of the internationally famous East Aurora Sun and Diet Sanatorium, Dr. Hay has had countless opportunities to demonstrate the all-important curative powers of correct diet. Chronic cases have been corrected that were passed up by every specialist in the country. This amazing book explains the vital importance of proper food choice so clearly and logically that you need never fear illness or distress if you will follow its simple suggestions.

Among the subjects discussed are What Is Disease?, How Disease Originates, Disease and Crime, Insanity a Physical Condition, The Cure of Disease, The Role of Medicine, The Role of Food, Vital and Dead Foods, Digestive Enervation, Constipation, Fasting, Normal Diet, Menus for One Month, and Everyone His Own Physician.

Let this book prove its case . . . at our risk! If your bookshop cannot supply it, mail coupon below. Keep the book 10 days and if you are not fully satisfied, return it and charge will be cancelled.

SUN-DIET HEALTH SERVICE

SUN-DIET HEALTH SERVICE, INC.
120 Cazenovia Street, East Aurora, New York.

Please send me your book, "Health via Food," for free examination. After ten days, I will send payment of $4.00 or return book.

☐ I attach check for $3.50 in advance payment.
☐ Send invoice for $4 with book.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Books in Brief

Wells, Wilson planned to get his own treaty defeated *pro tem.* in the Senate, just to provide him with an issue for the coming campaign. You see, he needed four more years in office to put the League of Nations (dominated by America) on its feet. There is only a thimbleful of evidence to support Mr. Wells' grandiloquent thesis, but incidental passages in his book are worth while. His treatment of Wilson's attitude toward England and Germany before our entry into the war, for example, is much more sensible than Owen Wister's. But the book as a whole is scarcely worth as much as a single article, say, by Harold Laski on Wilson, for Mr. Wells' vast edifice is reared on two footnotes, the nature of which the reader may discover for himself to the excitation of his risibilities.

THREE PAIRS OF SILK STOCKINGS, by Panteleimon Romanof; Scribner, $2.50.

ECONOMISTS may discourse learnedly of the Five-Year Plan, but most of us are more concerned to know what life is really like under the Soviet. Is it tolerable? Has it any satisfactions for the individualist? Not many, one gathers, after reading this rather dispiriting account of the struggles of the educated class. Kisliakof, ex-engineer, manages to compromise sufficiently with his former ideals to win the patronage of the Communists, but he does so at the expense of his own integrity. He loses his sense of values. He degenerates to such an extent that he quarrels sordidly with the wife to whom he was once devoted, betrays his fellow workers, and seduces the wife of his best friend. This is a different kind of novel from any that has come out of the new Russia. It is valuable more for the conditions and state of mind it portrays than for any exceptional literary merit. Romanof writes with complete detachment, but one suspects that most Western readers will see in his book an indictment of a system. Perhaps the Soviets were a little incautious to let the translation slip past them.

THIS OUR EXILE, by David Burnham; Scribner, $2.50.

THERE WAS a great hullabaloo ten years ago about the wild young people of F. Scott Fitzgerald, but the disillusioned youngsters in this first novel, also by an author fresh from Princeton, are in reality much more alarming. They are too wise to dramatize themselves, or to tolerate the self-dramatization of others. They are cool, clear-eyed, unhappy, remarkably ungenerous in their human relationships, and somehow sapped of the impetuousness and vitality which one associates with youth. Jimmy Eaton, a Princeton

CULTURED SPEECH

AT LAST! Something New!

Learn Cultured Speech and Correct Pronunciation quickly from phonograph records. Also increase your vocabulary this new easy way. Be a fluent talker—cultivated speech is a social and business asset of the first importance. This new "learn by listening" method highly recommended by leading educators. Records sent on free trial. Write for information and free Self Test. No obligation.

THE PRONUNCIPHONE INSTITUTE
3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 1165, Chicago

ROXBURY

Sound educational methods have brought success to Roxbury and to the boys it has prepared for College. **Individual attention and instruction** in small groups gives the fullest opportunity for each boy.

Regular and healthful school life.

Write for illustrated Catalog

A. C. SHERIFF, Headmaster, Cheshire, Conn.

LAW *Free Book*

Write today for FREE 128-page book, **"THE LAW-TRAINED MAN"**, which shows how to learn law in spare time through the Blackstone home-study course prepared by 80 prominent legal authorities, including law school deans, lawyers, and U. S. Supreme Court justices. Combination text and case method of instruction used. All material necessary furnished with the course, including elaborate 25-volume law library, which is delivered immediately upon enrollment. Many successful attorneys among our graduates. LL.B. degree conferred. Moderate tuition, low monthly terms. Money-Back Agreement.

Write for free book today

BLACKSTONE INSTITUTE, 307 N. Michigan Ave. Dept. 415 Chicago

Rent N. Y. Apartment

Extremely attractive apartment in Greenwich Village section. Large sunny bedroom; bath; large living room; kitchen; porch; private garden with pool. Available immediately. Sublease to October 1 with extension if desired. Furnished or unfurnished. Unique opportunity.

Call VAnderbilt 3-8840

Extension 5

THE WAY PAST THE EDITOR

Write to Sell

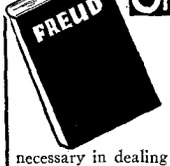
Modern, practical training in fiction writing under David Raffetock; 80% of those trained sell stories before completing to national magazines; 100% are thoroughly, efficiently trained. Send for "The Way Past the Editor," free.

THE SIMPLIFIED TRAINING COURSE
1837 Champa Street Denver, Colo.

FREUD

"MODERN SEXUAL MORALITY AND MODERN NERVOUSNESS"

Only ONE DOLLAR



This book is one of the most significant and important ever written by Dr. Freud. In it he not only reveals the keenness and deep penetrating power of psychoanalysis, but also presents the drastic change and complete revolution necessary in dealing with modern sexual morality.

It is a book that every serious-minded man and woman should read.

It is finely printed and handsomely bound, and will be sent prepaid, to adults only, upon receipt of only $1.00, plus 10c for packing and mailing charges. We suggest that you order your copy at once. This advertisement may not appear again.

EUGENICS PUBLISHING CO.
250 W. 54th St. Department F16 New York City

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books in Brief

undergraduate, and his two brothers belong to an extremely wealthy Chicago family — a family which disintegrates slowly and irrecoverably after the death of the elder Mr. Eaton. The three boys are self-destroyed. With all material circumstances in their favor, they are unable to combat the problems imposed by love and spiritual dissatisfaction. In the end, they cease even to try. They are arid, overcivilized, and their only refuge is to laugh wryly at their own inadequacies. Despite its excessive length, and its lapses into sheer mannerisms, *This Our Exile* is an exceptional and a disturbing first novel. If it really represents the spirit of the college generation, the prospects look pretty bad.

INNOCENCE ABROAD, by Emily Clark; Knopf, $2.50.

TEN YEARS have passed since the casual and impromptu launching of *The Reviewer*, a small magazine edited by Miss Clark in Richmond, Virginia, which managed to attract to its pages an amazing proportion of the celebrities of the twenties. With engaging audacity, the editors invited such luminaries as Cabell, Hergesheimer, Van Vechten, Ellen Glasgow, and Elinor Wylie to write for them without financial reward, and then used their names as bait to lure young writers to *The Reviewer*. The scheme was preposterous but successful. *The Reviewer* published the earliest work of Julia Peterkin, Frances Newman, Du Bose Heyward, Paul Green, and others; and during its breathless four-year lifetime achieved a reputation which more stable magazines might envy. Miss Clark's reminiscences of *The Reviewer*, and of thirteen of its more prominent contributors, are lively, informal, rich in anecdote, but somewhat deficient in critical discrimination. She is inclined to be too exuberant in her enthusiasms, and her personality sketches of the great are warmly biased rather than penetrating or judicial.

WORLD WITHOUT END, by Helen Thomas; Harper, $2.50.

MOST fictional love stories seem artificial and incomplete in comparison with this candid chronicle by the wife of the English poet, Edward Thomas, who was killed during the war. Both the Thomases appear to have had a quality of unspoiled innocence. They met and loved when they were very young. They lived together for a while, married, had children, and managed somehow to preserve through the stress of difficult years the rare, unusual quality of their relationship. Helen Thomas has concealed nothing — neither her own shortcomings nor the dark fits of depression which often

Are you sick of reading Trash?

Current best sellers—a light, airy love story or a detective thriller—are all very well in their way, but every now and so often you must feel an urge to read a book of permanent value—a book with real meat in it. That's where The Modern Library comes in. There are 190 titles to choose from, every one of them a book of outstanding importance by an author known the world over. The volumes are well printed, complete and unabridged, and handsomely bound in bright colored balloon cloth. Buy a few titles now that you have always promised yourself you were going to read!

LOOK OVER THE LIST OF 190 FAMOUS TITLES IN

THE MODERN LIBRARY 95c

COMPLETE AND UNABRIDGED EDITIONS

1. Dorian Gray.....Oscar Wilde
3. Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini Benvenuto Cellini
5. South Wind.....Norman Douglas
9. Thus Spake Zarathustra Friedrich Nietzsche
11. The Revolt of the Angels Anatole France
13. The Way of All Flesh.....Samuel Butler
14. Diana of the Crossways George Meredith
17. The Mayor of Casterbridge Thomas Hardy
18. Best Russian Short Stories
20. Beyond Good and Evil Friedrich Nietzsche
21. Fathers and Sons.....Ivan Turgenev
24. The Purple Land.....W. H. Hudson
28. Madame Bovary.....Gustave Flaubert
36. Hedda Gabler, Pillars of Society, The Master Builder.....Henrik Ibsen
37. Anna Karenina.....Leo Tolstoy
40. Short Stories.....Balzac
43. Painted Veils.....James Huneker
47. Candide.....Voltaire
49. The Life of Michelangelo John A. Symonds
57. Une Vie.....Guy de Maupassant
59. Swann's Way.....Marcel Proust
70. His Prose and Poetry.....Baudelaire
71. The Decameron.....Boccaccio
72. Love and Other Stories Guy de Maupassant
73. Best Ghost Stories
76. The Education of Henry Adams
84. An Ideal Husband, and A Woman of No Importance.....Oscar Wilde
86. The Renaissance.....Walter Pater
87. Best American Humorous Short Stories
88. The Golden Ass.....Lucius Apuleius
89. Green Mansions.....W. H. Hudson
90. Marius the Epicurean.....Walter Pater
91. Poems.....William Blake
99. The Sea and the Jungle..H. M.Tomlinson
100. Gulliver's Travels, A Tale of a Tub, and The Battle of the Books Jonathan Swift
101. A Comprehensive Anthology of American Verse
102. Men, Women and Boats..Stephen Crane
103. Samuel Pepys' Diary.....Samuel Pepys
104. Winesburg, Ohio..Sherwood Anderson
105. Ancient Man.....H. W. Van Loon
106. Wuthering Heights.....Emily Brontë
107. Selected Prejudices.....H. L. Mencken
109. Sons and Lovers.....D. H. Lawrence
115. Poor White.....Sherwood Anderson
116. Zuleika Dobson.....Max Beerbohm
119. Moby Dick.....Herman Melville
118. Salammbo.....Gustave Flaubert
120. A Night in the Luxembourg Remy de Gourmont
121. The Return of the Native..Thomas Hardy
122. Moll Flanders .....Daniel Defoe
123. Up Stream.....Ludwig Lewisohn
124. Dubliners.....James Joyce
125. New Grub Street.....George Gissing
126. The Cream of the Jest James Branch Cabell
134. The Ordeal of Richard Feverel George Meredith
135. Jude the Obscure.....Thomas Hardy
138. The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci Dmitri Merejkowski
139. The Imperial Orgy.....Edgar Saltus
140. The Life of Jesus.....Ernest Renan
142. Nana.....Emile Zola
143. The Three Musketeers..Alexandre Dumas
144. Fourteen Great Detective Stories
145. A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man James Joyce
146. The Emperor Jones, and The Straw Eugene O'Neill
147. Tristram Shandy.....Laurence Sterne
148. Twelve Men.....Theodore Dreiser
150. The Art of Whistler, 32 Reproductions
151. The Brothers Karamazov.....Dostoyevsky
154. Cyrano de Bergerac.....Edmond Rostand
155. The Cabala.....Thornton Wilder
157. The Red and the Black.....Stendhal
158. Four Famous Greek Plays
159. Humphry Clinker.....Tobias Smollett
160. The Dance of Life.....Havelock Ellis
161. The Canterbury Tales Geoffrey Chaucer
164. Peter Whiffle.....Carl Van Vechten
165. Memoirs of Casanova.....Casanova
166. The Iliad.....Homer
167. The Odyssey.....Homer
168. Great Modern Short Stories
169. The Turn of the Screw, and the Lesson of the Master.....Henry James
170. The Sun Also Rises....Ernest Hemingway
172. Within a Budding Grove..Marcel Proust
173. Human Nature and Conduct John Dewey
174. Don Quixote.....Cervantes
176. Of Human Bondage W. Somerset Maugham
177. Faust.....Goethe
178. Fortitude.....Hugh Walpole
179. The Medici.....G. F. Young
180. Point Counter Point.....Aldous Huxley
181. The Philosophy of Plato.....Plato
182. Wilderness.....Rockwell Kent
183. Against the Grain.....J. K. Huysmans
184. The Old Wives' Tale.....Arnold Bennett
185. Tom Jones.....Henry Fielding
186. Lord Jim.....Joseph Conrad
190. Parnassus on Wheels Christopher Morley

FILL OUT THIS COUPON NOW

To YOUR BOOKSELLER or THE MODERN LIBRARY, INC. 20 East 57th St., N.Y.

Please mail me MODERN LIBRARY books Nos.....

.....

☐ I enclose $1.00 for each volume (95c for the book, 5c postage)
☐ Send books C.O.D.
☐ Please send me, free of charge, your new catalog, describing all of the books in the Modern Library.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

F. 5-31

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Writing

a source of income that many people neglect

MANY people who *should* be writing never even try it because they just can't picture themselves making "big money." They are so awe-struck by the fabulous stories about millionaire authors that they overlook the fact that $25, $50 and $100 or more can often be earned for material that takes little time to write — stories, articles on home or business management, sports, travels, recipes, etc. — things that can be easily and naturally written, in spare time.

Mrs. Cherry Bomer Smith, 2315 Cherry St., Vicksburg, Miss., is but one of many men and women trained by the Newspaper Institute of America to make their gift for writing pay prompt dividends. She writes:

"I have enjoyed the course very much indeed and wish to report that I just sold a feature article for $40.00 to the Hearst newspapers' Sunday Supplement — the American Weekly Magazine."

F. J. Wade, Box 505, Sullivan, Mo., thought he *could* and that the N. I. A. *could*, too. He writes:

"After a few months of training, I am in receipt of two checks so far this month. One was for an article for the American Machinist; the other was for a humorous story in the American Merchant Magazine."

You, too, can learn to write! How? By WRITING!

The Newspaper Institute of America offers an intimate course in practical writing — a course as free from academic "isms" and "ologies" as a newspaper office — a course as *modern* as the latest edition of this morning's paper.

Week by week, you receive actual assignments — just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily. Your writing is *individually* corrected and constructively criticized. A group of men with 182 years of newspaper experience behind them are responsible for this instruction. Under such sympathetic guidance, you will find that (instead of vainly trying to copy some one else's writing tricks) you are rapidly developing your own distinctive, self-flavored style. You are learning to write by writing — acquiring the same experience to which nearly all well-known writers of short-stories, novels, magazine articles, etc., attribute their success.

How you start

To insure prospective student-members against wasting their time and money, we have prepared a unique Writing Aptitude Test. This tells you whether you possess the fundamental qualities necessary to successful writing — acute observation, dramatic instinct, creative imagination, etc. You'll enjoy this test. Newspaper Institute of America, 1776 Broadway, New York.

Newspaper Institute of America
1776 Broadway, New York

Send me your free *Writing Aptitude Test* and further information on writing for profit, as promised in FORUM and CENTURY — May.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss .....

Address .....

(All correspondence confidential. No salesmen will call on you.) 64E261

Why don't you write?

Books in Brief

made her husband an alien. She writes naïvely, naturally, and with an extraordinary lack of self-consciousness. She is an idealist, at times a sentimentalist, but this curiously fresh and touching book is the best possible answer to the school which claims that love is purely a biological phenomenon.

THE EVERLASTING STRUGGLE, by Johan Bojer; Century, $2.50.

THIS IS photographic fiction — photography developed to the point of art, and not the hack variety in which mere clarity of outline and detail dominate composition and treatment. It tells of Norwegian fisher folk: Paal Flata; his wife, Lisbet; Gjert Knutsen, Lisbet's son before her marriage; their daughters, Anna and Martha, the one married to a prodigal son for whom only the most meager of feasts was set, the other (like her mother) a mother before she was a wife; their son, Per, more ambitious and energetic than his father but hampered by the necessity of supporting the family; and Martin and Astrid, Lisbet's nephew and illegitimate grand-daughter. The story is one of little (for Gjert and Anna, temporarily great) advances from and deeper retreats into the shadows of poverty. It is told in a matter-of-fact way, and the significance of the title becomes increasingly clear in retrospect.

MY STORY, by Mary Roberts Rinehart; Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50.

A FULL LIFE has been Mrs. Rinehart's, and this is the record of it. She has known reality in its starkest forms — the surgical arena, domestic tragedy, war — yet she has consciously ignored it as literary material; instead, she chose the laughter of Bab, the sub-deb, and Tish, and the creeping chills of *The Circular Staircase* and *The Bat*. Only occasionally did she even venture near that weeping world which was too much with her, as in *"K," The Amazing Interlude*, and *This Strange Adventure*. Perhaps she was unwise in this deliberate refusal to use her personal sorrows as a literary mine; perhaps — but she doesn't think so, and neither do we. At any rate in this book, her reminiscences, she is at last ready to admit reality, to look back on those facts which, in her novels and plays, she preferred not to face. *My Story* is, however, compounded of vigorous laughter as well as tears. It is, in the end, a tale of enviable success; and it is American to the core. The thousands who have chuckled and thrilled over Mrs. Rinehart's romances and mysteries might well do her the tribute of listening to her own life — it is a finer story than any she has ever told before.

CROSS ROADS OF THE JAVA SEA, by Hendrik DeLeeuw; Cape and Smith, $3.50.

THE DUTCH East Indies have been the scene of many romantic works of fiction, but of accurate descriptions of these strange islands there have been very few. As a result, Mr. DeLeeuw's book is of unusual interest. It is much more than a travel narrative, for besides taking the reader through Borneo, Java, Celebes, Sumatra, and Bali, it outlines the history of these islands and the racial and religious background of the inhabitants. The author, having studied both the Malay and Javanese languages, was able to converse with the natives and so to get a far greater knowledge of the people than would the average traveler. Mr. DeLeeuw intersperses his personal experiences in the islands with his observations on their history in such a manner as to make his book an admirable combination of travel, adventure, and scientific information.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM: *A Life of Annie Besant;* by Gertrude L. Williams; Coward-McCann, $3.50.

AS ONE finishes the last page of *The Passionate Pilgrim* one involuntarily exclaims "What a grand old woman!" No matter how seriously one may disagree with Annie Besant and her Theosophical tendencies, one honors her for her intensity of will, her courage, and her constant attempt to portray truth as she sees it. Miss Williams' biography is utterly absorbing. That any woman could associate herself with so many movements, could direct so many lives, could accomplish the tremendous feats which Mrs. Besant accomplished, is well-nigh superhuman. To attempt to enumerate them is impossible: they range from backing the first birth control pamphlet to presidency of the Indian Nationalist Congress.

THE NAME OF ACTION, by Graham Greene; Doubleday, Doran; $2.50.

TO BLEND sensational adventure with subtle psychological drama is quite an achievement, but it is not beyond the extraordinary capacities of Mr. Graham Greene. On a rash impulse, and to escape from boredom, a young English millionaire decides to finance a revolution in a Rhineland republic which has recently succumbed to a dictator. Unfortunately, he falls in love with the dictator's alluring, enigmatic wife and is so torn by conflicting loyalties. The revolution succeeds, but not for the reasons which Chant had foreseen. For him the end is disillusionment. He has had only the shadow of adventure and the shadow of love. To outline the plot thus is to give no notion of the book's magic. Mr. Greene writes beautifully.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books in Brief

GOODBY AND TOMORROW, by Leane Zugsmith; Liveright, $2.00.

SOME EXCELLENT and an unfortunate amount of precious writing has gone into the making of this first novel. The form and structure are those of Virginia Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway* (which is coming to be the most popular model in present-day fiction), but the book is more than merely imitative. It has originality; occasionally it has too much originality, for the author has sometimes been so afraid of the banal that she has erred in the other direction and become forced and artificial. The central character, whose reminiscences and conduct during one day form the substance of the story, is Emmy Bishop — a shallow, vain, and elderly nymphomaniac who has spent her life in seeking out and loving undiscovered geniuses. Miss Zugsmith gives us a shrewd picture of this Egeria, sparing her nothing. But Emmy and her world are so hollow that even their creator, clever and skillful as she is, cannot succeed in making them interesting. The novel gets off to a bad start, by the way, and the last three-quarters are much better. Given a theme of more value and less offensive characters, Miss Zugsmith will probably turn out a first-rate job.

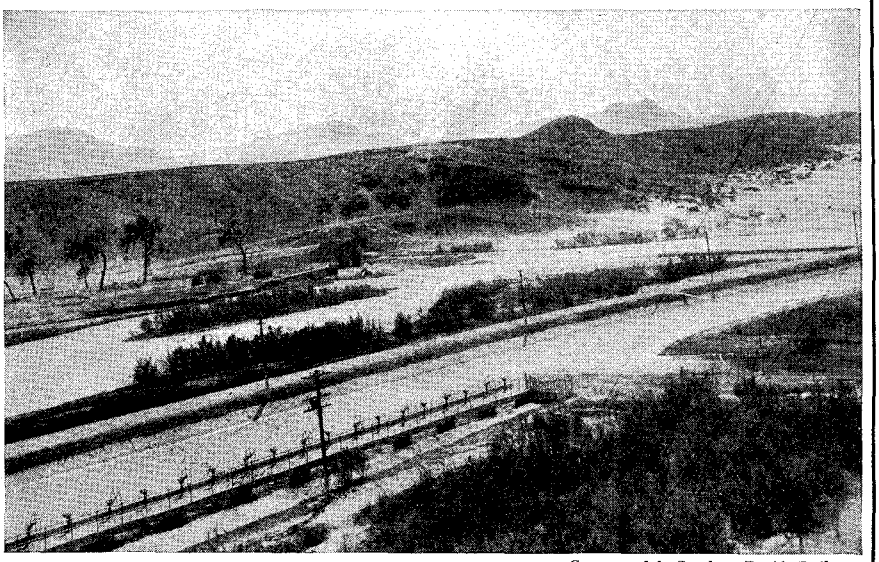
PURITAN'S PROGRESS, by Arthur Train; Scribner, $3.50.

THIS HAPPENS to be one of the most entertaining and worth-while books of the season — a book which reproduces the history of America in little. Delving into amazingly varied sources, ranging from family records to forgotten manuals of etiquette, Mr. Train has compiled a highly interesting record which gives facets of almost every phase of life in these United States from the colonial era to the present day. The result is difficult to classify, being neither autobiography nor history, but easy to read. With sound sense and unaffected humor the creator of the brothers Tutt gradually makes one realize, not so much by preaching as by example, that those who lament the machine age and its effects on modern civilization are for the most part unjustified in their accusations. Mr. Train, for one, enjoys and appreciates the material satisfactions of to-day, and is not ashamed to admit it. Yet few have so well set forth the importance of "spiritual" values, or in such an unassuming way; few have so effectively merged their ancestors' legacies with those of the twentieth century. This reader found Mr. Train's motley recollections, observations, and anticipations of greater value than any of the purely theoretical or scientific discussions of "whither mankind." It is an amusing and possibly significant paradox that this

Free with a six months' subscription to The American Mercury *a copy of WOLF SONG by Harvey Fergusson — read offer below*

BEGINNING IN THE MAY *ISSUE*
OF
THE AMERICAN MERCURY

RIO GRANDE
BY HARVEY FERGUSSON
AUTHOR OF
Wolf Song · *Footloose McGarnigal* · *In Those Days*
Hot Saturday · *Women & Wives*



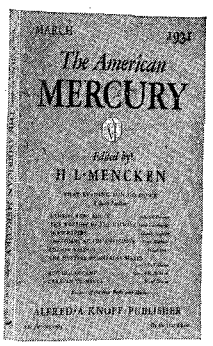
Courtesy of the Southern Pacific Railway

For the first time THE AMERICAN MERCURY offers its readers a serial, to be completed in six instalments. Beginning in the May number, just out, Harvey Fergusson tells the colorful and dramatic story of the Rio Grande River. It is a complete account of one of the most famous of the world's rivers. In general, the atmosphere is that of the author's *Wolf Song*, but there is a wider sweep and a more brilliant panorama.

In addition, for those who take advantage of our special six months' subscription offer, Harvey Fergusson's most successful novel *Wolf Song* will be given free. This engrossing story (recently appearing as a talking picture) of the old Southwest contains all the action and thrills that can be found in a real "western." Send your remittance immediately with the coupon attached and receive your copy of *Wolf Song*. Your subscription can begin with the May number and run through the six instalments of *Rio Grande*.

WOLF SONG sold for $2.50 at all bookstores. In this special edition, the format and contents are exactly the same as for the first edition.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY, *730 Fifth Avenue*, NEW YORK



Please send me THE AMERICAN MERCURY for six months, beginning with the..... issue. I enclose $2.50, with the understanding that I receive free a copy of *Wolf Song* F5-31

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Add 25c for Canada. 50c for foreign

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A NEW SPARE TIME TRAINING

for the

Alert Business Man

Recent changes in business demand for the executive new training equipment—not only the methods and procedure and knowledge effective today but those essential to meet further changes and developments. The new LaSalle training meets these new requirements—equips you to deal with things as they are and are to be—not as they "used to be." You should know about this new and authoritative home study training—available for the executive who wants to earn more by knowing more—who wants a future instead of a question mark—who wishes to compel larger success.

Tell us the branch of specialized training which appeals to you—whether accountancy, business management, traffic management, law, etc.—which business field you are interested in. The complete information will come to you immediately and without cost or obligation.

LaSalle Extension University

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 596-R
Michigan Ave. at Forty-First St., Chicago
Kindly send me full information about your *new* training in

.....
(*Here indicate the field of business in which you are interested*)

Name.....

Address.....

SHORT STORY WRITING

One pupil won a $2000 prize. Another pupil earned over $5000 in spare time. Hundreds are selling constantly to leading publishers.

Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. **Write today.**

The Home Correspondence School
Dept. 17 Springfield, Mass.

Learn Advertising at Home

Make money in advertising. Prepare quickly during spare time. Also earn while you learn. No experience necessary. New easy method. Nothing else like it. Send at once for free booklet—"Win Success in Advertising", and full particulars. No obligation.

Page-Davis School of Advertising
3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 116 A Chicago, U. S. A.

Books in Brief

book, the most intelligent and understandable of the many evaluations of modernity which crowd the shelves, was written by a popular contributor to that "symbol of mass production," *The Saturday Evening Post.*

—AND THE GREEKS, by Charles Graves; McBride, $2.50.

ANOTHER of London's gossip writers — we call them columnists over here — has chronicled the doings of internationally smart sophisticates for the benefit of the vulgarly curious. Brother of the man who wrote *Goodby to All That* (which he terms an "unnecessary" book, though it is not a quarter so unnecessary as — *And the Greeks*) and member of the same club as Noël Coward, Beverley Nichols, and the Waughs, Charles Graves is either astonishingly naïve or an unbelievable snob. He purports to give the lowdown on such earthly paradises as Juan-les-Pins, Antibes, Brioni, the Lido, and the night clubs of London and Paris; to keep the common touch he also has a fling at Blackpool and Margate. Now even though some, about two per cent, of his worthless information is fairly interesting, it is depressing to realize that there are some who will gulp down the book in the belief that they are getting behind the scenes of fashionable life. Frequent and casual mention of Otto Kahn and Peggy Joyce is no evidence that the writer has told all; one Agha Khan does not make a fashionable Continental summer. Mr. Graves' awe of tinsel trappings is refreshing but it is also embarrassing — it makes you squirm and wish he wouldn't. And it won't make any difference if someone informs us that it is all subtle satire.

WOMEN ARE NECESSARY, by John Held; Vanguard, $2.00.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN wants to play Hamlet, and a sprightly cartoonist has serious literary ambitions. To our way of thinking, Mr. Held didn't quite make the grade in *Grim Youth*, but in this book, his first novel, he definitely establishes himself as a writer worth reading. The theme — the evolution of a prostitute — is certainly not new, yet it is handled with a freshness and strength which a more experienced author might envy. From the opening scene, portraying the seduction of a good-looking young moron by a brush salesman, to the final chapter Mr. Held is thoroughly at ease with his characters, his situation, and the general tempo which he has selected. He understands his Edna Nichols perfectly and treats her sordid life humanly but without sentimentality. With such a talent for contemporary dialogue, and with what seems to be a heaven-sent gift for telling a story straightforwardly, it looks as if the comic weeklies have lost a favorite contributor and this country has gained a good novelist.

TWO THIEVES, by Manuel Komroff; Coward-McCann, $2.50.

THIS picaresque tale of the two thieves who were crucified with Christ is not, unfortunately, another *Coronet*. Mr. Komroff can take almost any historical setting in his stride. His picture of the Holy Land is rich, colorful, and surprisingly real — but that is about all. Barzor and Rongus, the one an Arab merchant, the other a Jewish slave, are two daring rogues who attempt to restore Judæa to the Jews by pitting the Romans against the priests of the Temple. Their adventures are numerous, their plots crafty and ingenious, but as characters they scarcely exist and after a time their story becomes a bit tedious. Mr. Komroff has missed his chance to do what Anatole France did in *Le Procurateur de Judée* — that is, to give ironic significance to his story. He has expended infinite pains on his setting, but the result is hardly worth the effort.

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER WAS, by Katherine Fullerton Gerould; Scribner, $2.00.

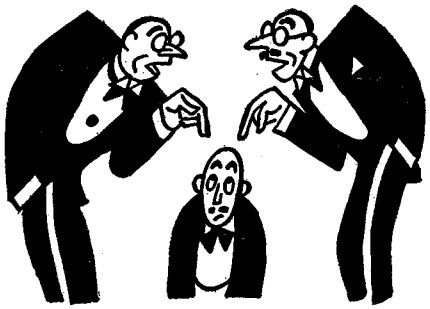
THE IDEA behind this light novel is not one which is easily put into words, and it will probably be interpreted differently by different readers. Yet everyone, each in his own way, will sympathize with Lydia in her search for "the light that never was on land or sea" — a love which will be eternally and uniquely satisfying. Everyone, too, can enjoy Mrs. Gerould's dialogue — which is crisp, bright, and intelligent — and the general skill which she displays in the novel form. Her people talk and act with a disarming freshness, and the climax of her story is both surprising and sound. Comedies of ideas, as distinct from those of situation, are rare; this one deserves a wide public.

BIRD LIFE AT THE POLE, by Wolcott Gibbs; Morrow, $2.00.

THOUGH undeniably funny, this broad burlesque of polar expeditions didn't click for this reader. Somewhere between the valiant departure and the befuddled return of an exceedingly odd crew for what they hoped would turn out to be either the Arctic or the Antarctic a good idea has been lost. Nevertheless the book contains enough laughable incidents to compensate for missed opportunities. Wherever Jake, the penguin with a taste for hard liquor, enters the scene things begin to look up. We wish that Mr. Gibbs had devoted his entire narrative to Jake.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Even our best friends told us . . .



NO BOOKS were ever published under happier auspices than THE AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN SCRAP BOOKS. Raymond Fosdick wrote, "I have read these books with intense interest. Indeed, I cannot imagine a more fascinating collection of contemporaneous thought." Havelock Ellis found them "Most interesting." Owen D. Young said, "The diversity of the material shows how lively the pot is boiling." Sir Oliver Lodge felt that they would "Promote friendly understanding between the branches of the English-speaking race." And William Lyon Phelps found that "There is something here to interest everybody," and predicted for them a large circulation.

But Mr. Phelps — and we — were wrong. In spite of our best efforts, there are still some two thousand sets of the SCRAP BOOKS for which we have not found deserving homes. This makes us unhappy — and we have tried diligently to discover the reason. Perhaps the title is wrong — perhaps 1930 was not a good year in which to publish — perhaps the price, $7.50 for the two volumes, postpaid, was too high — perhaps we should have hazarded the opinion that the possession of these books would double the income of the purchaser, and establish the lowliest member of the unlettered majority in an assured place among the cultured minority. Perhaps we made all of these mistakes.

But our story — and we are sticking to it, with the support of *every* individual who has seen and read the books — is that THE AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN SCRAP BOOKS make up an important and valuable collection of the world's best thought; that the material, selected from thousands of books, magazines, newspapers, and public speeches the world over, is skillfully chosen and edited; and that the books themselves richly deserve a place on every library table.

This is our offer: every reader of FORUM AND CENTURY may have a set of these books for $4.98. Send us a check or money order for that amount, and we will send the books postpaid. If you like them — *fine;* you keep the books, and we keep the $4.98.

If you don't, return them within two weeks after they are received and we will refund the $4.98 immediately. The dissatisfied purchaser, if any, will be out the cost of one-way postage (which may be as much as 48c or as little as 9c) And if he is *too* dissatisfied, he may have this added to his refund upon request. We would like to be really sporting, and send the books without this advance; but with all proper respect to our readers, and after having admitted the possibility of our having made four *other* mistakes —

The FORUM PRESS 441 Lexington Avenue New York, N. Y.

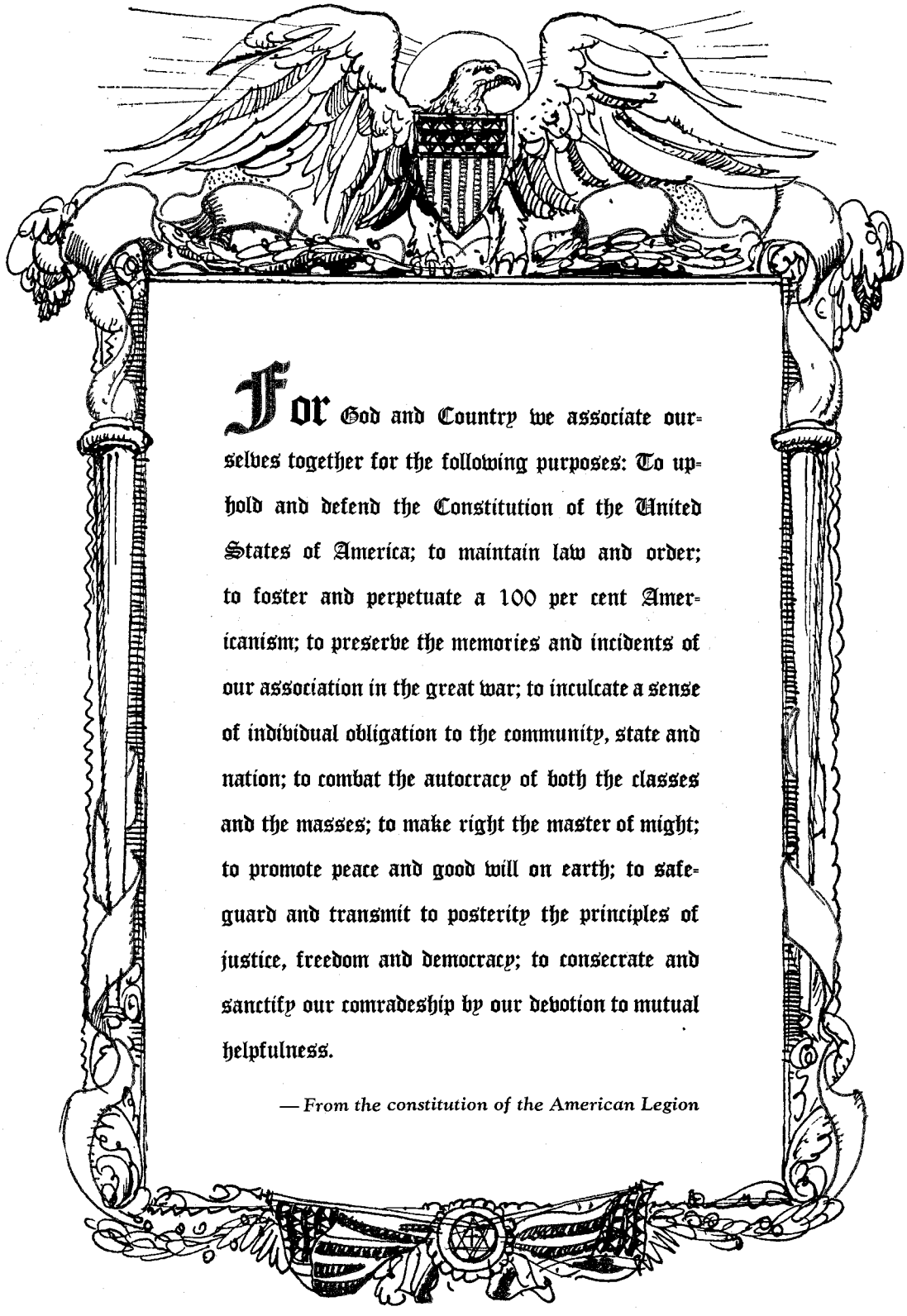
Please send me a set of THE AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN SCRAP BOOKS, postpaid. I am enclosing remittance of $4.98, as full payment for the books. You are to make an immediate refund of the full purchase price, if the books are returned to you within two weeks after I receive them. F. 5–31

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



For God and Country we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a 100 per cent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the great war; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.

—From the constitution of the American Legion

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

TO THE AMERICAN LEGION, DR.

For above services.....$1,000,000,000

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

F O R U M

MAY, 1931 VOL. 85, NO. 5

The American Legion in Politics

by MARCUS DUFFIELD

TWO PREDICTIONS are being made in Washington about the American Legion ten years hence: first, that it will dominate politically the legislative and probably the executive branches of our government; second, that thanks to this political power, the government will be appropriating three billion dollars a year to ex-soldiers. The problem no longer is what will the nation do with its returned soldiers, but what will the returned soldiers do with the nation.

The country has recently watched its legislators, over the protest of the President, throw open the doors of the treasury to the veterans by the passage of the so-called bonus bill increasing the loan value of the adjusted compensation certificates. In doing so, Congress realized that it was running the risk of jabbing the taxpaying constituent in his tenderest spot; furthermore, Congress was deliberately defying the important moneyed interests who are usually credited with having rather more than their share of influence. In a contest against the taxpayers and the bankers, the American Legion won.

This startling result could not have been achieved by any unorganized demand, no matter how many veterans might have wanted the money. Many of them probably did want it all along; certainly their desire did not spring up overnight. But not till almost the end of the recent Congressional session was anything done about it or much said. Within a few days, the bonus bill suddenly became the most imperative matter on the calendar, everything else was swept aside, and a measure distributing perhaps a billion dollars was rushed through with virtually no debate and repassed over the President's veto. What happened was simply this: the American Legion cracked its whip; Congress obeyed.

The Legion national convention in Boston last November took no stand on the retirement of the adjusted compensation certificates. The matter was debated, but the Legionnaires decided not to ask the nation for more money. Congress pursued other matters. Then late in January the Legion Executive Committee decided that the Legion wanted the money, after all, and said so. This announcement unleashed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the tremendous energies of the Legion's lobby in Washington, and within one month the bonus bill was law. As one Washington correspondent, commenting on the resultant depression in the bond market, put it, the present bill is only a beginning of what may be feared from "the most tightly organized lobby which Washington has known since the heyday of the late Wayne B. Wheeler and the Anti-Saloon League."

Our national legislators are asking themselves: "What next? Where will it end?" The answer to the first question is pretty generally admitted in Washington. These adjusted service certificates originally were intended to discharge in full the government's financial obligation to able-bodied ex-service men, and thus avoid the pension scandals that followed the Civil War. The certificates are in the form of paid-up life insurance, the principle payable in entirety in 1945. But it is doubtful whether the veterans will ever be called upon to pay back the present loans, for before long Congress will cash the certificates in full. Long before 1945 the money will be all spent. Then the Legion will lead the fight for pensions, and again the gates of the United States Treasury will swing wide.

Drawings by Thomas Benrimo

A leading Republican Senator and an administration official sat down together the other day and figured out what the government will be spending every year for all ex-soldiers of the World War, counting in pensions for veterans and for widows with additional allowances for children, and they arrived at the fantastic figure of three billion dollars. To be sure it was guesswork, but they are in a position to guess knowingly. If they are right, every man, woman, and child in the country will be paying about twenty-five dollars a year each to the veterans.

What can be done about it? Nothing. The American Legion, whose constitution says the organization "shall be absolutely non-political," has become the most powerful political bloc in the United States to-day.

Legion Lobbying

The achievements of the Legion in politics are by no means accidental. Bills do not just happen to pass Congress. As the Legion was informed long ago in national convention, "You cannot get things merely by resolving. Your Senators and Representatives will not vote for legislation you favor unless you bring to bear all the pressure of your local organizations."

When the Legion was first organized, a small committee was appointed to represent it in Washington. Thomas W. Miller, later the ill-fated Alien Property Custodian, took charge of affairs and became the moving spirit. He had a way of producing results, so the Legion, encouraged, appointed a permanent Legislative Committee. Miller introduced John Thomas Taylor, a Washington lawyer, into it; they opened offices, hired a staff, and gradually began creating a lobby. John Thomas Taylor took over the work when Miller left, and with aggressiveness and skill built up a machine which to-day, still under his direction, is the envy of all other lobbyists in the capital.

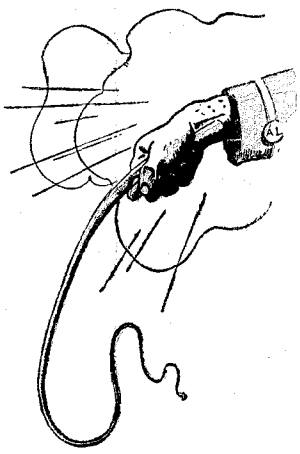
This Legion lobby costs twenty-five thousand dollars a year, and is well worth it. As Taylor says, what other organization in Washington can boast of having forced three bills through Congress over the vetoes of presidents? Surely a record to be proud of; also a record of rather deep significance to taxpayers in the United States, and, in fact, to all those who are not quite sure whether it is desirable to hand so considerable a share in the conduct of the government over to the American Legion. It may be perfectly all right, but at least it is a phenomenon worth observing.

The power of the Legion's lobby machine can be properly appreciated in its true light only when we consider what a comparatively small proportion of the nation's population it represents. Just who exerts this power? The five million men who served in America's armies in the World War? No, for only 700,000 of them are members in good standing of the American Legion. This means that the Legion, before whom the country's legislators quake, represents less than a fifth of the veterans in the nation. The official desires of the Legion are recorded by the annual conventions, at which the attendance may be 100,000, or two per cent of the nation's veterans. Actually, the im-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

portant decisions are arrived at by a dominant group which probably numbers little more than one hundred men, of whom a mere handful stand out as the moving spirits.

The internal workings of the Legion's political machine, mysterious to the outsider, actually are simple. The secret is organization, alert efficiency, pressure skillfully applied. Oddly enough, the Legion has become one of the foremost exponents in practice of the system of government contributed by their worst bogy, the Bolsheviks. Government by the Legion, reduced to its ultimate terms, is unofficial Sovietism. A bloc of the citizenry makes known its wishes through a series of assemblies and delegations progressively waning in numbers and waxing in authority. There is a pyramid of power: the twelve thousand Legion posts throughout the country constitute the base, the National Legislative Committee, or John Thomas Taylor, is the apex. "It must be recognized," the Legion itself has noted, "that Congress does not lead in settling questions of public, political, or economic policy. . . . Legislation is literally made outside the halls of Congress by groups of persons interested in legislation, mainly with economic motives, and the deliberating process within Congress constitutes a sort of formal ratification."



Let us suppose, for example, that the Rockyville, Oregon, post feels that there ought to be a United States veterans' hospital in Rockyville. The post passes a resolution to that effect, and sends its delegates to the next national convention of the American Legion primed to push the project. At each of the annual conventions there is a Rehabilitation Committee to consider such matters, so the Rockyville hospital proposal is taken up with perhaps a score of similar ones.

Some staid member of the Rockyville delegation realizes that there are times and ways to put through a resolution in almost any national convention committee. So the Rockyville project is endorsed by the Rehabilitation Committee, passed on to the convention for approval, and becomes a part of the American Legion's "legislative program."

After the convention, a description of the desired institution, with an estimate of its cost, is conveyed to the Legion's Legislative Committee in Washington, where Mr. John Thomas Taylor jots down the cost, $225,000, and adds it in with the various other items which the convention has decided the government ought to spend. The sum total of these items he presents in the form of an omnibus bill. Leaving nothing to chance, he writes the bill himself. He, personally, has written, he estimates, between fifteen hundred and two thousand bills in the ten years he has been in charge of the Legion's lobby in the capital. A goodly percentage of these bills have become engraved, word for word, on the nation's statute books.

The next step is to have the bill introduced in Congress. This is a formality. Mr. Taylor has, as he terms them, "key men" in all branches of the government. Whatever the proper committee of the House of Representatives or Senate, there will be found either a Legionnaire or a sympathizer who will not only introduce the bill but see it through committee and right onto the floor of Congress. Representative Royal C. Johnson, a Legionnaire from South Dakota, probably holds the record for the highest number of official Legion bills introduced. But it would be difficult to find a Representative at the present time who would refuse to present an American Legion measure.

The Rockyville hospital project, once launched, is by no means abandoned. In the Legislative Committee headquarters in Washington is a "status book" in which is kept the daily history of every bill in Congress of interest to veterans. No physician gives more minute and painstaking attention to a patient's chart than does the Legion lobbyist to this status book. In its prosaic leaves is many a thrilling story of a bill carefully drawn up, introduced, steered into committee, nursed through it over impossible obstacles, and then triumphantly jammed through Congress in the last hours of session over the corpses of a dozen luckless measures by dint of devious tricks and maneuvers of politics known only to a seasoned lobbyist.

The Legislative Committee takes over the duty of providing hearings before the proper committee, frequently arranging the programs

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the hearings and supplying the witnesses. In behalf of the Rockyville hospital, one or more veterans from Rockyville would travel all the way to Washington to tell of the need. Occasionally the Legislative Committee realizes that more dramatic hearings are necessary. In one instance disabled ex-soldiers suffering from loss of limbs or maladies were brought right from a hospital out of sick beds in order to bring vivid testimony to the legislators.

This matter of hearings alone keeps the Legislative Committee more than busy when Congress is in session. Mr. Taylor says he sometimes has as many as three hearings to

superintend at the same hour of a morning. Hundreds, possibly thousands, of witnesses have been marshaled. The Legislative Committee, however, reports that not a cent is spent in lobbying because the witnesses all pay their own way, or at least have their expenses provided from sources at home.

So from day to day the key men pilot the Rockyville project along its legislative course, along with its brother measures from the Legion, constantly getting directions from headquarters. There comes a day when John Thomas Taylor's telephone rings in the Legislative Committee office and one of "his men" says the bill is ready to come up for vote in the House. "Is it all O.K., this Rockyville $225,000?" he inquires. "Yes, O.K., Jeff. Shove it right through. And by the way, how is 'Widows and Orphans' getting along this morning, Jeff?" The government builds in Rockyville.

How It Works

The National Legislative Committee, in a recapitulation of its accomplishments to the sixth convention, boasted that it had persuaded the Sixty-sixth Congress to appropriate $358,545,000; the special session of the Sixty-seventh, $267,000,000; and the rest of the Sixty-seventh, $1,033,452,000, and so on. It all mounts up. The total sum disbursed by the government for veterans' aid of all sorts is now nearing a billion dollars a year.

One difficulty early in the history of the Legislative Committee in Washington was that of getting bills through. Most of its measures were referred to the Committee on Interstate Commerce, which had so many problems on its calendar that Legion items frequently got lost in the shuffle. After this had happened a number of times, the Legislative Committee began to bring pressure for a separate standing committee in the House of Representatives to devote its time to Legion legislation. Representative Hamilton Fish, Jr., a Legionnaire from New York, introduced a motion to alter the House rules to provide for such a committee and in time it was constituted — the House Committee on Veterans' Affairs, of which Royal C. Johnson is chairman.

But suppose some measure more debatable than the Rockyville hospital bill finds its progress blocked by adamant opposition — what does the Legion do then? The proper persons are seen, from the President down to the last Representative. Sometimes the voice of the Legion is relayed in person to cabinet officers, committee chairmen, hesitant solons. More often a form letter is mailed by the Legislative Committee to every Senator and Representative, setting forth the Legion's demands. Nearly always there is a "release" to the press broadcasting the Legion's desires. These methods have often been found effective.

Occasionally a legislative crisis comes, and then the Legion machine shows its full strength. From the Legislative Committee goes forth a telegram to forty-eight State Commanders of the Legion who relay it to twelve thousand Legion Post Commanders throughout the country who in turn pass it on to seven hundred thousand Legionnaires. The telegram reads like this: Use every legitimate means to see that the Senate passes the Blank Bill with enough majority to override a presidential veto. Use letters, telegrams, and radio to bring pressure on your Congressmen and Senators.

So Congress is flooded with Legion messages. Thousands upon thousands pour in and pile up on the legislators' desks. "Get your form letters ready to answer," John Thomas Taylor once

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cheerily told a House committee. "The word has gone out to the Legion."

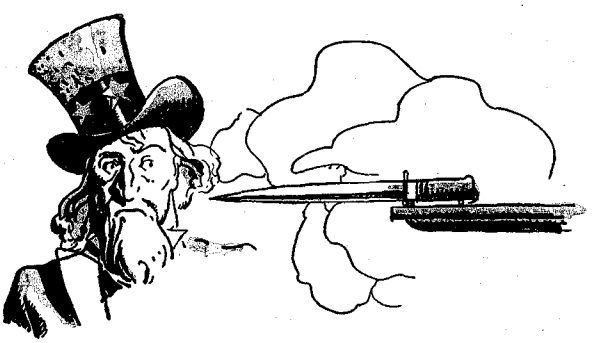
The American Legion official magazine printed some testimonials at the height of one important contest. "I am getting from twenty-five to fifty letters and petitions a day," said Representative Burton E. Sweet, of Iowa. "Many are from Legion posts, more from Legion members." And Senator McCumber, of North Dakota, testified: "It looks as if every Legion post in North Dakota and every one throughout the country will have asked my support before it is done." It was estimated that 63,500 petitions, letters, and telegrams, mostly inspired by the Legion, filled Congressional mail bags in that battle.

There have been legislators who tried to play King Canute to such a tide, but few are to be found in Congress now like Senator Borah, who on one occasion frankly said that he did not intend to buy votes with public money by supporting a Legion proposition. "I observe in your telegram," he wrote to the Pocatello, Idaho, post which had urged him to support the bonus, "the threat which you impliedly make as to future political punishment. But . . . I have never sought to purchase political power by drafts upon the public treasury or chosen to buy continuation in office by putting four billion dollars upon the bended backs of the American taxpayers." Many are the Congressmen and Senators who occasionally rebel in private at being so stampeded, but they shrug their shoulders and reason with themselves that the measure will pass anyway, so what good will come of futile opposition?

On the other hand, they have learned that much harm might come. The feeling, in fact, is that opposing a Legion measure is like poking one's political head out of a train window. Not that the Legion ever enters the electoral lists in a body and campaigns against a lawmaker at the polls back home; this cannot be done (at least as an organization) because the Legion is strictly non-political. What happens is this: Politician X is running for Congress against incumbent Representative Y. Mr. X, who, as a matter of course nowadays, has contact with some Legion post, gets that post to write to the National Legislative Committee in Washington for his opponent's record. The Legislative Committee, which has a complete record of every piece of legislation even remotely affecting ex-service men, and records of how every legislator voted on each bill, responds with Representative Y's bill of health. If the luckless Y has ever been on the wrong side of the fence, his opponent, X, finds it out, and so is furnished ammunition for his campaign speeches. His foe, Mr. X informs the district, is wanting in gratitude and patriotism — is against the soldier boys. That, Representative Y finds out, is a political sentence of death.

Political Influence

All the while there remains in the background Article Two of the Legion's constitution which says: "The American Legion shall be absolutely non-political and shall not be used for the dissemination of partisan principles or for the promotion of the candidacy of any person seeking public office or preferment." This is a thorn. "The G.A.R.," Hanford MacNider declared when he was Legion National Commander, "dominated the United States for years after the Civil War, although it had a membership of but twenty thousand. What an opportunity for the Legion!" Wistfully, or perhaps only as a matter of form, he added that the Legion, of course, was not in politics.



There is good evidence for believing that the Legionnaires originally had the firm intention of abiding by Article Two. They did not know, at first, that political power could be theirs for the grasping. Some of them still feel that the fault lies with sly legislators who dangle alluring laws in front of the Legion in order to further themselves. A plaintive get-thee-behind-me-Satan resolution was passed at the Boston convention last fall. "We do declare," it said, "that we condemn the practice of proposal of legislation primarily designed to attract our votes."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No prettier illustration can be found of the gradual sensing of political power, the progressive reaching for and claiming of it, than in the Legion's attitude toward the adjusted compensation. From the very beginning, Legionnaires did not want a bonus, which would have been a gratuity; adjusted compensation was another matter — back wages to make up the difference between what they received as soldiers and what they would have earned had they not entered the army.

Even in the matter of adjusted compensation, however, the Legion was diffident in its first national convention. When the question was brought up, the Legion felt that propriety would not permit it to take a stand in so delicate a financial matter, lest it be regarded as selfish. "While the American Legion was not founded to promote legislation in its selfish interest," said its resolution, "yet it recognizes that our government has an obligation to all service men and women to relieve the financial disadvantage incidental to military service . . . but the Legion feels that it cannot ask for legislation in its selfish interest, and leaves with confidence to Congress the discharge of this obligation."

This reticence lasted only ninety days. Then the Legion national executive committee met in Indianapolis and took a cautious step forward by resolving that all service men and women were "entitled" to adjusted compensation and drew up a bill.

By the time the Legionnaires met for their second convention, they were a trifle less shy. In as much as Congress had asked the Legion what they thought about adjusted compensation, it was only polite of them to reply. So the convention approved the action of its Executive Committee and approved the bill as well, then directed the Committee to "take such action as is necessary to insure its prompt passage." Here, indeed, is the voice of a stronger, bolder Legion than the timid fledgling of 1919.

President Harding, newly in office, stopped the Senate from passing the bonus in 1921. "Powerful as is the Legion," the Legislative Committee apologetically reported at the fourth convention, "it could not be expected that we could create a breach between the national administration and the Senate so early in the administration's history." But the convention was not to be pacified. "We do now instruct our new Commander, the Executive Committee and the Legislative Committee," read the report, "to continue the fight for this legislation until it is enacted into law." This was a flat admission that the Legion was definitely fighting to exert its power over Congress.

By the fifth convention the angered Legion had fully realized its political power in the nation and felt itself in position to make a definite threat. "The time has arrived," trumpeted the resoluton, "for the acid test of the government's intentions to finally dispose of this measure, as it cannot longer delay its passage and retain the confidence of the veterans. We do hereby insist that there be no further delay."

Then in 1924, Congress, thoroughly frightened, passed the adjusted compensation act over the veto of President Coolidge and the Legion in its sixth convention permitted itself to exult. "We have been placed in a mighty position," said the resolution. "Great confidence is ours. In our hour of victory let us remember that our great influence must be used for the welfare of this nation which we are pledged to guard in peace as in war."

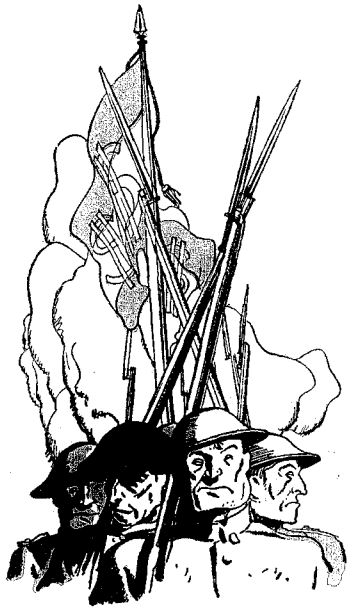
Coincident with this crescendo of political ambition and ascension to almost royal status there has been a curious artificial erosion of the Legion's definition of the term "political." The word has been whittled away almost to the point of becoming meaningless in the effort to stay within Article Two, which laid such a heavy interdiction on politics. The National Judge Advocate (their supreme court) has been kept busy answering calls to define it, and he has not been harsh.

The Legion soon felt that it should be regarded as legitimate for them to help the government see that veterans' affairs were properly handled, even if that did involve occasional stimulation of the government. At this point, a distinction was drawn between matters pertaining strictly to veterans' welfare, and so-called controversial questions. So long as the Legion refrained from expressing itself on such disputed topics, surely it was not in politics. Gradually the word "controversial" came to indicate issues that were in dispute within the Legion itself. When the Legion could agree on a national policy, no matter how controversial it might be for the rest of the nation, it ceased to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be so from their point of view, and issued forth under the simple description "patriotic." Under this somewhat dubious chain of interpretation the Legion now feels itself justified in demanding that Congress take specific action on all variety of matters of grave public concern, most of which are highly controversial, not to say inflammable, and certainly no more relevant to the veterans than to everybody else.

Perhaps the most satisfactory idea of the Legion's shriveled definition of politics, and its relation thereto, came from their official organ, *The American Legion Weekly*, which said editorially: "The mistake is frequently made of ruling the American Legion out of politics because of its Minneapolis action (the constitutional interdiction against politics). It should be clearly understood that the American Legion is very much in politics. . . . But they are merely keeping their collective voice free from party entanglements. They are not keeping their organization out of the political life of the country but out of the clutches of practical politicians. If the American Legion as an organization has chosen to hold aloof from the old parties, if it is going to work through them rather than with them . . . it is because it prefers being a political spur to being a political asset. . . . The American Legion merely escaped its extinction when, at its charter convention, it refused to divide its strength into rival political camps and cast its hat with a whoop into the political arena."



The legislative programs of the Legion have come to assume the proportions of a major political party's platform. The chief difference is that the Legion suggestions are forthright, never equivocal, and they usually materialize. In the first national convention, the Legion put forth with politeness amounting almost to hesitancy twenty-nine ideas about legislation which they thought would prove beneficial. Self-confidence waxed from convention to convention, and with it grew both the total of the legislative proposals and the insistence with which they were put forward. In the latest gathering in Boston, the Legion modestly demanded one hundred and eight separate and specific pieces of legislation by Congress.

Once a year the National Legislative Committee chronicles its legislative accomplishments for the national convention in a closely printed report the size of a small book, both massive and impressive. "Your committee," it proclaims, "has contributed to the enactment of the following legislation," and there follows a list from two to five pages long of public laws, resolutions, and executive orders dealing with subjects ranging from Japanese exclusion to Gold Star mothers. Now and then there are thrilling passages recounting legislative battles won or lost. To the tenth conventon in San Antonio, the committee reported that it had kept track, day by day, week by week, urging here, maneuvering there, of 1,064 pieces of projected legislation of interest to the Legion.

"Like a watchtower overlooking the battlefield, the National Legislative Committee stands at Washington," it told the convention. The committee may also be said to have some of the attributes of a super-tank.

The Legion Prepares

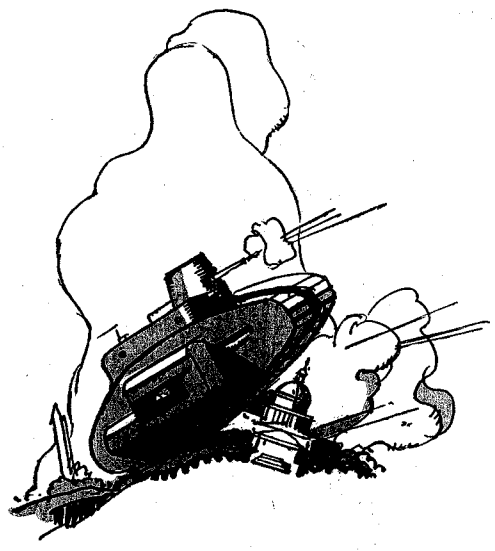
"The Legion," one of its commanders said, "is the cradle for the whole future of America." He spoke truly. Granted the now virtually avowed political ambition, and the almost irresistible power of the organization, the question arises as to what policies the Legion is going to prescribe for the nation. Are we going to find ourselves wisely, tolerantly guided? The reply naturally depends on one's own point of view. Some persons will feel unable to give a whole-hearted affirmative.

The principal preoccupation of the Legion, after strictly veterans' affairs such as adjusted compensation, is with preparedness for the next war. "The people of this country," Commander Spafford once told an Armistice Day gathering, "are coming more and more to the realization that the last war did not end war. They realize that only an armistice was signed. . . . Instructors of the youth of this country must be filled with fervid patriotism." Usually

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Legionnaires are not so outspoken, but they are motivated by a psychology of war-anticipation.

This, obviously, is antithetical to a peace psychology. In the early years the Legion went on record as urging the United States' adherence to the World Court, and they had a Committee on Peace and Foreign Relations. The enthusiasm for the World Court flagged, and the matter dropped when a convention resolution on the subject was tabled. Of late the word peace has been dropped out of the title of the standing committee and the Foreign Relations part of the name indicates merely the committee's duties of coöperating with the FIDAC, the inter-allied veterans' association. As with all vigorous campaigns for preparedness, the danger lies in overstepping the indistinct line that divides such activity from jingoism.



The Legion wants America to have a navy, if not the biggest in the world, at least second to none. This desire is put forward with insistent emphasis in memoranda to Congress and the President and in public addresses throughout the country. When the question of navy building has come up in Congress, the Legion has never failed to exert pressure to have construction authorized on more warships of all categories. In between sessions, there have been numerous complaints that the United States was falling behind the 5-5-3 allowance of the Washington Conference and lapsing into the error of supporting only a paper navy.

After Prime Minister MacDonald's visit to this country in 1929, there was so much good feeling between America and England that the Prime Minister went home and ordered work stopped on two new British warships. This practical manifestation of the will to peace pleased nearly everybody; there was but one dissenting voice, that of E. E. Spafford, National Commander of the Legion, who issued a public rebuke to the President for his pacific act. The Legion has felt that the safety of the United States was not adequately cared for by our official delegations in international parleys, and has recently become emboldened to request that hereafter a representative of the Legion be permitted to accompany American delegations to all disarmament conferences, as an observer.

Similarly, the Legion is interested in promoting what it conceives to be adequate preparedness on land. In so doing, it has sponsored two rather radical propositions, universal military training and universal draft. These suggestions would have startled our perhaps too peaceful, liberty-loving forefathers, and, in fact, come as something of a shock even to this generation, indicating as they do that we are drifting away from our traditional abhorrence of militarism in any form.

Although this country never has enforced conscription except in wartime emergencies, the Legion proposes to enact a law now by which men could be drafted immediately on the outbreak of war. The first bill to provide this failed of passage but the Legion recently succeeded in having enacted the Snell Resolution calling for the President to name a commission to study and report on its universal draft plan.

The United States likewise has never demanded that all its youth serve time, about their nineteenth or twentieth year, under army training, but this also is demanded as a measure of preparedness for the next war. The Legion explains that its project differs from the European system in as much as our young men, while in military training, would not be compelled to take part in regular army service in peace time, such as border patrol. So far the Legion has not pushed this matter to success.

Temporarily the Legion is devoting its attention to stimulating voluntary military training. One of the boasts of the National Legislative Committee was that it obtained increased appropriations from Congress to allow more men to be drilled annually in the summer Citizens' Military Training Camps, and to permit of holding the national rifle matches at Camp Perry every year instead of spasmodically. The Legion is insistent that every college and university aided by govern-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment funds must maintain a compulsory Reserve Officers' Training Corps, and is quick to rebuke any institution which harkens to student demand to abolish this arm of the service. The most recent Legion proposal is that each of its posts should have its own rifle team, so that the twelve thousand posts may become nuclei throughout the country not only for men with some knowledge of war but for propaganda to encourage the use of arms.

Another matter on which the American Legion feels strongly is that of One Hundred Per Cent Americanism, which is now construed quite literally to mean that foreigners are *ipso facto* to be suspected and preferably eliminated from the American scene. The Legislative Committee did its best, on motion of the national convention, to have all immigration barred for a time, but, failing that, was instrumental in helping to put through the "two per cent law" that restricted the incoming flow of aliens.

By the same token, the Legion is inclined to find evidences of Bolshevism lurking everywhere among the people of foreign extraction who are already here. National convention resolutions have for some time demanded a most drastic policy of deportation, hence it was with the greatest relish that the Boston convention last fall heard that Hamilton Fish, Jr., was conducting an extensive inquiry into the hidden Communists within our midst. So confident was the convention of Representative Fish that the Legion put itself on record as endorsing in advance the conclusions of his inquiry, urging that they be embodied in statutes. Mr. Fish did not fail the Legion, for his final report after months of impartial investigation embodies almost exactly the Legion's ideas on the matter, and in places resembles the phrasing of the convention resolutions. This may not have been entirely a coincidence as Mr. Fish, who is the author of the Legion preamble, has long been active in its affairs.

The interests of the Legion are wide enough to encompass a remarkable variety of subjects. It has been working effectively in state legislatures to obtain laws requiring all school children to salute the flag, and providing for properly patriotic history textbooks — to the extent of having them rewritten if necessary. The Legion has pronounced in favor of government operation of Muscle Shoals, doubtless as a valuable source of nitrate for munitions in wartime, and in favor of government development of Boulder Dam, perhaps because more land might be opened up for grants to veterans. One of the minor triumphs of the Legion was a government intercession on behalf of the army mule, increasing his daily ration of hay. Nothing is too small, nothing too great to merit the attention, and the active political participation, of the Legion.

"The Legion," its Legislative Committee triumphantly proclaimed to a convention, "has made a lasting impression upon the nation's capital such as no other organization, educational, religious, or patriotic or historical has been able to make." In nearly every case its powerful influence is thrown on the side of ultra-conservatism in shaping the policies that will rule America.

The ancient legions dominated Rome with spears, and set up emperors at will. No doubt it is much better that the American Legion exerts its very considerable force in this country's affairs by the more modern method of the ballot. It might be even better not to have any more wars.

In an early issue *The Forum* will publish further revelations concerning the activities of the Legion.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Good Old 1913

Reminiscences of a Golden Age

Drawings by Weldon Bailey

by ELMER DAVIS

I

IT WAS lately and casually remarked in this magazine that 1913 was the peak year of human felicity; to which opinion persons older than its author, and persons younger, have taken some exception. Everybody, they object, thinks that the peak of human felicity was the year in which he first began to sit up and take notice. Why should a man who happened to leave college in 1913 erect an accident of chronology into a philosophy of history, to the discredit of all the years in which other men left college and went out to see if the universe was as represented? . . . Well, I shall try to tell you.

Granted that I am prejudiced in favor of 1913 because it was the year in which I first came to the surface; on the other hand, it was the year in which I first had to go to work for a living. Granted that the middle generation to which I now belong finds the Golden Age always in the past — the good old days when you could get a dinner with wine for what the hors-d'oeuvres cost now, when traffic and livers were less congested, and everything was veiled with a glamor which seems beyond recapture. Granted too that for the young, except in times of direst cataclysm, the Golden Age is always here and now, so that Ovid spoke for all the Younger Generations of all time when he wrote —

Prisca juvent alios, ego me nunc denique natum

Gratulor; hæc ætas moribus apta meis.

Still, I think that we of 1913 found a better here and now than any generation for centuries before us, or any generation which will follow us for some decades to come. Every younger generation is the heir of all the ages; but in our time the assets of the estate had accumulated to a legacy beyond all imagining, and we had not yet discovered that they were offset by some appalling liabilities. In other words, we came up before the war — just before the war — in what seems to the retrospective eye an age of incredible innocence and security.

II

SECURITY. . . . For forty years in Europe, for fifty years in America, there had been no great war to check material and intellectual progress. Wars were still fought, but only in remote and romantic regions such as Manchuria, South Africa, the Balkans, Mexico; and only outlandish nations engaged in them on any considerable scale. Never since

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

the Pax Romana had the Western world had so long a breathing spell, and never had it been so well equipped to take advantage of it. Wealth piled up at a rate undreamed of; there was more ease, more leisure for thought as well as recreation. Problems still existed, but it was generally agreed that human ingenuity and good will would solve them in the course of time.

Even in Europe, where I was living when the year began, the average man had never felt so secure. There was an increasing tension in international relations, diplomats exchanged politely menacing notes, general staffs laid plans for invasions, military budgets grew ever larger, there were recurrent crises. But of all this the average man knew only what he read in the papers; whereas he had daily first-hand knowledge of the growing internationalism of business, travel, sport, amusement that promised to make frontiers in Europe no more than lines on the map. There had been internationalism before, but it was limited to the Church, the nobility, the educated classes. This new internationalism touched, in the cities at least, everyone.

So war seemed an outgrown bogy-man of the childhood of the race. Was there a crisis? Well, there had been a crisis year before last and would be a crisis year after next; but the issue would be no more than a diplomatic triumph of one side or the other, the resignation of one Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the decoration of his rival. Mr. Norman Angell had lately demonstrated that war was no longer profitable even to the victors; so if the danger ever became real the international bankers would prevent war. Or the international Socialists; or, if all else failed, the German Emperor, whose quarter-century of peaceful rule we were just then celebrating, would interpose his unanswerable veto.

So most of Europe felt, outside the governing circles. But how much more secure was America! Europe, to us, was the storied Old World, whose cathedrals and castles we viewed on summer tours but whose problems lay outside our sphere. We had problems of our own, about which the muckrakers had for some years been making a loud disturbance; but in 1912 we had gone to Armageddon, and most of us had come home fairly well satisfied with the result. The moderates had elected Wilson, the radicals had got rid of Taft, and the conservatives could thank God that at any rate they had beaten Roosevelt. Now the obviously needed reforms could be enacted, without much danger that reform would run wild.

True, 1913 was a year of business depression, as anyone who was then hunting his first job must remember. But the depression was easily explained. Republicans blamed it on a Democratic administration, Democrats laid it to the machinations of Republican wielders of the Money Power who wanted to discredit the administration. In any case, the business cycle was as much a part of the order of nature as seedtime and harvest. No one dreamed that perhaps our whole system had some incurable defect. There would be ups and downs in business as in international politics; but nothing really disastrous could ever happen again.

In this confidence we who came into our inheritance in 1913 could feel free to give our attention to the normal concerns of young people — love, amusement, and ideas. It seems to me that never since then has amusement had quite the tang or ideas quite the confident assurance; that even love has never since been quite so delicately flavored a blend of reality and illusion. . . . Laugh if you like; but let me tell you.

III

Innocence and security. . . . But it did not seem innocent at the time; that was part of its charm. Our moral mentors told us that it was an age of unprecedented license and corruption, and that we boys and girls who had just cracked our shells were a brood of vipers from the pit. Why? Well, a fundamental change in manners, first visible two or three years earlier, was now in full swing; and behind it lay an almost equally fundamental change in ideas. The resultant product was what we then called, and not altogether unjustly, the emancipation of women. It was at last being admitted that women were people, even if all the implications of that concession were not yet apparent. The intellectual double standard had broken down, and the clergy correctly foresaw that the breakdown of the physical double standard would be an early consequence.

This is old stuff now, but it was new stuff then, and what has happened in the last eighteen years of the new era was less decisive

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than what happened in the first two. The change was the fruit of half a century's fermenting ideas, but what touched it off, about 1911, was the accidental coincidence of the revival of dancing and a wave of moral reform. Everybody was dancing now. The slashed skirts invented to make dancing easier had disclosed the long-guarded secret that ladies had legs; respectable women in increasing number had begun to smoke, and to drink in public places. Worst of all, it was now permissible for men and women, together, to talk about sex, provided it was treated on a high plane, as a social problem that could never have any personal application. (I would not say it never did have a personal application, but that happened more rarely than young people of to-day might believe.) But sex talk first came in by a side door.

Past centuries had accepted prostitution as a necessary evil. The nineteenth century still accepted it, on condition that it was never mentioned. But about 1910 there began a successful agitation for the abolition of the red-light districts of American cities; and to abolish them you had to mention them. Suddenly nice women discovered that what they had always known but had never dared to talk about could be discussed with propriety, provided you called it the white slave problem and insisted on the need of wiping out this blot on civilization. It was assumed in those days that every prostitute was an unwilling victim, a white slave, and that the lords of this nefarious traffic daily prowled the streets in search of new prey.

Hence the story of the young matron from Glen Ridge, or Garden City, or New Rochelle — everybody who told it knew somebody who knew her personally, and it was as much as your life was worth not to believe it — who came to town for a day's shopping and sat down in a subway car beside a man who stealthily pricked her with a poisoned needle; whereupon she lost consciousness and was carried off — over his shoulder, presumably — to a life of shame. Hence the frequent arrest of unfortunate males who had happened to sit down in subway cars beside women with hives and active imaginations. Hence a flood of plays about virtuous girls trapped by white slavers — plays that were denounced by the clergy, endorsed by forward-looking social workers, raided by the police, and fierily defended in magazine articles on "Public Conscience and the Stage."

Naïve? Childish? Unreal? Yes, as a childish unreality hangs over all the doings of the Golden Age. But I think it was healthier than the bored indifference with which the present-day public regards the doings of our racketeers, and those disclosures about the conduct of the vice squad and the women's court which deprive New York of any serious claim to be regarded as a civilized city. The public conscience of 1913 may have been adolescent and hysterical; still there was a public conscience. We may have misconceived our problems and have been largely mistaken in what we tried to do about them; still, we felt that when there was a problem something could be and ought to be done about it.

At any rate, the white slavery uproar gave the women freedom of speech such as had not been known in centuries, just at the moment when they gained an unprecedented freedom of movement. Before 1911 Virtue had been segregated almost as closely as Vice. Young men might prowl about, but nice girls went out only under chaperonage, to selected places; and the middle-aged of both sexes resigned themselves to the somnolent fireside as a matter of course.

The new dances changed all that; anybody could dance them and everybody tried. Above all it was the age of dancing — and of rejuvenation. Father and mother, puffing away in the turkey trot, worked the fat off their bodies and their minds too; for the moment, all the world seemed young. The frontier of senescence had all at once been pushed back twenty years, so that we who were just beginning could count on a youth far longer than any generation before us had ever known.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IT RAN all over the world, this dancing craze, the latest and most pervasive phase of the internationalism of culture and interest that had grown up in decades of peace. In London and Paris, Berlin and New York, the surface of society, the interests of the people one met, were the same; all the world over it was the age of tango teas. Not that many of us could dance the tango, though we all tried; nor did we drink much tea. In fact we did not drink much of anything; or perhaps, as it was better liquor in those days, it did not seem like so much. At any rate, in a world so full of a number of things liquor was a subsidiary item; we used it as the spark, not as the fuel.

Smoking, for the girls, was a more important gesture. All young people want to kick up their heels and defy convention; most of them would prefer to do it at a not too heavy cost. As a play of Shaw's then current put it, they need to lose their respectability while retaining their self-respect. His heroine did that by going to jail as a militant suffragette, but for most girls of the day smoking met the need. It had till lately been a badge of infamy, it still aroused the fury of conservatives; yet no sensible person could believe it did any real harm. As a safety valve, the girls have never had anything like it.

But it was not only what the girls did that excited the conservatives, but where they did it. Now that Vice had been driven out of the restricted district and Virtue had been lured away from the fireside, institutions sprang up — mostly around Times Square — for the entertainment of both. We called them cabarets; they were much like the modern night club except that they were day clubs too, doing their biggest business at the tango tea. Before about 1912 it was generally true that the righteous could be seen in certain places, the wicked in certain others; now the two streams intermingled for the first time. . . . So nice girls went to tango teas at cabarets, and drank cocktails, and smoked cigarettes, and talked sex with boys; and of course there was a tremendous uproar.

The clergy trumpeted denunciations, and lay conservatives joined in. Indignant Senior takes his pen in hand to write to the *Times* — "Who is at home now? All are hasting and chasing after the Great God Amusement." So Indignant Senior was writing in Babylon, when he had to chop his complaint in a brick. A bishop, rarely liberal, advises his clergy to stop denouncing the slit skirt — which was going out of style anyway — and instead preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified; with the approving echo of an editorial writer who observes that holy men need not dwell in detail on unholy things, since "women who listen to sound religious and ethical teaching will not dress immodestly." The police order all cafés but John Dunston's to close at one A.M., Mayor Gaynor denouncing them as "places of all-night orgies, drunkenness, and shamelessness." Thomas Healy, locking his bar at the appointed hour, advises his guests that the law permits them to stay and finish their food; whereupon the police swarm in and throw the diners out by force. (As it happened, in their enthusiasm they also threw out the District Attorney, so that crusade was promptly stepped on.)

This Thomas Healy was renowned for his exorbitance; he charged a quarter for a cocktail or highball which at any other cabaret cost fifteen cents. But even Healy had never heard of the cover charge. It was, you perceive, a simple age; when the Stock Exchange table took up half a column in the newspaper, and a dinner with wine could be had for half a dollar. Not the best wine, or the best dinner, but good enough for youth. And orchestra seats at the theater were two dollars apiece; and after the theater you could take your girl to a cabaret, and dance and drink till closing time for two or three dollars more.

But it was not mere cheapness that gave a tang to amusement; it was our conscious defiance of conventions we did not respect. There were conventions which most of us did respect, but they were not yet in question. (For a minor instance, you could take your girl to Maxim's or Bustanoby's; you might

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

perhaps take your wife to Joel Rinaldo's, but never your fiancée.) We leaped defiantly over the molehills our elders had made into mountains; having thus proved our strength and spirit we felt no need to explore the real mountains that loomed ominous a little farther on. They called us vile and abandoned, but we knew we were nothing of the sort; we had merely looked over the conventions of the day and rejected those which seemed superannuated. From the purely hedonistic standpoint, I think we got more fun out of life than the young people of a later day when no conventions were any more than what Mr. Cabell calls "inefficient and outmoded monsters."

V

WE HAD ideas. Bernard Shaw had provided most of them, but a score of English writers were following the trail he blazed. It was in England, I think, that the pre-war generation was most promising — boys and girls who were keen and zestful, at once polished and enthusiastic. (Those lightfoot lads are dead now, or disheartened; and the rose-lipped girls grow old without husbands.) American writers still lagged behind. The big problem novel of 1913 was Mr. Winston Churchill's *The Inside of the Cup*, dealing with the agitations of an Episcopal clergyman who was not sure his church was right about divorce; and Mr. Henry Sydnor Harrison was the rising hope of American letters. Poetry made a better showing; a year or so before, it had broken out like a rash all over the corn belt, and now a poet sat on every fence post, caroling free verse. Pretty good verse, too; those blended carolings seemed only the prelude to a great national festival of song — but the prelude turned out to be all of the show. Where are those poets now? Some of them write good biographies of Lincoln and some write bad biographies of Lincoln; some of them write indifferent fiction, and the most have merely folded up in silence.

But though we still had to import most of our ideas, we had them; and each of us believed that his own idea would presently bring into being the all-but-perfect society. The march of civilization had freed man from his traditional worries — food and security. Ruinous wars, destructive social upheavals were as certainly outgrown as famine, pandemic diseases, religious bigotry. Man was free to think; he could think boldly, for the machinery of society was foolproof. If society still needed improvement, that could be accomplished by the direct primary, or the popular election of senators, or the initiative, referendum, and recall; or by giving the vote to women.

More and more woman suffrage became the most discussed of issues; but it was only an aspect of the profounder issue of feminism — perhaps the most widespread and certainly the most exciting of the millennial hopes of the time. Women wanted to be people — to step down from their Victorian pedestals and associate with men on the same level. We young men wanted no Victorian slave-goddesses, but comrades and companions, free and equal, who would be intelligently interested in our interests; and who of course would also feel for us, and inspire in us, that mysterious emotional intoxication that the nineteenth century called romantic love.

Well, the ladies came down — farther down, perhaps, than they expected, but few people would doubt that the world is on the whole a good deal better off. But you can't have everything, and we pre-war feminists expected it; most of us would have been shocked if we had foreseen that fifteen years later André Maurois would describe modern love as a sort of sensual friendship. We wanted friendship and we wanted sensuality; but we also wanted and expected more — more, perhaps, than there is.

But in 1913 we did not know it was more than there is. We wanted and got girls who were friends and comrades; but they had not yet left off being a little remote and mysterious. Physically, they were swathed from neck to instep, as women always had been; even when they bathed in the surf they wore knee-length skirts, and stockings. Their clothes looked all right at the time, as whatever girls are wearing at any time looks all right to boys of their own age. Chubbiness, in those days, was the feminine ideal; the boyish form was still unknown, and Bonwit Teller's advertisements pictured corsets for the normal woman such as Bonwit Teller still may sell but only Lane Bryant would dare to advertise.

But these were mysteries, at least in theory, to the young men of 1913, and in such matters theory counts for more than practice. Mentally, too, the girl of 1913, emancipated

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

though she tried to be, had her reticences which would have seemed stuffily prudish a little later, after we had heard of Freud. We stood just on the threshold of revelation, and had not learned that here too we expected more, perhaps, than there is. . . .

Yes, love in those days was a delicately flavored blend of reality and illusion, of candor and mystery. You took a girl to a tango tea; she drank with you and smoked with you, like a man and a brother. As a person, a free and equal comrade, intelligently interested in the world you and she were going to live in, she talked to you — about everything. "Everything" generally meant sex; it startled you to realize that this creature whom your early training and the books you had read had taught you to consider as something strange, mysterious, and apart was a human being like yourself, with a body and a mind — two attributes which nineteenth-century doctrine had generally denied her. But just as you felt that this matter-of-fact impersonal discussion might be dimming an ancient glamor she did something, or said something, or looked something that made you realize that after all she was a creature of another and an incalculable sort. She was at once the seeker and the sought, a comrade and a mystery.

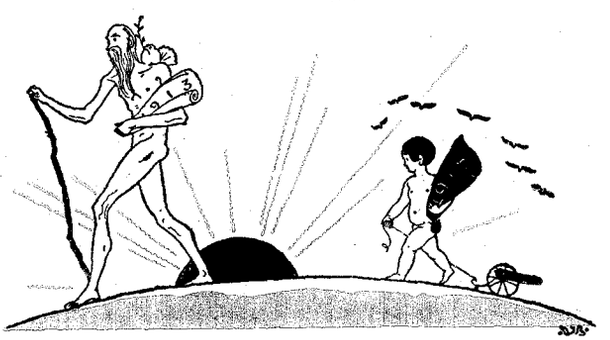
So we played our romantic comedy, and never dreamed that other actors, with other lines to speak, were about to burst in from the wings.

Well, there is no use now in crying over spilt milk; especially as there was never so much milk in the pitcher as we thought. Our aspirations were fantastic and our doings absurd, considering the tremendous irony of what was coming; we look back at our unsuspecting selves as a Greek audience must have looked at the pride of unsuspecting Œdipus. What we did and what we hoped for alike seem naïve, childish, unreal.

Any tendency of humility we of 1913 may possess has been abetted by our juniors. They tell us, truly, that we were a foolish and visionary lot, misled by all sorts of illusions. I understand that all that has been changed. "Post-war minds," writes Mr. C. Hartley Grattan in the *Outlook*, "have been disciplined and disillusioned." Mr. Grattan has one of those minds, so this is first-hand testimony; to the middle-aged observer the disillusion is more apparent than the discipline. Even the disillusion is selective; the post-war mind sees through the illusions of 1913, but I am not so confident as some of its possessors that it has attained to intuitive perception of eternal truth. But that may be just as well. Illusion is the most powerful of motive forces. Even our illusions of 1913 might have carried us a long way, though probably not where we expected.

Like all younger generations, we knew a great many things that are not so; but we meant well. I am old-fashioned enough to believe that, other things being equal, good intentions are more useful than bad intentions, or no intentions at all; but we, the last generation for some decades to live in a world of innocence and security, shall probably also remain for some decades the last that could have much faith in good intentions as such. The lesson of August, 1914, was reënforced in October, 1929; we live in a world of peril and uncertainty, paved with the good intentions of our ancestors — paving stones which have too often turned into stumblingblocks.

With an irrational optimism befitting an alumnus of the absurd age in which I came to the surface, I still believe that higher peaks of human felicity are ahead; that our race, if it keeps on trying, can make a quite habitable place of the planet on which it resides. But it will be some time before anybody can expect the millennial dawn as confidently as young people expected it in the age of tango teas.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PROPHETS

Not Without Honor

Drawings by John Melching

by EDWARD ANGLY

ONE OF a thousand ways in which the American business executive differs from his counterpart in foreign lands is to be found in his penchant for making predictions. He may be a bit cagey if you ask him how business is, but he isn't likely to toss away an invitation to speak on how he thinks business is going to be next year, or just as soon as it stops being what it is now. I refer to the business man who is big enough to rate a seat on the dais at organization dinners, or who is sufficiently well-known to be pestered and flattered by reporters.

Even a casual study of these crystal gazers of commerce will imbed the conclusion that when business is good they generally predict that it will keep on being that way, and that when business is ailing, they confidently say it will recuperate about the time of the next equinox or solstice.

With so many business men talking into microphones and reportorial ears, the presumption must be that the ultimate consumers — the common people and the almost somebodies who hear and read their predictions — find in them sufficient aid, comfort, inspiration, and encouragement, if not guidance, to make it worth the big man's while, and their own, and that of the gentlemen who foot the bills for ether waves and printers' ink. Is it not strange, though, that the custom has not been adopted in other busy, gold-grubbing lands?

Unlike our own eager-eyed and willing-eared populace, the small fry of Europe work and worry along without much economic enlightenment from on high. The subjects of King George, for example, haven't the slightest idea what the Right Honorable Montagu C. Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, thinks business conditions will be in the spring. The citizens of the French Republic pursue their labors and their pleasures without any notion of how sound their smiling President, M. Gaston Doumergue, may consider fundamental conditions to be. M. Emile Moreau of the Bank of France rubs his hands as the gold pours in, and says nothing. M. Citroen makes automobiles by day and splurges at baccarat by night, and if he has a formula for general prosperity, the Gallic public doesn't know the nature of it. Since S. Parker Gilbert closed up shop in Berlin, there has been a similar silence in Germany. It is the same in Italy, *Il Duce* excepted, and it is the same in Spain and elsewhere this side of the Red paradise.

Public predictions in the European economic field are pretty much confined to Soviet Russia, where the ambitious architects of the Five-Year Plan have figured out, even unto the third and fourth decimal point, the future of everything — real wages, production, the cost of commodities, the decline of illiteracy, the world demand for caviar, and the domestic consumption of vodka. If Ivan Ivanovitch Ivanoff doesn't like it, he may lump it, but he cannot get away from it. While the big man in capitalistic America and Communist Russia is telling the little man what is going to happen to him and his pocketbook, people everywhere else seem content to mind their own business, keep their own counsel, and let the other fellow guess for himself as to what the future may hold.

For a good many months now, our business prophets have been telling us that this depression cannot go on much longer. In many instances these assurances come from the same authorities who used to get their names in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

papers by explaining why prosperity was going to continue forever and ever in the United States, whatever might happen in the shabbier, more pedestrian parts of the world. We are told now that people simply must start buying very soon, and the men who say so are those who used to tell us that such a thing as a saturation point no longer existed.

That business men should go on airing their predictions in public seems the more amazing when one considers what happened to the predictions made by them during the seven fat years. In those bright and bustling times there grew up a theory that the business cycle had ceased to exist so far as this country was concerned. The once inevitable loop that old-fashioned economics professors had told us was made up of prosperity, crisis, depression, and revival had been "ironed out" by American business genius until nothing was left of it except prosperity. We began to hear that every American laborer was becoming a capitalist. Then we read that there was no such a possibility as over-production.

The newer theory seemed to be that consumption would keep up with production so long as Americans continued to demand a higher and higher standard of living. And breathed there an American with ambition so dead that he would be content to sit under an unmortgaged vine and fig tree, like a lazy European, utterly unwilling to get out and hustle for more and better things for the wife and kiddies? No, a thousand times, no!

The point was simple. One merely had to induce people to crave more commodities and comforts — radios, two-car garages, prismatic bathrooms, whatever else the neighbors possessed. Thus would consumption keep up with production. The stimuli of advertising and the blessed boon of buying on installments would keep the ball rolling merrily along. American mechanical efficiency would maintain the country in high speed even in a shrinking world that was climbing in low or second gear up the long, long hill away from the slough into which the war had bogged it down.

Mass production, involving the use of machinery on a scale of which Europe had never dreamed, was permitting the American industrialist to pay his workers from three to five times the foreigners' scale. Still he was able to deliver his product in world markets at a cheaper price than his backward competitor. Thus the foreigner would remain a good customer, whatever his sentiments against the tariff. The cotton planter of the south and the wheat farmer of the west might be complaining, but the Machine Age was helping everybody else to get richer. And if a machine slowed down, one could merge it with a faster one. Everything was hotsy-totsy and the sky wasn't half way to the limit.

Ushering in the Millennium

ONE EVENING, at the start of this, the second winter of our discontent, I bought an apple at a Fifth Avenue corner from one of the workingmen-capitalists of whom I had read. Thus fortified, I entered a library where the prophecies of business men are embalmed for the edification of economists yet unborn. I sought to recapture the spell of the optimistic days.

There they were, those wondrous speeches and interviews of the seven fat years. They began to grow in eloquence about the period when the country was recovering from its return to normalcy under the amiable Warren Gamaliel Harding. By the time my journalistic *confrère*, Mr. Calvin Coolidge, had been in the White House a year, board chairmen the country over were as stuffed with optimism as Mr. Charles M. Schwab. Year by year things were on the up and up. In 1926 all records for production, for wages, for earnings, and for general prosperity were broken. The price of many of the soundest stocks in the country had almost tripled in five years. Santa Claus that Christmas surpassed all his previous achievements in distribution, and it was noised about that here and there in Wall Street bonuses had amounted in some houses to as much as one hundred per cent of the recipient's salary.

When 1927 arrived, even Colonel Theodore Roosevelt was remarking that "the country has gone prosperity mad." E. G. Wilmer, president of Dodge Brothers, Inc., had favored the newspapers with a New Year's message in which he said times were going to get even better still. He laughed at the few bears who were not hibernating, and brushed aside the warnings of the pessimists with the gladsome news that modern business men were "seeking and finding the solutions of business panic and business depression." His competitor, Mr.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Myron E. Forbes of the Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company, assured the nation just one week later that "so long as people want and are willing to strive for better homes, better clothes, better food, and better recreation, just so long will consumption keep production at growing levels." And, he added, "There will be no interruption of our present prosperity."

The spring of that year brought disastrous floods in the Mississippi valley, and a strike in the union soft coal fields, but the steel industry again exceeded all its previous production figures and other industries were riding it out. Europe didn't seem to be doing so well, but that did not worry such Titans of foreign trade as Mr. Victor M. Cutter of the United Fruit Company. A new era was dawning, he said, which would give to North and South America not only the industrial and economic leadership, but also the cultural leadership of the world.

About that time there was a stock market slump, but Mr. Mellon drove the bears back into the woods with an ex-cathedra bull. He held that brokers' loans were not too high and predicted a growth of general prosperity, whereupon the market rose again. Magnus W. Alexander, president of the National Industrial Conference Board, assured the nation there was "no reason why there should be any more panics." The chief economist of the Board, Mr. Virgil Jordan, took a poke at doubting Thomases by saying that "it was difficult for some economists to abandon the reassuring rhythm of the business cycle. . . . This favorite cradle of the economists no longer rocks so regularly as it used to."

The tons of ticker tape that cascaded into Broadway that summer during the receptions to Lindbergh, Chamberlain, and Byrd all recorded higher altitudes for stock prices. In September, Roger Babson, prophet emeritus, admitted he was a bit puzzled by a condition that had never existed before since the keeping of business statistics had become a vocation. Interest rates and commodity prices had gone downward together. Mr. Babson told a group of go-getters who had come to one of his inspirational conferences that declining interest rates had never brought on a panic, and that declining commodity prices had never been followed by good times. In such a situation, Mr. Babson confessed, it was pretty hard to predict what was going to happen next. He recommended caution until the portents became less paradoxical.

A month later, Mr. Melvin A. Traylor, then president of the American Bankers Association, wrote of "The Changed Business Cycle." He told the bankers they need not fear a recurrence of conditions that would plunge the nation "into the depths of the more violent financial panics such as have occurred in the past." He remarked that "more widely prevalent business intelligence, efficiency, and effective facilities for financial coöperation and control on a nation-wide basis tend to reduce the danger of speculation and other excesses bringing about general unsound conditions."

From Minneapolis, almost within earshot of the bucolic bellyachers, there came winging over the wires, on the last night of 1927, two tidings for a happy future from Mr. R. B. Sheffield, head of the Commander-Larrabee Corporation. "The problem of distribution is being solved rapidly," he said. And then he brought the millennium almost within view of the naked eye by adding: "The laboring man is becoming a capitalist."

Mr. Alexander, too, had a happy forecast that put to shame those who dared suppose Americans would ever have their fill, even temporarily, of motor cars, radios, and other modern blessings. "The potential demand for manufactured goods is elastic and well-nigh inexhaustible," he wrote. "While per capita production and consumption of food have actually declined since the beginning of the century, production of manufactured commodities has increased ninety-one per cent per capita of population. There is no reason why this pace should not be maintained; in fact, it is hard to see how it could be restrained."

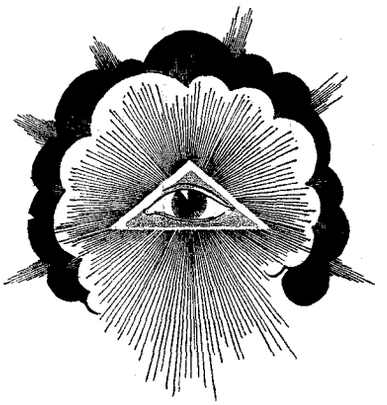
The White House and the Treasury took another squint at the economic skies and assured the country that flying conditions were still perfect for the business kite. A few old conservatives wagged their heads, but their warnings were drowned in a rising crescendo of cocksure optimism. Even Mr. E. H. H. Simmons, who was then president of the New York Stock Exchange, departed from the silent tradition of that office to preach against the pessimists. Talking to the Engineers Society of Western Pennsylvania, assembled in convention at Pittsburgh, he said: "I cannot help but raise

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a dissenting voice to statements which we are hearing to-day that we are simply living in a fool's paradise, that a saturation point in industry and finance has been reached, and that, having passed its peak, prosperity in this country must necessarily recede and diminish in the future."

Some Minor Chords

On a cold, wet day in February, a day provocative of gloomy ruminations, even Mr. Alexander began to speculate whether, after all, the thing wasn't too good to last.



"We must all pause to wonder," he said to a dinner gathering, "if this so-called prosperity is of an enduring character." Unemployment was increasing, especially in the midwest. Business was described by the experts as spotty, and was showing signs of hesitancy. Brokers' loans had risen the previous month to almost four and a half billion dollars and, as in 1927, there had been a brief break in the market which the bulls had quickly repaired. This time it was the thrifty Mr. Coolidge who assured the country that he did not consider brokers' loans too high. By April the market was rising again. Even higher interest rates and an outward flow to gold couldn't stop it.

In May the *American Bankers Association Journal* said the earnings statements of leading industries had emphasized the impression that a new business cycle was prevailing. But it did not consider that anything "approaching a general depression" was likely.

In July candidate Hoover, speaking in California, could see that the outlook everywhere on earth was for the greatest era of commercial expansion in history. The rest of the world, he said, would become better customers of America. In September Mr. Mellon again assured the country there was no cause for worry and that the high tide of prosperity would continue.

After Mr. Hoover's election in November had guaranteed a full gasoline tank to every citizen for four more years, the previously optimistic Mr. Virgil Jordan began to fear that the rapturous situation was "rather a state of mind than a fact." He pointed out that basic industries which were providing people with their fundamental requirements had not shared in the prosperity to the extent enjoyed by the makers of luxuries. But Irving T. Bush poohpoohed such pessimism as soon as the reporters found him. "We are only at the beginning of a period which will go down in history as the golden age," he said, and proceeded to predict ten years more of grand and glorious prosperity.

Even a twelve per cent money rate couldn't dislodge investment holdings as 1928 approached its close. A decline in stock prices in December was followed by a quick recuperation. New Year's Day brought pages and pages of happy predictions from brokers, industrialists, chain store czars, and business men. The big fish swallowed the little fish in an orgy of mergers, and the innocent bystanders and deposed vice presidents were kept contented with four-to-one splits in stock.

The story of 1929 with its joy ride of nine months and twenty days must still be fresh in the minds and check stubs of the twenty million workers who were to become capitalists by the simple process of having a broker.

In the gladsome month of May, 1929, Mr. Harry Culver, president of the National Association of Real Estate Boards, pepped up a reunion of realtors by telling them they had "better get ready for one of the greatest waves of prosperity that this country has ever known." In June the *American Bankers Association Journal* figured that the unprecedented pace of business would probably continue even though high money rates had curtailed the flotation of bonds, "so much so in the case of foreign bonds as to constitute a threat at the country's export trade." Even in the dog days of midsummer, business was on the boom. That moved the Secretary of Commerce, Robert P. Lamont, to remark that the "greater foresight of business men in producing and selling commodities had brought about a reduction even of seasonal variations in industrial activity." Why, there wasn't even a seasonal cycle any more, let alone any thought of a whole long-range business cycle with a down as well as an up!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On August 23 — less than two months before the wonderful new era exploded — an Englishman, Mr. T. E. Gregory of the London School of Economics, made bold to say that "the miracle of American prosperity was in part unreal and illusory, a mirage produced by a naïve and undiscriminating optimism." He made his statement at the Williamstown Institute of Politics. A New York newspaper promptly reminded him that America had learned to accept gratuitous criticism from visiting English lecturers with a pinch of salt and a smile.

A "creeping bear market" set in with the first frosts of October and reached a crisis stage on October 21. On that day Professor Irving Fisher of Yale, the great proponent of prohibition as a guarantor of prosperity, told the New York Credit Mens' Association he believed the breaks of the few preceding days had already "driven stocks down to hard rock."

"I believe that we will have a ragged market for a few weeks," he confessed, "and that then we shall see the beginning of a mild bull market that will gain momentum next year." The Professor felt that the investment trusts that had become so popular in America would "stabilize" the market by buying heavily should the market become unsteady. The next morning, sure enough, prices capered upward again, and Mr. Charles E. Mitchell arrived home from Europe. The Wall Street reporters trooped into the office of the President of the National City Bank to see what Mr. Mitchell had to say. He told them that the decline in stock prices had gone too far "in certain important directions," and he "deplored" the importance attached by the country in general, and Wall Street in particular, to the size of brokers' loans.

The next day, October 23, came the first crash. More than five billion dollars in lovely paper profits perished, and 181 stocks reached new lows for the year. The following day nearly thirteen million shares changed hands, but Mr. Mellon said business was "steady," and the bankers boasted that they had checked the decline. The next morning President Hoover informed the nation that "the fundamental business of the country — that is, the production and distribution of commodities — is on a sound and prosperous basis."

That night, in New York, Mr. Schwab told the American Iron and Steel Institute members that prospects had never been brighter. No, never! "If the equilibrium between production and consumption is maintained," he went on, "there is no reason, in my opinion, why our present prosperity should not continue indefinitely."

But an awful thing happened to the equilibrium just four days later. In five frantic hours 16,410,030 shares of corporation stock were pitched onto the floor of the Exchange. The new era was all over.

The Pollyannas

But the prophets live on. The new year of 1930 was welcomed by Mr. Mellon with "every confidence that there will be a revival of activity in the spring." The Democrats felt the same way about it. John J. Raskob also thought on New Year's Day that "by early spring business ought to be going ahead at its regular rate." On January 22, 1930, President Hoover, after a series of conferences with the business leaders of the land, had a vision in which he saw the "employment trend" already turning for the better. On March 3, the eve of the first anniversary of the administration that was to perpetuate prosperity, Secretary Lamont assured the country that business would be normal in two months. Five days later Mr. Hoover predicted that unemployment would be ended in sixty days.

The sixty days were up on May 7. About a hundred hours before the deadline, the President, on May 2, made an address in which he expressed the conviction that the worst was over, and that "with continued unity of effort, we shall rapidly recover." Railway earnings went on dropping, however, steel prices slipped downward, and the stock market got worse instead of better. When summer came, Mr. Hoover said business would probably be "normal" by autumn. The dog days of August found cotton and wheat prices tumbling deeper and deeper, but the Secretary of Labor, John J. Davis, visualized the nation as "on the road to recovery." Mr. Babson predicted a revival for the autumn, and Mr. Harvey S. Firestone said the country would soon be enjoying the greatest prosperity it had ever known.

On September 22, when the weather bureau announced that autumn had arrived, Secretary Lamont said it looked as if the business decline had come to an end. As the press associations were scattering his message to the country,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wheat sold in Chicago that afternoon at 77⅞ cents a bushel, the lowest price since July, 1914. The next morning Washington had an explanation. It seems the dastardly Bolsheviks were dumping wheat on the capitalist world.

Down in Virginia Governor Pollard took an afternoon off to deliver a funeral oration over "Old Man Depression" and "Old Lady Pessimism," who were made to walk the plank of the *S. S. Virginia Lee*. Mr. Ford, on sailing for Europe, expressed the quaint notion that laziness had caused the slump. Mr. Babson, remaining at home to keep an eye on his charts, blamed the depression on a "general moral relapse." They both said it would soon be over.

In October the tradesmen of Philadelphia started a "Buy Now" campaign, and Mr. Dwight W. Morrow, who used to go about the country telling people to save their money, endorsed it. On October 21, within three weeks of the elections, President Hoover appointed Colonel Arthur Woods to direct employment "relief" throughout the nation, and the business prophets decided to postpone the return date of prosperity until the spring of 1931.

Finally, in December, a great light dawned upon the Presidential mind. Mr. Hoover sent a message to Congress which contained this ringing phrase: "Economic depression cannot be cured by legislative action or executive pronouncement." It did not pass entirely unnoticed that the disillusioned President spelt executive with a small *e*.

Not long ago in a French industrial center, where one must go indoors to buy an apple, a French manufacturer was telling me of his visits to America, in good times and bad.

"We French are perhaps old-fashioned," he said, "but we long ago learned, Monsieur, that the sun is not going to shine brightly every day. And if a politician promises us to make the sun shine every day, we have the power under our system of government, to kick him out at the first drop of rain."

Lincoln Memorial

When you look at Abraham Lincoln sitting there,
A stone Kentuckian umbered in Hellas,
Can you hear the muscle chant of the Asian slaves
Tugging the sun from the sea before the sunrise?
Do you stare an hour against the blue Aegean
Waiting more timber cutters out of Egypt
To sing the lamentation of their meadows
Into the fluting of their Parian marble?

The marble blocks are moon blocks olive-silvered.
Patience! The slaves are overdue from Samos;
Four ships tomorrow from our four-citied Chios!
The blood of helots cools along the levers,
The salt of helots stiffens in the coils
Of rope binding the cylinders of stone;
The muscle chant is moon-set in the lime.

When you look at Abraham Lincoln sitting in
A house the sea-slaves builded long ago,
Do you turning stare beyond the wide green trees,
Over the roofs, the singing distances
Where the prairies are, and the rivers, and the mountains?

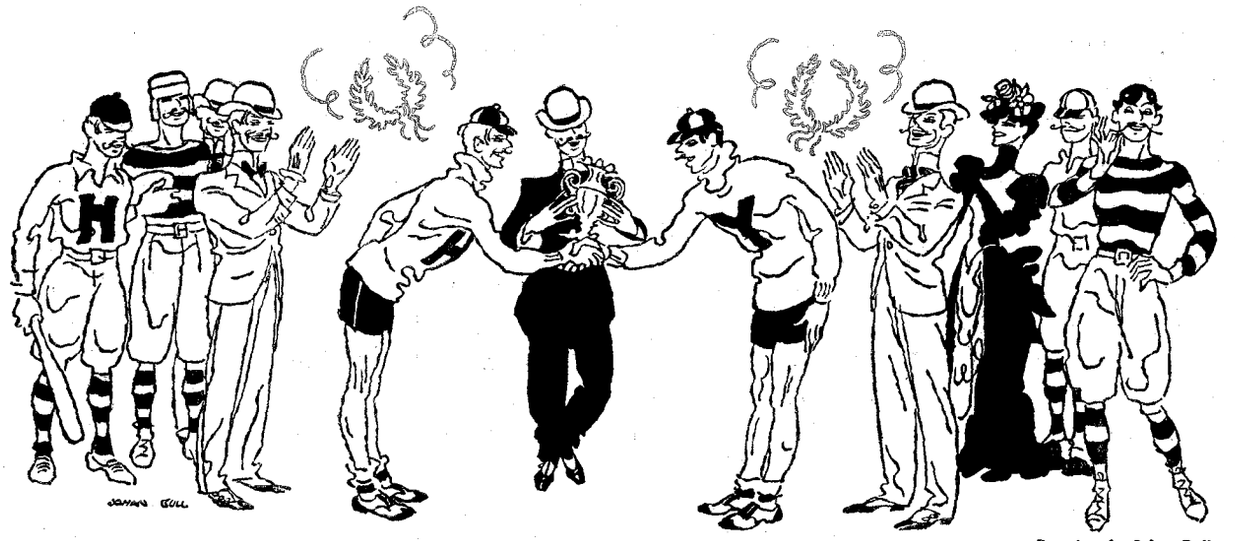
Do you say with a whisper crossing many rivers:

America, are there no visible forms
Of beauty risen from your earth to which
These dead have gone and those who led them down?
Is only the chant of slaves too beautiful?
Only their agony to be repeated?

— **Thomas Hornsby Ferril**

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawings by Johan Bull

Pooh-bahs of Sport

by JOHN R. TUNIS

A TALL MAN with a square frame sits in an office in the basement of the Harvard Union in Cambridge. Once this sturdy figure held the World's Interscholastic 880-yard record; later in college he ran a half mile in 1:54 2–5, a record for the Harvard track. Still later he was a captain in the Air Service, winning the *Croix de Guerre* with a divisional citation in France. He returned to his university as a coach, and so much life and spirit did he throw into his job that he was asked, though young, to become Director of Athletics. Since his advent many changes for the better have been made in Harvard sport, many useless frills eradicated, many reforms introduced. This man has courage; a word with him reveals his essential honesty of mind and purpose. His name is William J. Bingham.

A short, bald-headed man sits in an office on Elm Street, New Haven, in the heart of Yale University. He too was, and is, a practicing athlete. His voice is quiet. He inspires confidence immediately in his sincerity and straight-forwardness. Once he was captain of the football and track teams at Andover, and at New Haven he was captain of the track team, member of a world-beating relay team, and played football at a time when to wear a "Y" spoke volumes. For several years he was Director of Athletics at Bowdoin, and to-day he holds the same position at his Alma Mater. John Martin Cates. Old Yale men call him Jack.

A stocky figure smoking a pipe sits at a desk on the second floor of a building on Nassau Street, Princeton. He was an athlete and still is; at forty-nine he will take you on at any game you like. Once he was an intercollegiate broad jumping champion, a member of Phi Beta Kappa, a professor of English literature, Chairman of the Board of Athletic Control of Princeton. To-day he is President of the National Collegiate Athletic Association, the highest honor in the field of American sport. It was he, Charles W. Kennedy, who coined the line: "The chief business of a nation is not making war and the chief concern of a college is not athletic competition." Possibly this Princetonian is more intellectual than his confrères. Possibly also this is one reason why Mr. Bingham and Mr. Cates are occasionally outwitted in the game of intercollegiate athletic chess, in which schedules and gate receipts are among the pawns.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These men, you will observe are not armchair athletes. They know sport, they are decent citizens — approachable, human in their interests and outlook, conscientious and sympathetic in their efforts to make athletics what athletics should be. Furthermore they are good friends. Yet when these three gentlemanly sporting enthusiasts get together, what happens?

After three years of misunderstanding, vituperation, and high dudgeon, Harvard and Princeton are just beginning to speak to each other again. While relations between the two are being patched up, the probability of a break between Harvard and Yale is becoming greater and greater. Trifling little differences, stubbornly clung to, are rolling up into a huge snowball. Glance over a few of them and see how futile and silly they are.

"We Won't Play!"

First, there is Harvard's not overtactful rebuff of two Yale attempts to take some of the overhead out of college athletics — her refusal to accept the non-scouting pact in football and to join in the effort to give baseball players more control of their sport by forcing the coach to remain in the stands during games. One was given a trial of several years at Cambridge, the other of several months, then both were discarded.

Second, there is the refusal of the Harvard authorities to arrange a fourth hockey game with Yale in 1930. For the first time in years Yale had a chance to win an intercollegiate title. One game of the series was tied and each side had won a game. Harvard declined a fourth encounter and Yale's chance vanished.

Third, there is Yale's announcement of her intention to place Princeton last on her football schedule in alternate years. From 1899 to the present time Yale has played Princeton, then Harvard, on succeeding Saturdays. Now on alternate years Princeton comes last. The reason is apparent. Yale doesn't want to be tired out by the previous week's game every time she comes up against Harvard. When Camp was Camp and Yale was Yale in football, Blue teams would eat Princeton one Saturday and gobble Harvard a week later. Times change. And football fortunes. Since 1907 Yale has beaten Harvard only six times. Now she means to win.

Yale's decision to play Princeton last on alternate years was a blow to Harvard's precious prestige. Some believe the shock long overdue. This change in the schedules raised Princeton to the same position in athletics as the Crimson. For a long while the Harvard Athletic Association has been smugly refusing to play football regularly with anyone but Yale, intimating that Yale alone counted, that the rest of the world were rank outsiders. We have our own private little war: you, Princeton, may get along as best you can. Same to you, Dartmouth. Now Yale upsets the apple cart by refusing to be a party to this understanding. There is particular cause for irritation in the fact that the new arrangement was put over on Mr. Bingham of Harvard without his being consulted — the result of a strategic *coup* of diplomacy on Professor Kennedy's part. All Harvard can do in retaliation now is to offer Yale a date for a game early in October.

There was cause for further trouble — more than appeared on the surface — when a request came from New Haven for a reallotment of gate receipts. The three colleges have always distributed football gate money on a 50-50 basis. This acted to Yale's disadvantage, in as much as her Bowl seats 80,000 as against 55,000

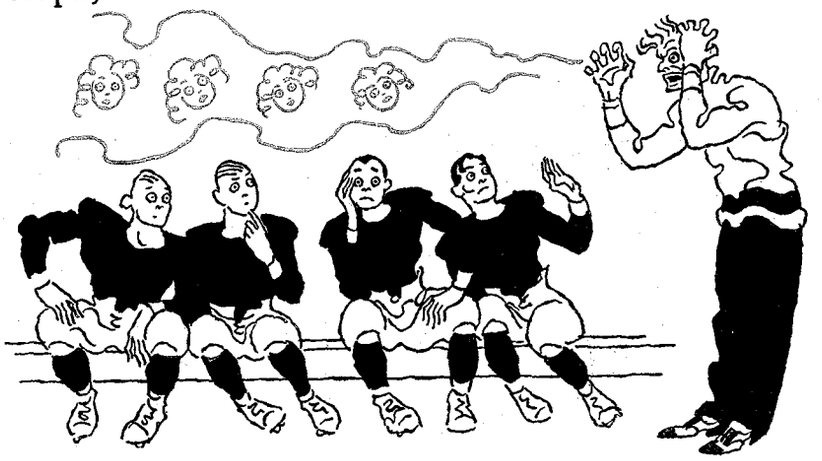
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at Cambridge and Princeton. Hence the suggestion that in the future each team keep the money taken in at its own games. Did protests pour into New Haven? They did. Do the colleges care about money? Not much — at least not more than ten times as much as the average professional promoter who makes a living from sport.

Then there has been irritation over the Albie Booth problem. Booth, the Yale captain, is a small player who was roughed up in several games last fall, until his mere appearance lent a strained atmosphere to the proceedings. In the Yale-Army game last year he was knocked unconscious in the first play. The Yale stands felt that he was roughly handled by various elevens, and that the Harvard team rode him at every opportunity. Cambridge retorts that in the Harvard game the entire Yale backfield was unconscious during the whole sixty minutes of play.

Just One Big Family

What causes breaks in athletic relations between great universities? Ten, twenty, a hundred unimportant but annoying incidents such as these. But who is responsible for these incidents — the undergraduates? They can be blamed for only a few, and those the least important. The Harvard undergraduates, for example, would not revolt if their baseball coach remained off the bench during games. Their hearts are not set on paying salaries to football scouts. Left to themselves, they would have played the rubber in the Yale Harvard hockey series. The Yale undergraduates, no doubt, could still be happy in their defeat of a Harvard football team even though they knew that Harvard was going to get half the gate receipts, win or lose.



Then is it the athletic directors who are making the trouble? No, they are not out to make trouble. They are anything but contumacious individuals. They are merely out to be good, efficient athletic directors, watchful of the interests of the respective institutions which they represent. Their conduct is dictated by the requirements of the system of collegiate athletic control of which they are a part — and it is this system which is to blame.

The system resembles very closely the complications of national government, with its attendant involved diplomatic relations. The President of the university is in much the same position as the President of a republic. Undergraduates may be compared to the electorate of a republic, except that they have almost nothing to say about the control of the government or who shall be put in power. The athletic office, which has charge of the university's external relations, corresponds to the Foreign Office. It is a Foreign Office like that of a world power, with Policies. (Hated word!) To do this or not do that is against our "Policy."

How else, for instance, are we to account for the consistently different attitudes of the Big Three in athletic matters? The difference is not in the undergraduates, who come from the same parts of the country, many from the same preparatory schools, and who have the same general background and training. Why is it that Harvard is so consistently and unpleasantly aloof and condescending in her athletic relations? Why is it that Yale bends all her energies in one direction — to produce winning teams at all costs (even to the extent of breaking precedent and bringing in professional coaches who never went to Yale)? Why does Princeton succeed in craftily playing the two older universities off against each other, stepping in at the psychological moment to throw her weight on the more advantageous side?

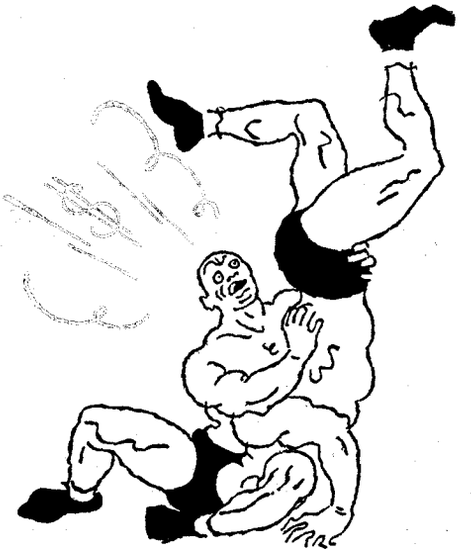
Policy — that is the answer. The policy of each is determined by its relative strength in intercollegiate athletic affairs and by the wisdom of those in charge of the Foreign Office. Harvard sees fit to adopt one rôle, Yale another, Princeton a third. All

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of which has nothing whatever to do with the undergraduates.

Official Bluffs and Huffs

As a rule these athletic Foreign Offices are dominated by reactionary tendencies against anything that hints at a change in the established order — unless the established order does not happen to work to their particular advantage. There is the Favored Nation Clause, the under-cover treaties, the jockeying for position on each other's schedule, all the secret diplomacy and equivocal politics that one finds in the Foreign Offices of the great capitals.



An excellent sample of this secret diplomacy was the Harvard-Princeton break. Do you remember what caused it? No, nor anyone else. It was a series of silly incidents, a train of events which in themselves meant nothing. A Harvard graduate made a tactless speech about future games with Princeton at a football rally. One or two Crimson players were knocked about in the game that fall. Harvard graduates in the middle west wanted to see their team play and agitation was started to take on Michigan, which would be tantamount to eliminating Princeton because only one game away from home was permitted. Things drifted into a state of uncertainty and ill-feeling until . . . *bang!* The Harvard *Lampoon* came out with an editorial that caused offense at Princeton and the war was on. Princeton dropped Harvard. The Harvard Foreign Office had been outmaneuvered: the *Lampoon* made a convenient scapegoat and they let it go at that. But the *Lampoon's* bludgeoning had about as much to do with the actual break as a certain murder down in Sarajevo in 1914 had to do with the World War. What was not made public was that Harvard had actually dropped Princeton from its schedule at a secret conference of the powers of the Harvard Foreign Office earlier in the fall, that it was thought better "policy" to keep the decision secret until after the Harvard-Princeton game. But the Princeton authorities were tipped off privately before the announcement was made and immediately declared they had dropped Harvard. No Foreign Office could have done a smarter job.

The athletic Foreign Office is a vast organization with officials and assistant officials and inner council chambers where men meet in conference and outer rooms in which are efficient filing systems wherein are stored away the reports, treaties, documents, telegrams, and all the under cover hocus-pocus which is so necessary to the games and sports of a couple of thousand boys between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one. So also you have the typical Foreign Office attitudes resembling the official American attitude toward Russia; you have special friendships for this college and a keen dislike of that, and a disarmament treaty with a third and an agreement with another governed strictly by the exigencies of trade — in this case football receipts. Rather ridiculous, isn't it?

To show just how absurd it all can be, let us suppose the Athletic Committee in X University is composed of three undergraduates, three graduates, three members of the faculty, and the Director as general Pooh-bah. The students want certain things in their sports. Do they have any say in the matter? No.

Example. Undergraduates want spring practice in football. Why not? Graduate members, faculty members, Director all agree. President steps in. Over my dead body. *Out.*

Example. Undergraduates want to meet Z University in sport. President agrees. Director agrees. Faculty members agree. But two graduates played on team that fought with Z in 1893. Over our dead body. *Out.*

Example. New football coach selected. Everyone unanimous. Fine chap. But outside graduate tips off Director by long distance that coach is radical. Might adopt stupid ideas like sitting in stands during games. We might lose to old rival, K. Thanks, old man, for tip. No, boys, he isn't sound on sport. Over my dead body. *Out.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gridiron Diplomats

THE ATHLETIC directors in every college in the country are the diplomats of sport. They are admirable men, but they are diplomats, and no matter how diplomatic diplomats are they invariably cause trouble. The directorship of an athletic association is a job like any other. The director, like the rest of the world, has to produce results. Results mean better teams, bigger gate receipts, the upper hand in athletic dealings, increased prestige for the name of the university, and so on. To accomplish this he has to play the undergraduates off against the graduates, and the graduates against the college administration — all to gain ends that are secreted in his own not infallible head.

Common people never start wars. Foreign offices start wars. It is not the undergraduates who cause breaks but the athletic offices, with their secret dealings, quiet understandings that are never published, their policies and their politics.

Does it matter greatly in the life of the nation, or even of the two colleges, whether Yale and Harvard meet in athletics next year? No. Athletic disputes are so trivial in the affairs of the world as to be insignificant and ridiculous. The important thing is that a close relationship between the athletic authorities of Yale, Princeton, and Harvard is of enormous value to amateur sport in the United States. They were the first colleges to engage in outdoor games; they have been the pioneers in many sincere endeavors to modify the current of athletics; in a common accord they could take many constructive steps. Whether the other colleges of the country admit it or not, they look to the Big Three for leadership. No matter how much they deny it, their imitation gives them away. Any change in Yale-Harvard-Princeton relationships has an immediate echo wherever games are played. Trouble between them affects intimately and harmfully the cause of amateur athletics.

After all, in a professional sport such as boxing or wrestling, one doesn't expect to find any great amount of chivalry. There it is simply a question of money; dog eat dog and the devil take the hindermost. To the victors belong the spoils. But college athletics are amateur athletics, they are supposedly the finest example we have of amateur sportsmanship, and they are — or should be — an inspiration to everyone who loves games for their own sake. Especially in these three universities we seek the highest ideals of sportsmanship. And at present we are not getting it.

It is impossible to imagine three more upright and sportsmanlike men than Professor Kennedy, Mr. Bingham, and Mr. Cates, but in their positions they necessarily represent a point of view which is not that of the undergraduates, for whom athletics are really intended. If three such leaders cannot avoid directing college sport into its present *impasse*, if they are unable to see eye to eye — and there is no good in pretending they are — may it not be time for a complete change in the administering of our collegiate sports? And may the solution not be to turn the problem over to those most directly concerned — the students?

Yes, wash out the graduate managers and their assistants, abolish the huge office with the filing cabinets and the private contracts and the secret understandings and all the rest. Come out into the open, let in some light upon athletic dealings in our great universities. Permit youth to run its own games and sports with the decent frankness of youth. If the boy of to-day at the age of nineteen or twenty is not competent to settle his own football schedule, by what stretch of imagination is it to be presumed that he will be able, a year later, to take his part in the complex mechanism of modern business?

Those in authority will of course laugh. They will produce 67,453 reasons why it is impossible. The idea obviously is absurd. But often those of us who are older are too ready to overestimate our own capacity, assuming that years have brought us wisdom, and too ready to underestimate the capabilities of youth. There is nothing intricate about the running of college athletics. And if there is, there shouldn't be. For instance, I take exception to the belief that an undergraduate manager cannot procure tickets and hotel accommodations and arrange for the transportation of a football squad from Cambridge to New Haven, or vice versa, without the assistance of a forty-year-old man. In fact he could probably do it better if let alone.

Give the Students a Chance

TRUST the undergraduates. Trust them to do right, to be sportsmanlike in word and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

deed, to be forward-looking as we are not. Many of the best things in college athletics have been started by the students. It was the undergraduates who suppressed the tiresome football rallies at Cambridge and New Haven. It was a Cambridge undergraduate, Mr. Geoffrey Parsons, Jr., who was instrumental in bringing Harvard and Princeton together in various sports after a break of some years. Obviously, given charge of their sports, they will make mistakes. But they will learn through their errors. That is education. And are they likely to make worse mistakes than their elders have made?

It will instantly be argued that there is far too much money involved now to permit any such procedure. No boy of twenty is capable of handling the vast sums that pour into the stadium gate to-day. Very well, appoint a bursar, if you like, an accountant who is trained, responsible, and let him run a business office. Let him take care of the financial details, the distribution of tickets, the purchase of equipment, and so forth. But let it be just that: a business office. Let him have nothing to do with sport. Let the undergraduates pick their own coaches, run their own teams, make their own schedules, and most of all play their own games, without graduate committees, advisory bodies, or other useless entities interfering with the sports of youth.

It is true that giving students control of their own games would be a radical step, but it could hardly help producing beneficial results. As things stand, those in charge are inevitably swayed and influenced, even if unconsciously, by the comparatively small group of "professional graduates" which is the bane of every college. This group of Yale graduates wants to beat Harvard, *coute que coute*. This group of Harvard graduates dislikes Princeton and is determined to prevent any resumption of relations. So it goes, while sportsmanship suffers.

One must distinguish between the student bodies of Yale, Harvard, and Princeton and their athletic offices, which bear their names but do not fairly represent them. There has been no lowering of the standards of the colleges. The undergraduates are no poorer sports, no less gentlemanly, than in former years. Yet there has been of late a succession of huffs and breaks and cries of "foul play!" and recriminations which has left a decidedly bad odor in the nostrils of the sporting public. May there not be a clue to the reason for all this in a remark which Sir Philip Gibbs once made, to the effect that the citizens of a nation are individually better than their governmental representatives?

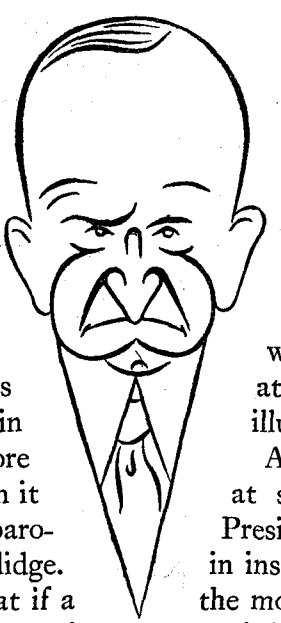
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Calvin Coolidge Says"

by SCRUTATOR

Caricature by Eva Herrmann

"WITH THE COMING of cold weather, the advent of winter is at hand. Winter is always less pleasant than summer. The problem of living in comfort becomes more serious. . . . To be comfortable in the winter it is necessary to have a warm place to live in. To make this place warm it is necessary to have wood, coal, oil, or gas. These cost money. When a man has no work he finds it hard to get money. This means unhappiness and dissatisfaction. The only solution to the problem is more employment for the unemployed. The people of this country will do well to realize this."



This was not written by the ex-President of the United States, but by Mr. H. I. Phillips in his humorous column in the New York *Sun*. Yet his parody on the solemn platitudes which so often form the burden of those daily pronouncements running under the heading "Calvin Coolidge Says" is so close that in more than one instance since its publication it has looked to me as if Coolidge were parodying Phillips, instead of Phillips Coolidge.

I am willing to wager, however, that if a poll were taken of the opinions of the American people it would be found that a majority of them admire Mr. Coolidge's sayings without qualification; that a large minority are perfectly aware of their utterly commonplace character, but feel that they are nevertheless worthy of praise for their "sturdy common sense" and "homely wisdom"; and that another large minority are merely disgusted by the hopeless mediocrity and unrelieved platitude which marks nearly all of them.

Besides these three classes, there ought to be a fourth; and probably there is, but I have seen no evidence of its existence and I am afraid its numbers are very small. I mean the people who find not only that most of Mr. Coolidge's pronouncements are sheer platitude and commonplace; and not only that the "homely wisdom" and "sturdy common sense" are unaccompanied by any trace of that quality which made Poor Richard's sturdy common sense and homely wisdom a thing for the American people to cherish and be proud of; but also that when Mr. Coolidge does undertake a more ambitious rôle, he is apt to exhibit neither sturdy common sense nor homely wisdom, but complacent ignorance and dictatorial self-confidence. And in view of the fact that Mr. Coolidge served nearly two terms as President of the United States, and very possibly failed of a third term only because he did not "choose" to accept it, this is an aspect of what "Calvin Coolidge Says" to which it is well worth while to direct public attention. Let me give one or two illustrations.

A recent instance is worth dwelling on at some length, because here the ex-President of the United States is engaged in instructing his countrymen upon one of the most fundamental of political and economic issues, the nature and effect of taxation. It may as well be admitted at once that his purpose in this pronouncement is laudable. His object is to discountenance extravagant governmental expenditure. But now let us see what Mr. Coolidge says in support of it.

He tells us that it is a "most astounding spectacle" that people permit themselves to be plundered "under the pretense of taxing the rich to help the poor." The poor, he says, are not helped but hurt: "Taxes have to be collected by the rich before they are paid. They are collected from all people. A higher tax means real wages are lower. The cost of living is higher. The chance to work is less. Every home is burdened. Its value is decreased. The quality

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

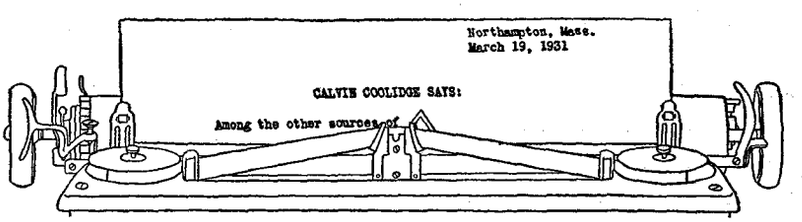
of the food, clothing, and shelter of the children is reduced."

Now this is not the sort of simplification of a complex question which is excusable, and indeed inevitable, in a brief discussion which holds to the essentials of the question and ignores minor considerations that are comparatively negligible. It is, to speak quite plainly, nonsense; nonsense of a kind which would be discreditable on the part of a high-school student who had gone through an elementary course in economics.

Many taxes, to be sure, *do* have their burden distributed after the fashion that Mr. Coolidge describes, but many do not. If all taxes operated in this way, what object would be served by the high surtax rate on large incomes? Why would not a flat income-tax rate be as easily borne by the people as a rate which leaves a large part of the population exempt, another large part taxed very lightly, and so on until we get to the high rates that are levied upon our multi-millionaires? But one feels almost ashamed to dignify such an exhibition of ignorant cocksureness by discussing it.

A FEW WORDS will suffice for another recent instance, in which Mr. Coolidge deals more lightly with his subject. He is talking of the plight of the farmer. "The results of government action," he says, "have emphasized that the only way to deal effectively and permanently with a surplus under present conditions is to reduce acreage." So far, so good; a truism, indeed, but a truism which Mr. Coolidge does well to assert. He goes on, however, to give us some of his "homely wisdom." "The planting time," he says, "is beginning. The farmer will have to decide whether he wants ten acres of production costing at the rate of $10 and selling at the rate of $15, or whether he wants twenty acres costing $20 and selling for $18. No government can make an oversupply profitable."

Now to say that there is no way in which the government can help the farmer out of his trouble is one thing; to say that the individual farmer can help himself out of it by simply not acting like a fool is quite another. The nub of the difficulty is that the individual farmer's limitation of his own acreage has no such magical effectiveness as Mr. Coolidge ascribes to it; so that here again he solves one of the toughest of problems by the easy process of shutting his eyes to the real nature of the difficulty which he so glibly disposes of. His homely wisdom is as much like Benjamin Franklin's as Secretary Mellon's genius is like Hamilton's.



THIS MATTER of the quality of Mr. Coolidge's daily deliverances cannot be dismissed as unimportant by any American who cherishes the tradition of the dignity of the office of President of the United States. It is difficult to say which of the two rôles that Mr. Coolidge plays in these talks is the more humiliating to contemplate. It is not pleasant to think of the ex-President of the United States as content to vie with Dr. Holmes' katydid and "say an undisputed thing in such a solemn way"; but when by way of reaction from this he seems to feel constrained to give deep-mouthed and emphatic utterance to things of more importance, he offends as much by unwarranted assurance and extravagant emphasis as in the other case he offends by sheer emptiness.

This more ambitious effort often takes the shape, as in the instances I have been commenting on, of shallow and misleading assertions affecting public questions of great importance. But it is not only in such matters that the same intellectual quality manifests itself. Note, for instance, a thing which "Calvin Coolidge Says" of George Washington on the occasion of his one hundred and ninety-ninth birthday: "The personification of judgment and character, his yea yea and nay nay was a disquisition which had all the eloquence of Patrick Henry, all the political wisdom of John Adams, all the economic authority of Alexander Hamilton, and all the judicial finality of John Marshall." Who can read an assertion so absurd without blushing to think that its author is looked up to by "the average American" as fulfilling his ideal of a statesman?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why India Follows Gandhi

Woodcuts by Lowell Balcom

by H. N. BRAILSFORD

I

FROM MY MEMORIES of a recent stay in India, a scene stands out which staged Mr. Gandhi's movement for an English onlooker in its bewildering passivity. It happened in a little country town not far from Agra. Ferozabad is a busy commercial center. Native lorries make their way through the crowded bazaar between the camels and the bullock carts. The little place lives by making glass bangles for the peasant women. Through a twelve-hour day, squatting in the infernal heat before a clay oven, without a pause for meals, men deftly convert by a turn of the wrist molten glass into bracelets, each served by a little boy who may start his brief life of labor at six years of age. Among these workers one sees no gray heads.

This stirring little town is ardently nationalist, as all commercial India is. In its main street I met a singular procession. Eight or ten adherents of the Indian Congress party were being led to prison for the offense of picketing shops in order to enforce the boycott of British goods. On their wrists they wore steel handcuffs, and they walked within a moving fence of ropes. Behind them, in orderly files, marched a crowd of sympathizers. Some of them carried sticks; all were angry and excited. In chorus they shouted the slogans of the Congress movement and broke into snatches of song. They numbered a full hundred or more. What force restrained them? I could count only four Indian policemen. In any Western country, that crowd, knowing that the nearest troops were thirty miles away and sure of the support of every man with a brown skin, would have rescued its friends.

This scene in which men, angry and unanimous, contradicted all one's expectations of the instinctive behavior of a crowd reproduced the Indian sub-continent in little. Everywhere its millions, no longer passive and acquiescent, bend none the less before a force which could not withstand their united assault. The significance of this monumental restraint is obscured by the usual description of Gandhi's followers as "extremists." The word is doubly misleading, for it suggests a minority holding the most radical views. Uncompromising the Congress

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

may be, but to the "left" of it there are groups of young men ready for terrorist action and guerrilla warfare which wait only for the acknowledged failure of its non-violent tactics. A minority it certainly is not. In all the vast area north of Bombay it has the active support and allegiance of the mass of the Hindu population, in the villages no less than the towns. Its few critics are inaudible in the crowd.

With a word it can hold up the whole life of this immense and populous region. When it proclaims a *hartal*, which it does all but every week, silence descends on the streets: the factory chimneys cease to smoke, and in the bazaars eight or nine shops are closed in every ten. It has prescribed a national uniform, and I have walked through towns and villages in which virtually every head wore the white Gandhi cap. The Moslem minority, it is true, stands aloof, but even its more conservative leaders will admit that it neither opposes Congress nor supports the Government. The South is relatively apathetic, less easily regimented, less willing to face the test of imprisonment, less devoted to the person of the Mahatma, but it too shares the aspirations of the more active North. At an election, if the Congress deigned to take part, it would sweep the Peninsula.

II

TO UNDERSTAND why this nation, at last so nearly united, remains non-violent one must discard all one's Western heritage. Non-violence is more than a religious tenet: it is a racial instinct. What Gandhi has done is to reaffirm it against the drift of Western example and teaching. He has embraced nationalism, a Western importation, and dared to preach that it can triumph by adopting in its struggle the ancient Hindu tactic.

With that word, however, misunderstanding begins. There are millions of Indians for whom non-violence is nothing more than a tactic which one practices because one lacks arms and the military tradition against an enemy who has both. Non-violence is, indeed, a tactic from which one expects somewhat contradictory effects. It may embarrass one's opponent, as a general strike might do, by making it impossible to conduct the normal course of administration and trade. That is its mechanical aspect, which we of the West grasp readily enough: if none obeys when we command, if no one pays taxes, or buys what we export, empire comes to an end.

But *ahimsa* (non-violence) has also a mystical meaning. One overcomes one's enemy by love — an effect hardly likely to follow from the boycott of his trade. Again, by one's own self-restraint one awakens shame within him for his violence. In the mind of the Mahatma and his immediate followers, *ahimsa* is but part of a moral discipline through which India must pass if she would be free. The deepest conviction of the Indian tradition is the belief that the saint who can control himself may command the universe. In this unfamiliar kernel of religion lies the originality of this unique movement, and one, at least, of the secrets of its power.

Men will respond even in the India of to-day to a religious appeal, undistracted by the hum of our airplanes and the clatter of our armored cars. I heard from a scrupulous man of science this evidence from his own experience. He was among the Santals, a primitive aboriginal tribe of the hills which from time immemorial has lived by hunting. The legend reached them of this saint who had arisen in the plains below. Over one sentence of his message they pondered deeply, and then with implicit obedience they acted. The saint had said, "Let the creatures of the forest have peace." They burned their bows and arrows and snares and, for the first time in uncounted centuries, took to tilling the soil.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Politics for this singular leader are a mere consequence and by-product of his ethical teaching. From his prison cell, amid the turmoil of this passionate struggle, he issued his weekly sermon. Now it enforced the duty of truth; again it commanded literal and absolute chastity. In a gymnasium in Baroda State, organized by the Congress movement, I saw, decked with fresh flowers, an altar to the god of chastity which the young men had erected beside the parallel bars.

Indians quote the sayings of the Mahatma in a tone of loving reverence such as one has heard only from the simplest of believing Christians when they cite their Master's words. He is ever present among them. There is scarcely a shop in the Hindu quarters of Bombay which fails to exhibit his photograph, and I have seen it sold, contrary to the law of Islam which forbids portraiture, on the steps of the great mosque at Delhi. It is this mystical doctrine of self-control, incarnated in the spare person of this all but naked saint, which has given to the best among the sixty thousand who have faced the privations of Indian jails, the strength to withstand.

One face from among them stands out in my memory; its owner may have been too fine a spirit to be typical, but his thinking was characteristic of Gandhi's movement. He had been the chief speaker at one of the few meetings (near Meerut) which were dispersed by rifle fire. He had tried to calm an angry crowd, and had stationed a cordon of volunteers round the police station to protect it. He was, none the less, arrested, beaten by the police, and shot by one of them while under arrest, at close range. After other ill usage, his right arm had to be amputated. He told the story without a trace of bitterness, his face lighted up by a triumphant serenity. "In prison," he went on, "my friends and I were happy and even gay. 'Now we know,' one said to the other, 'that India is free. We have kept the master's sayings. We have faced even the rifle, and refrained from anger.'" As one looked at the face of the man, proud of its gentleness, one ceased to pity the mutilated arm.

III

WHEN ONE GRASPS the psychological meaning of this movement, as Gandhi conceives it, it is easier to understand his uncompromising stiffness in negotiation. He was in no hurry to achieve an immediate political end. The immense volume of pain, anxiety, and material loss which the struggle has brought with it counted for little in his mind in the balance against the mental gain. It is, as he sees it, a preparation for freedom. The nation which resists subjection, though it be without violence, achieves liberation in its own soul. It was against the degradation of a servile acquiescence in foreign rule that he rebelled. His methods are designed to make the continuance of British rule impossible, but even more to train the people of India in self-respect. These methods, accordingly, form a series of steps, each more difficult but also more effective than the last.

This ladder of difficulty began several years ago with the revival of hand spinning. One can imagine nothing, from our Western standpoint, more fantastic. To spin has become for Gandhi's devouter followers a species of ritual. One comes down to breakfast to discover one's host, a doctor with a Scottish training, squatting at his antiquated hand spindle, bent on completing his obligatory hour's task. In the train a lady will take a folding spindle from a case, assemble it, and calmly set to work. At the Congress demonstrations many people in the crowd, both men and women, will produce a little *takli* (the most primitive and ancient of spinning devices) and proceed to twirl it to the rhythm of *Bande Mataram*, the national anthem.

These are the oddities of a most original movement. It is of more consequence that in many a village one may now see the peasants, when field work is at a standstill, turning the spinning wheel as they squat in the shade. This revival of a hopelessly uneconomic craft signifies, first of all, Gandhi's revolt against our mechanical civilization — for he is a rebel, reminiscent of Tolstoy rather than of Ruskin, against Western machines no less than the British flag. It is, secondly, a way of freeing India from her tribute to Lancashire.

But chiefly it is a simple device to help the villager in his inconceivable poverty. Save where there is canal irrigation, the Indian climate and the traditional methods of husbandry make it impossible for the peasant to labor in the fields for more than six months of the year. He may do a little carting, if he has sturdy bullocks. He may work in a mill, if he is in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Sacred River

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reach of a textile center. But the great mass is condemned to helpless and compulsory idleness through half the year.

With capital one might create village industries, but it is scarce. A spinning wheel may be made at home, or bought for half a dollar, and the marketing of the yarn calls for no organization: one has only to take it to the weaver, who in most villages still contrives, half-starved and loaded with debt, to compete with the mills. True, one can earn by a day's spinning only from two to four cents. But when a field laborer's day commands, from dawn to dusk, a wage that ranges from ten to five cents, and no field work is to be had, are even two cents to be despised? There is to-day a demand for hand-woven cloth, for patriotism favors it; even the Indian official, who must wear European tweeds at his desk, will change in the evening into coarse homespun. One can help the Indian village and deal a blow at Lancashire as one dons it.

One enters the zone of sedition with the next method, the attempt to smash the Government's salt monopoly. It is the kindergarten stage of revolution. One smiles at the notion that the King-Emperor can be unseated by boiling sea water in a kettle. Even this mild activity is, however, an attack on the revenue, and it has landed thousands of Indians in prison, including Gandhi himself. He knew his public. He staged his salt-making as a quasi-religious pilgrimage. Its pathetic innocence helped this law-abiding people to take the first plunge in disobedience. Here, too, one could argue that one was helping the impoverished peasant, and the protectionist motive made itself felt. Why import salt from Liverpool, if one can evaporate sea water by the sun's heat on the shores of Bombay and Bengal? But I suspect the play of a traditional association: to eat an overlord's salt was always to incur a debt of loyalty. In India, as in France before the Revolution, the salt monopoly raised unaccountable passions.

With the attack on the drink monopoly one reaches a subversive method of greater potency. From this monopoly the provincial governments derive in some instances as much as a quarter of their revenue. Custom, save among the more degraded castes, and the teaching of both the great religions of India unite to forbid the use of alcohol. The Congress had Indian morality behind it when it organized a boycott, through peaceful picketing, of the Government's toddy shops. To a great extent it has gained its end. In Bombay the usual annual auction of licenses collapsed, and they were sold by private treaty for half the usual figure. In many towns the toddy shops were closed: no Indian dare brave the condemnation of his fellows by entering them. In some places the all-powerful caste organizations reënforced the prohibition of the Congress. The Government was at length driven to permit the sale of spirits anywhere and anyhow, without the usual restrictions — a sure sign of demoralization.

The most interesting aspect of this agitation was the part which women played in it. Whatever else this movement may achieve, it has hastened by a generation the emancipation of Indian women. Even in the freer provinces they were living in a sheltered semi-seclusion, till the Congress summoned them to march in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

van of its processions, to join in meetings which might be dispersed by a *lathi* charge, and to face imprisonment for picketing. Often when the leading men of a town were all in prison a woman would take their place as "dictator" of the district, with the control of all the activities of the Congress in her hands.

I have seen these slight figures, accustomed to a life of ease, take their place for eight hours as pickets over the back door of a liquor shop, amid the unspeakable filth and degradation of the slums. In the North, where Moslem influence had for centuries imposed *purdah* even on Hindu women, this movement has rent the veils and vetoes. At Meerut, on the news of Gandhi's arrest, as many as four or five thousand Hindu women, who had spent all their days behind the curtain, organized a procession of protest, walked openly through the streets, and never again returned to their guarded life in the shade. Some of them, before long, were speaking at open-air demonstrations, and the leaders frankly described them as the best workers in the movement. Their presence in it has raised the courage of the men.

IV

RELUCTANTLY, since it contradicted his gospel of love, Gandhi consented to the next method — the boycott of foreign goods, and especially of British cloth. It has been organized with enthusiasm all over India, and though the motive — if one can believe the Mahatma's intimates — may be rather to help Indian industry than to injure England, one is made to feel the popular resentment when the passengers in a passing omnibus shout "Boycott!" as they catch sight of one's white skin.

The Congress began by exacting pledges from merchants and retailers that they would neither import these forbidden goods nor sell the stocks which they already had in store. To impose such a veto with general success was an amazing proof of the solidarity of Indian society. Shops which refused to give a pledge were promptly picketed, and no Indian dare pass the young women who sit, graceful in their becoming orange shawls, throughout the day at the shop door. The owner sits idle inside, playing chess, hoping at the most for a stray English customer.

At one moment during my stay in Bombay the wholesale cloth merchants revolted and declared that they would dispose of their old stocks of Lancashire piece goods, worth some $17,000,000, after which they would buy no more. The Congress was adamant, but it need not have summoned its pickets to watch these warehouses. On the first day the revolt collapsed: the clerks and porters refused to touch a bale, or even to open the shutters. At the time of my visit the Congress volunteers, in their simple uniforms, pervaded the cloth bazaar, alert and open in all they did. Every bale that went through the press must have their stamp upon it, and every cart that passed through the streets was searched diligently for contraband goods.

The figures of the other customs service — the British Board of Trade — show clearly enough the effects of this boycott. In the last monthly returns which I saw, for September, 1930, imports of cotton piece goods had dropped to forty-eight million yards, as compared with one hundred and sixty-eight millions in the same months of the previous year. Imported

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cigarettes had fallen in value from thirteen to two *lakhs* of rupees. Sixteen British-owned mills in Bombay had been closed down, and thirty-two thousand textile workers were idle. On the other hand, the Indian-owned mills which had given the pledge were often working double shifts and were adapting their machinery to spin the finer counts, which hitherto had been imported.

IV

If India is difficult to understand, it is because her idealism belongs to her own tradition, while the heavier clay of human nature is of one texture the world over. Inextricably they mingle in this movement. Gandhi may have thought out these methods in order to brace the Indian character for freedom, but in fact all of them, save the "dry" campaign, have their roots in economic nationalism. India already enjoys a tariff which gives to her industries a moderate degree of protection, even against British imports. But the cry is everywhere for high protection, both to encourage existing and to foster new industries.

In addition to the reasons of self-respect and wounded pride which all Indians have behind their nationalism, the growing industrial group, especially strong in Bombay, finds its account in a movement which boycotts foreign goods. These people may be conservatives by temper and interest; yet by generous gifts of money, and sometimes by taking personal risks, they support an agitation which may end by kindling a revolutionary flame. Some of the wives and daughters of these Bombay millionaires have even gone to prison.

This demand for protection has mass support, because India suffers from chronic unemployment and grinding poverty among the educated class. To tens of thousands of young men no door opens as they leave school or college, and they are easily induced to believe that if India controlled her own economic life, there would be room for them in her industries or her banks, her railways or her public services — which may be true, though few of them have had a training which could fit them for productive work.

This economic discontent has been increased by the recent action of the Indian Government in raising the exchange value of the rupee from one shilling fourpence to one shilling sixpence. Like Mr. Churchill's raising of the sterling exchange, it had the effect of favoring the creditor and investing class, while it encouraged imports and penalized exports. In short it favored, on the whole, British as against Indian interests.

But one might continue indefinitely the catalogue of economic grievances which have ranged Indian capitalists and merchants almost solidly on the side of the Congress, in spite of the indescribable disturbance which its agitation has caused to the whole mechanism of credit and trade. They bow submissively to its decrees, even when it closes their mills and shops and virtually confiscates their stocks of imported goods, confident that the gains of the future will compensate for the losses of to-day.

For background, this movement of economic discontent has the world depression. The catastrophic drop in the prices of agricultural produce explains the wave of revolution which has swept over South America. It is shaking the British *raj* in India. The peasant has seen the value of his crops tumbling from one harvest to another to one half or a third. On the Ganges plain, wheat in three years has fallen from seven, through four, to two rupees per *maund* (eighty-two pounds). The jute grower of Bengal has had the same experience. The mad drop in the relative value of silver to gold matters little to us, but in the Indian village it had wiped out credit, for it is on the security of silver ornaments that the Indian peasants borrow.

These simple villagers know nothing of world economics, but they have felt this earthquake, and they realize in a mood that varies from terror to anger that they will starve if they pay their rents and taxes. It is this which has suddenly swung these silent, apathetic villages into politics, ranged them behind the Congress as its staunchest supporters, and nerved them in many districts to obey its summons to resist the taxgatherer. There, rather than in the towns, lurks the revolutionary threat of this movement.

But the Indian village is a theme, dark with impending tragedy, which calls for a separate article.

Next month, "The Indian Village Awakens," by Mr. Brailsford

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yours for a Quick Rise

Drawings by Donald McKay

by ROBERT B. PARKER, JR.

BROADGUAGE Investment Service
New York City

Dear Sirs:

I certainly was glad to get your first letter and read that heading — "Technical Setback Paves Way for Resumption of Broad Upward Movement." On account of being in the plumbing trade I don't have much time to follow those things real close for myself.

Well, I've sold my U. S. Steel perferred same as you advised and I'm sure expecting big things from that group you recommend if what you say about it is O.K., and I guess it is. I got 'em a little cheaper than you said, too. Got International Harvester at 102, which looks pretty good to me with farmers going in for machinery the way they are. Then I picked up my Bethlehem at 95, and a little touch of Goodyear at 83. Int. Tel. came to me round 62 and I surely plan to hold tight to that one.

I guess that Allied Chemical you included is worth 306 all right, but my money don't go far at those figures so I just doubled up considerable on Universal Electric — your "One stock of the season" choice. It cost me round 80, the most of it, but as you say it's an electrical age and the ground's barely scratched. Being round new houses quite a bit, I've had plenty of chance to see that there's lots of electrical equipment going into buildings these days. Martha says she hopes stocks won't lead me to look down on the plumbing business, cause a man ought to have a trade he tends to just the same whether he's making lots of money other ways or not.

I notice you say an investor ought to have only about 75 per cent of his funds in common stocks, but after reading what you print about your Ideal Investment Unit I figure you're just being extra conservative. Anyways I've put my whole funds into the Unit, with most especial emphasis on Universal Electric. If that ain't good, then, as you say, nothing much in the country's good and there's no use living here. I don't feel that way about it, so I'm just betting we're going to be all right — same as we have been after every other panic. I guess if more people could see that Dow-Jones chart you print at the head of your letter there'd be a lot of others like me getting ready to ride up to prosperity on the new curve. Not much like the plumbing business, I tell Martha.

Will close by saying that from what you say

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I've read over twice your last investment bulletin. . .

about feeling free to use your Inquiry Department I know I am going to like your Service first rate.

Yours for the New Era,
Milton T. Tufts, Plumber

Lunenburg, Mass.
May 19, 1930

Broadguage Investment Service
New York City

Dear Sirs:

I'm a little bit worried and so am taking your advice and coming right to you with my troubles. The plumbing business isn't much to talk of this summer so I want to be mighty careful not to get into any trouble elsewhere. I guess you know what I mean.

Well, since this Universal Electric started blowing out fuses about a week ago I've been looking into it a little for myself, and what I've found don't please me none. So far's I can see the thing's been split so often these last few years that what I got now ain't much more than kindling wood. I worked it out that if every family in the United States bought an electric flatiron it would add just about .001 cents to what you call the per share earnings. That don't look to me like it would cause any extended rise. Have you got any figures on this?

I've read over twice your last Investment Bulletin but I can't draw much comfort out of it except perhaps the idea that the rest of the world's gone crazy. And that holds even if the Broadguage barometer of business conditions does stand at 79201 — which you allow spells good weather ahead. You say not to be misled by the minor ripples of a great tide, but to go right ahead making commitments deliberately so as to face the next big upswing with a line of favorable stocks picked up at bargain prices. Well, that's just what I've been doing and I've got a line all right, but I'm not sure now that I'd face even the neighbor's cat if I met it in my wife's bird bath. You said in May to buy Universal Electric at 81 and I not only did that but I bought a bit since then a whole lot cheaper than you said, and now I don't know whether it's going to make much difference to me whether this turns out to be an electrical age or not. I guess, too, there's going to be a good many other customers of yours as are going to be in about the same fix. Appears to me like you haven't got that barometer of yours properly adjusted to sea level.

For a fact I don't understand very well what is going on, and it don't clear the situation up none to have some blooming bank president getting up every other day to say he never saw things looking prettier. If that's his condition then there's no one can help him. Honestly I never been so nervous as I am right now. Every time I see Mussolini's name on the front page of the paper I have an attack of chilblains. I see war big — and it ain't no electrical war either. Then there's wheat! "My God," I think, "can't they do something about wheat?" And they can't. Seems as though I'd never been so interested in farmers as I am right now.

Don't it strike you as pretty funny how tangled up things get? Here I hold a few shares of as sound a company as ever made a bulb, and yet I dassn't hardly read the morning paper. This Universal Electric's got itself twined round more things than any Stillson wrench ever got hold of. In fact since I took to following financial affairs myself it doesn't seem like I had the peaceful moments I used to have. By Golly, I can't even enjoy the weather any more. A spell of decent enough heat comes along and first thing I know I'm reading in one of these financial papers I take now that it's gone and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dried up the retail trade. Nobody's buying flatirons. It's too hot. This is the first time I ever done any thinking along these lines and it's sure got me fussed.

I want you fellows to let me know right away what you honestly think — whether I'd better let go this Universal Electric or not.

Yours for a New Outlook,
Milton T. Tufts, Plumber

June 12, 1930

Broadguage Investment Service
New York City

Dear Sirs:

This is to inform you that I just let go one item off your Ideal Investment Unit — to wit, Goodyear. Please make a memo of this on your records.

Will say that I'm rather disappointed in some of your advice. Guess perhaps I'm a trifle upset but would appreciate it if you'd let me know at once (a) what's wrong with the market, (b) if I'd better let go that International Telephone? I can't afford to have my plumbing capital tied up indefinitely and if the world's changed its mind about going in for telephones I want to know it.

Yours for a Prompt Turning Point,
Milton T. Tufts, Plumber

Lunenburg, Mass.
June 17, 1930

P.S. Never mind answering that Universal Electric inquiry. It's too late to sell it now.

Broadguage Investment Service
New York City

Dear Sirs:

I see by your current bulletin that you think liquidation has about run its course. I'll say I think so too, unless they've found something new in courses. You're in considerable error, though, when you say that what we need now is a period of stabilization. What we need now is a good robust rise — and we need it quick if my broker's voice is to be trusted. He's been acting none too civil considering all the idle money round.

What gets me about this idle money is that it don't seem to occur anywheres except in the papers. Anyway I wish you fellers wouldn't make so much fuss about its being a great prop. As a prop it strikes me as about the slimmest article ever employed for such a purpose. I wouldn't swap a good 2 x 4 for it by a long shot.

I've been doing some more thinking about this Universal Electric of yours. Now it's in the low sixties you don't seem never to have heard of it, and so I've been thrown more or less on my own resources. The way I figure it is that there's something wrong at the top. What about that Board of Directors, anyway? Seems to me like they just spend their time knocking nickels off the price of bulbs. Wish you'd take this up in your next letter.

And I don't see, either, why you're so kind of scared about these big market plungers. From all I've observed they're the only ones that really know what's going on. They have what you might call their ears to the ground. I've been puzzled enough to know why you keep advising us not to follow these spectacular figures. You ain't suggesting opposing them, are you? Lets have something a little clearer from you on this.

What I really wrote to tell you was a bit about the automobile trade. In your next to last bulletin you gave some mighty interesting statistics about the ultimate effect of withheld demand. Well, so's you can revise your figures a mite I'm writing to let you know that if this market don't go up soon my demand for a new car is going to be withheld about five years.

Yours for Confidence and a Quick Rise,
Milton T. Tufts, Plumber

Lunenburg, Mass.
June 21, 1930

Broadguage Sirs:

Your report on International Telephone at hand. I don't see much sense in any of it except where you say if I have it conservatively margined it would appear judicious not to sacrifice it at these levels. My answer is that I'm letting her go.

Please make a note of this in your records.

Milton T. Tufts,
Plumber

June 30

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Broadguage Investment Service
New York City

Dear Sirs:

Have you seen that Universal Electric is back in the seventies? Shall I sell now? In answering this question please don't use the word technical. It don't mean much even when it's used right, and you ain't used it right more than twice. And don't you tell me again how Mr. Mellon and Mr. Baker and Mr. Morgan made their money. It's no concern of mine. Also I got a chart of the Dow-Jones averages pasted up right over the sink, so you don't need to go hammering about them in every bulletin as if you had discovered a Moses in the bullrushes. I know just about as soon as you do when they've broken through to new tops, and a whole lot sooner when they've broken to new bottoms. My broker has special channels of information on new bottoms and keeps me posted.

What you want to do is just stick to facts and pump out information so's we'll know how things are looking for the Ideal Investment Unit. I notice you've added American and Foreign Power. Looks kind of high to me, but I suppose as you say it'll discount improvement abroad a long way ahead. I can't take on any, though, cause I got all this Universal Electric. I guess that'll discount improvement a long way ahead, too. What do you think?

Things seem to be pretty quiet now. You say the market's receiving support, and I guess for once you got it right. Will you let me know right away if the big men have begun buying yet? That would strike me as something like information and I'd be more than grateful for the advice.

Can you give me any good way of figuring margin quickly? My broker knows a way but I don't want to ask him. I can keep it straight till stocks start moving and then I get all balled up.

What you say about the building situation is real cheering, but I ain't noticed no pickup round Lunenburg yet. In this locality the plumbing trade is what you might call dormant.

By the way, I read your joke about every customer's making sure of his broker's solvency. It made me pretty mad. I want to say to you right now that with your record so far you're in no position to be getting humorous. It's not my broker's solvency that's bothering me and you want to keep that in mind.

Can you tell me where I can trade in wheat? If I ever cut loose from this Universal Electric I want to buy some wheat. This may be an electrical age but what I say is that you can't go back of wheat. Bread's going to stay bread for some little time, whereas no one seems to know for sure about bulbs. I see where there's talk of going back to gas.

My wife Martha's growing kind of spiteful about your letters. Can't you put them in a plain envelope after this? It ain't going to do my plumbing business no good to have the whole community know I'm in stocks.

Yours for the Creeping Advance,
Milton T. Tufts, Plumber

Lunenburg, Mass.
July 17, 1930

Broadguage Investment Service
New York City

Dear Sirs:

Been up-country visiting relatives and I've only just come to and seen what's happening to my Ideal Investment Unit. Martha says I oughtn't to have gone away, but I guess my being here wouldn't have exerted no particular restraint on these short fellows that are undermining the country. Hanging's the thing for them, and after reading your most recent contribution to statistics I'm about convinced it's the thing for you, too. The market looks kind of "tired" to you! Tired? It's ready to drop!

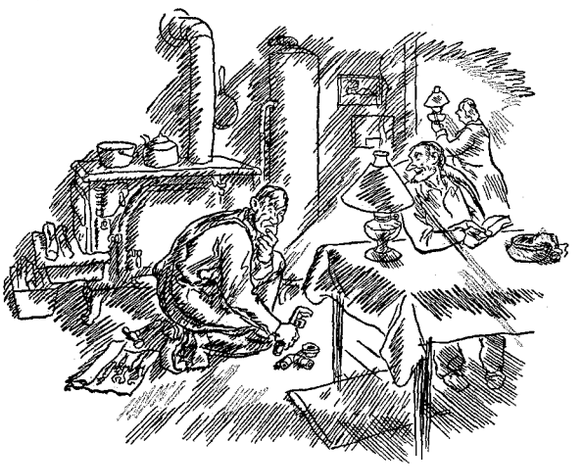
Listen, I sent you fifty bucks to let you help me make money faster than I could in the plumbing trade. Well, you haven't; but you've nearly ruined my plumbing business. Jobs are scarce enough round here as it is, but I figure they're going to be somewhat scarcer if my broker keeps tying up the local telephone exchange from ten to three in order to announce new bottoms to me. Aside from that, this Ideal Unit you dug up has got my capital so confused that I couldn't take on a real job now if it was offered me.

Did you see in to-day's paper where some informed circles are figuring that Universal Electric will earn approximately forty-three cents a share this quarter? If they were a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

little bit better informed I should think they'd keep quiet about it. It's hardly the sort of stuff I'd pick to broadcast over the radio if I was aiming to restore confidence!

Speaking of the electrical age, I want to say that it is not functioning any too smooth out on these country lines round Lunenburg. We bought an electric range last month when it looked like Universal Electric was headed up, and my wife Martha says there's just about enough current reaches us to dry off the saucepans. She says there ain't no cookbook she's ever seen that takes any account of the time it requires to cook things on this range. She allows two hours for potatoes, and if the neighbors turn on their washing machine she makes it three. So I guess the electrical age will be confined to the cities for a while yet. Which don't make it look so good for me.



"I guess the electrical age will be confined to the cities."

Well, I suppose I sound sort of pessimistic, but the fact is I've about made up my mind not to get discouraged. It looks like we were in for a bit of depression, and that's all there is to it. Guess I'm lucky to have hold of a good depression-proof stock. It may go off a little, as you say, but I'm not going to pay any attention to that. I'm just going to sit tight and let others do the worrying.

Yours for a Short Depression,
Milton T. Tufts, Plumber

Lunenburg, Mass.
September 25, 1930

Broadguage Investment Service
New York City

Sirs:

"Liquidate all securities! Maintain strong cash position to take advantage of imminent sharp break which will establish year's lows"! What's all this you say? What you done about that Ideal Investment Unit? What you done about Universal Electric — your "One stock of the season" choice?

Strong cash position, indeed! If I liquidate this choice stock I ain't going to have enough liquid to fill a small thimble. I won't be maintaining any strong cash position either, as I should think you might know if you had the brains of a rabbit. I'm going to be right out on the street looking for someone to take a second mortgage on the home! At that I guess I'm lucky to have a home. Notice that you've been talking considerable lately about these big companies taking advantage of easy money to simplify their capital structures, and I want to say that they aren't the only ones. I've done it, too, and done it without recourse to any easy money. Bankruptcy's going to be quick and clear-cut when it comes, and I put the date along about the last of next week unless some mighty significant news puts in an appearance.

Speaking of that, I never saw anyone but Martha who was so cussed about news as this stock market of yours is. It gives me the jidders. I remember the period not so far back when every time Mr. Mellon spoke about the weather the boys gave a hurrah, said the country was sound as hell, and whooped them up another ten points. Even when Mr. Coolidge said things looked good to him, it didn't bother no one. The boys just continued talking about the country's being sound, and went out and bought a Cadillac or built a house full of good copper plumbing.

Well, what they do now when one of these industrial giants ventures a word ain't altogether courteous. In fact I've been figuring lately that if we could muzzle all these boy bankers who want to make after-dinner speeches it might prove a pretty good thing for this common stock era. You notice Mr. Mellon's keeping mighty quiet these days and letting Mr. Hoover do all the talking. I guess Mr. Mellon's not the kind that does much estimating. Some day he'll come out with an announcement that according to his judgment the corner's been turned — and you can put it right down in your bulletin then that it *has* been turned. I hold a good deal of respect for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that man. If he ran a Service I'm one of the fellows that would be taking it instead of yours.

Well, I didn't set out to write you no chatty letter. I set out to send you a copy of that first bulletin of yours in case you've forgot it. You take a good look at 'em — your "Stocks With Especially Bright Futures." Let me tell you they've got pasts as well as futures now. And it don't save you none to have thrown in that caution about being prepared for wide price fluctuations. Nothing but preparation for an earthquake would have allowed a man to carry that list down the artesian well it's found. If those were attractive levels then I'm a Professor of Metallurgy.

While I'm about it, I want to tell you gents just one other thing. When my subscription runs out this coming month don't you waste any postage sending me renewal blanks. What I think of you birds can't go through the mails. It ought to be spoke direct. So until one of you cares to call on me in person I'm just saying,

Good-by.

Milton T. Tufts, Plumber

Lunenburg, Mass.
October 22, 1930

New York City
November 15, 1930

Mr. Milton T. Tufts Plumber, Esq.
Lunenburg, Mass.

Dear Customer:

We note with regret that you have not renewed your subscription to our Service. It is always a disappointment to lose old clients, and so we are enclosing a stamped envelope and asking you to sit right down and let us know why you have not accepted our generous renewal offer.

This is no time for any man in the market to be without professional counsel. Remember that it was by never becoming discouraged that Mr. Baker won his way to the top. It was by statistics that Mr. Mellon amassed one of the great fortunes of America. It was only after years of hardship that Mr. Morgan, by courageously adhering to expert advice, made the market his footstool. Will you now, at the very moment of opportunity, foolishly turn aside from the paths these men followed?

Right now is the time to act! The great decline we so accurately forecast has run its course. When others were proclaiming everything rosy we said "Sell." See Bulletin 2X27. Now, when everyone is despairing, we counsel cheer. The time has arrived for a re-appraisal of the situation. Our new Ideal Investment Unit No. 3 is ready for the mail. After weeks of patient research we have selected the cream of the list. Within six months an investment in this Unit should have doubled — perhaps trebled.

Won't you let us send you this stupendous list?

Yours for Big Profits,
Broadguage Investment Service

Lunenburg, Mass.
November 18, 1930

Broadguage Investment Service
New York City

Dear Sirs:

The last time I wrote you I wasn't figuring on resuming any relations with your organization either past or future. As it happens, however, things have turned out rather more handsome for me than I had any reason to expect. First place I discovered when I went to let Universal Electric go in the last break that my broker had somewhat anticipated my advices to him — an operation on his part which appears to have left me maintaining a moderate cash position. Aside from that, a more or less neglected uncle has just recently succumbed to the Inevitable and left me executor of his estate. It's a tidy little sum, and being executor puts it right where I can make use of it without any legal delays.

Well, I've read your offer and I'd certainly like to come back the way Mr. Baker and Mr. Morgan did. I guess if they did, I can; especially now my uncle's died. Like as not they had uncles too. At any rate you send along your Ideal Investment Unit No. 3 and I'll look her over. Part of my money being trust funds, I won't promise to take on all of it, but I'll make some sort of selection and let you know right away so as you can keep me posted.

In passing will say that I don't quite see how you figure you forecast the big decline but I guess it's something technical. I want you to be a little plainer with me in the future, because I don't understand everything you say in those bulletins. Now make a memo of this

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and don't leave me groping round again. Since your bulletins stopped coming I haven't known what to think. I read the daily financial column in the Boston paper but don't seem to draw much out of it except the advice to stand on the sidelines until the course of the market can be more clearly determined. How that procedure is going to land me up beside Baker and Morgan is somewhat of a puzzle to me.

Well, I'm certainly looking forward to having your bulletins again. Keep on using the plain unmarked envelopes same as you did before. Enclosed you'll find a money order for the fifty bucks, and by next day I'll be looking for that Ideal Investment Unit No. 3.

Yours for the Quick Comeback,
Milton T. Tufts, Plumber

P.S. Please note that the name is Tufts — not Plumber.

New York City
November 23, 1930

Mr. Milton T. Tufts Plumber, Esq.
Lunenburg, Mass.

Dear Client:

We're mighty glad you decided to join up with us again. Let us assure you once more that we mean to do our best to merit your confidence.

There has proved to be such a demand for our Ideal Investment Unit No. 3 bulletin that temporarily we are out of them. We shall mail you one directly the next printing is off the press.

In the meantime we will give you the Unit so that you may take quick advantage of the opportunity. We have adopted a new method on this occasion. Instead of scattering our forces all over the list we have concentrated our efforts on picking the *one stock* most likely to share to the full the prosperity ahead. We looked first for a depression-proof stock. Satisfied on that point, we looked for a stock that faced unlimited expansion in the event of happier times. Every item was scrupulously investigated — from management to treasury position, from gross to net. We feel competently satisfied, therefore, that what we now offer you is the very best that untiring research and long years of experience in guaging the market's pulse can disclose.

That stock, Mr. Tufts Plumber, is *Universal Electric!*

Yours for the Electrical Age,
Broadguage Investment Service

"Send along your Ideal Investment Unit No. 3 and I'll look her over."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawings by Barney Tobey

Motormania

by RODNEY GILBERT

SOMEWHAT less than a year ago I stood on the deck of a British freighter coming up Delaware Bay and looked, for the first time in nineteen years, upon an American landscape. As scenery it was not so impressive as my last view of these United States over the taffrail of a barkentine out of San Francisco, but I was naturally interested in studying every feature of the low shore line for assurances that I was not coming home to a land changed beyond recognition.

It all seemed familiar enough, until I looked more closely through my binoculars. Across the undulations of green and gold farmland stretched a gleaming white ban, upon which scurried two endless files of glistening things like beetles, running nose to tail. I was not long, of course, in identifying the white band as a concrete road and the objects on it as motor vehicles of various sorts. I had played a lot with automobiles in roadless quarters of Asia and there are reasonably good roads everywhere in Europe. But this was my first glimpse of the stupendous traffic on our flawless roads; and, for some reason, I had an intuitive feeling on the spot that the poor man's car, of which I had heard and read a good deal, was one of the few American novelties that was going to give me more than momentary food for thought.

In this I was right, for I am sure now that few innovations in history have had a more conspicuous influence upon a nation's standards, upon a whole people's ideas of what is worth while in life, than the cheap car has had upon America's scale of values — and have yet contributed so little to real progress. At the outset I was too delighted in the absence of dumbfounding changes in either land or people to try to account for it. Then I was a little perplexed to find how small an advance in the standard of living had been made by our highly advertised prosperity, apart from the changes directly attributable to the car.

It began to seem as if the great body of the salaried and wage-earning people, with much more money to spend and more leisure, were lavishing practically all of their spare money and spare time on extravagances of no great cultural value inspired by the automobile. Even in the modern environment of the farmer, with all his time-saving machinery, it was hard to find anything except the car that had materially altered his outlook on life; and it was disturbing to discover that the most decided innovation was a mania for purposeless, profitless "ripping and gadding," as the few who disapproved described it.

While I was at once interested in trying to determine for myself whether or not the returns — in wealth, health, or happiness — upon the huge investment in automobiles and roads justified the outlay, I was soon to discover that no one else doubted it. There was no question in anyone's mind that the American people were blessed in the possession of 23,000,000 automobiles as by no other endowment in their history. Everywhere it was taken for granted that the more good roads there were the better, whether they led anywhere or not, the more cars per capita the better, and the more mileage per car, on whatsoever errand, the better.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These, it was impressed upon me, were now assumptions in the national philosophy so nearly axiomatic that I could not challenge any one of them without challenging the whole American theorem. This I doubted, and I have been adding to my doubt ever since.

The Craze for Cars

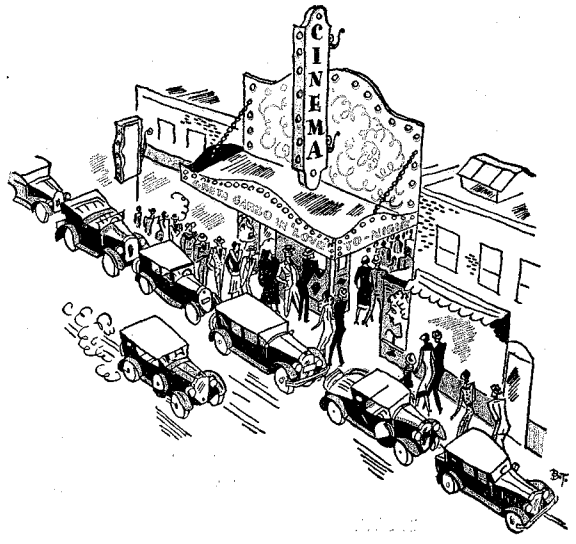
I very shortly suspected that there was a big element of hokum in the gospel of the motor-minded, put there and most adroitly fostered by the commercial propagandist. When I raised this issue with friends, when I suggested that a high percentage of car owners did not purchase automobiles because they felt any real need for them but because the very American air was saturated with the idea that a man ought to want a car, as he ought to want promotion, children, an education, or public esteem, the point was readily conceded. Advertising, it was admitted, had undoubtedly created motor-mindedness, and the commercial propagandist continued to be the high priest of the cult; but was not that enormously to the credit of advertising? The men who had persuaded the clerk, the factory hand, the day laborer, the farmer, the schoolboy, and the housebound nonagenarian that each ought to want a car and had as much right to one as the busy rich or the idle rich — and that the desire for a car was a noble aspiration, worthy of any sacrifice — had done the nation heroic service.

I was astonished to find, as time went on, that no one ever challenged the assumption, in both commercial and political propaganda, that the possession of an automobile was a certain index to prosperity and social well-being, when it was very obviously an index to neither. Even in the prohibitionist's publicity, I discovered, it was taken for granted that there could not be much wrong with a man, materially or spiritually, who owned a motor car, while the household that lacked one was under suspicion. This is distinctly implied when the prohibitionist says, as he does so often: "Behold the tens of thousands who once squandered everything above a bare subsistence in the saloon but now have cars and radio sets!"

It amazed me to find that no one ever thought to ask, in reply, whether the teetotaler's family now has a bare subsistence left when installments on the car and radio are paid. No one ever suggests that tens of thousands who used to spend nickels on beer now spend dollars on "hooch" and yet have the car and the radio. No one calls attention to the tens of thousands of families that have a mortgage on the house, a hole in the roof, lamps instead of electricity, a tin washbasin instead of a bathtub, several children in a factory instead of in school, that nevertheless contrive to have a still in the cellar, a radio in the parlor, and a car — or two, or three — in the shed.

No one dreams of granting for argument's sake that the money which once went for beer now goes for gasoline, and of asking then if it really is not a change to a less profitable form of dissipation. No one suggests, even in a sporting spirit as a subject for debate, that gasoline stimulates more extravagance and waste, with as little return in real happiness, than alcohol ever did. There seem to be no heretics in the whole, broad land to hint that the automobile perhaps kills more, maims more, bankrupts more homes, promotes or abets more crime, fills more courts, keeps more boys out of school, takes more people away from books, keeps more out of church, and corrupts more girls than beer ever did.

Although this is no place for statistics and it is better to get on with the argument, it may be worth noting parenthetically that while the deaths from alcoholism in the United States rose from 2,198 in 1918 to 4,267 in 1928, the total number for the ten-year period did not exceed thirty thousand; but the number of persons killed in motor cars or by them in the year 1930 alone was 32,500. During the five years prior to prohibition the average annual



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

toll taken by alcoholism in New York City was 585, but in 1929 automobile accidents accounted for 1,344 deaths in the streets of that metropolis.

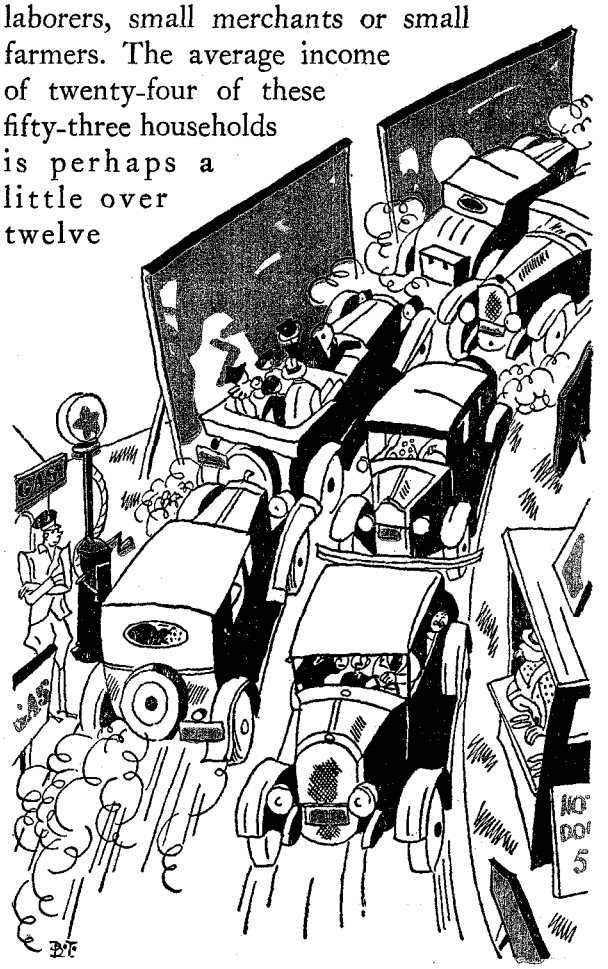
There may or may not be figures and facts to support the other contentions suggested above; but I am not advancing them as my beliefs. I only know that if any other American institution figured as largely in the daily calamity and crime news as the automobile does, the number of publicists who would rise up and denounce it on the grounds that I have suggested would be legion. So I marveled, shortly after I returned to this country, and have not ceased to marvel, at the effective ban which the high priests of motor-mindedness have put upon all criticism of the automobile and of the staggering sums spent on roads, while the meekness with which our vociferous reformers hold their tongues under this ban is a matter for still greater wonderment.

Prompted more by this nation-wide complacency than by anything else, I have looked thoughtfully into the conditions of automobile operation by the people immediately about me, only to find less reason than I supposed to believe that the car has an influence upon the individual, family, or social life of the American people which justifies the high esteem that they lavish upon it. It is my conclusion that the average American saves or goes into debt to buy an automobile because it has been made by propaganda an index to well-being, almost to respectability; while, when he has become addicted to its use, it serves much the same ends in his life as an intoxicant, furnishing much the same kind of an escape from tedium, worry, or nervous strain as potent beverages.

Two Cars — But No Bathtub

Before going further I had better make it clear that I am not concerned with the part played by the commercial truck and the public service vehicle in American life. Neither am I interested, one way or another, in the car, or fleet of cars, kept by the wealthy man to whom their purchase and upkeep mean no more than the purchase and repairs on a bicycle would mean to a steadily employed mechanic. What I have come to question, however, is the right of a man of small income to an automobile which contributes nothing to his livelihood and which he cannot use for his own or his family's pleasure without robbing himself and them of both material and spiritual comforts which, in this year of grace, ought to be essential to a high standard of living. And when I speak of his "right" I use the word in the same sense in which I might speak of the same man's right to a summer home in the Adirondacks, a box at the opera, an annual trip to Europe, a diamond tiara for his lady, or Persian prayer rugs for the parlor, any of which he might conceivably have if he were reckless enough of his credit and cared to reduce his living in other respects to an Oriental standard.

The community in which I have made my "study," if I may call it that, perhaps is not America in microcosm, for it lacks both the very rich and the very poor of the great cities; but it is a typically American village, and I am convinced after wandering across several eastern states that its motoring habits are those of what we might call the "comfortably poor" throughout the Atlantic seaboard. It is a village of fifty-three households, with a total fixed population of 182 persons. The heads of all but a few families are skilled or unskilled laborers, small merchants or small farmers. The average income of twenty-four of these fifty-three households is perhaps a little over twelve

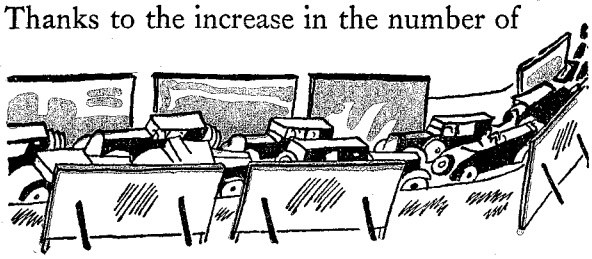


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hundred dollars a year, but in most of these there is more than one worker. The average for the remaining twenty-nine families is so far below this figure that for the village the yearly family income is reckoned at about one thousand dollars.

Yet, besides a few trucks and tractors, these fifty-three households own and put to lively local use fifty-two automobiles. There are no high-priced cars in the community, but the capital investment in the village fleet is about forty thousand dollars, or four-fifths of the village's annual income. According to the most modest figures that I can assemble, this village fleet consumes — for interest on the investment, depreciation, upkeep, operation, and license fees — the earnings of the whole community for more than three months out of every year. Considerably more than a quarter of all income is spent directly on motoring, without taking account of township road taxes. And to what profit or advantage?

First comes the material advantage. Thanks to the increase in the number of



privately owned cars, inter-village bus services have all but gone out of business throughout this district, while railways and rural trolley lines are curtailing their passenger accommodations. Even under these conditions not more than seven automobiles in this village are essential to their owners' pursuit of a living or contribute more than a few dollars a year to their earnings. All but two of these people — a crippled county official and a doctor — would be as well served by a bicycle, or at best a motor cycle. Three cars perhaps are owned by families that can keep them as luxuries, without depriving themselves of any essential comfort.

But at least forty out of fifty-odd cars are extravagances which impose a heavy drain upon their owners, so heavy that the majority have to deny themselves actual necessities as well as comforts to buy and run them. Electric light costs no family over two dollars a month, yet there are car-owning families here, always "ripping and gadding," confessedly too poor to wire their houses. Twenty-nine out of fifty-three families have neither bathtubs nor modern sanitation. It is not that they value these things less but that they want the car more. Four households without tubs or sanitation own three cars each. Seven such have two cars each. One family in a total wreck of a house, without electricity or any other modern convenience, owns four cars and keeps them all humming.

During the past ten years this village has sent one boy to college, put eleven children in high school (of whom eight finished), and has sent one girl to business college. I have no figures on the previous decade, but the elders admit that there was much more schooling then. It is particularly significant that more boys used to go to technical schools and girls to business colleges. The first reason for the falling off is that the parents cannot now afford to keep their children in school and dress them respectably after they have reached a wage-earning age. Motoring comes too high and comes first. The second reason is that boys, if not girls, are unwilling to go to school when big enough to earn good day wages. They are unwilling to devote three or four years to an apprenticeship. At high school age they are hankering after and clamoring for a car, as the last generation did for a bicycle. So, as soon as they can escape from the grade schools, they want work in a factory, or day labor on the roads where a well-grown boy can earn a man's wages, to save toward the initial payment on an automobile.

Some parents protest lamely and weakly that the boy who forfeits his training for life will probably be nothing but a "hired hand" the rest of his days; but such protests are half-hearted. In the first place the automotive parents are spenders and they are relieved to have the boy earn his own clothes and pay a few dollars board. Then they have such full sympathy with his ambition to have his own car, and are so glad to be done with his importunities for the use of theirs, that their arguments in favor of schooling or an apprenticeship lack the ring of sincerity. It is a common saying among mothers in this village that the boy who does not own his own car at twenty-one does not amount to much.

If the parents judge the youths of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

community by such standards, it is perhaps superfluous to say what the girls think of a boy without a car good enough to set off the clothes into which they put all their earnings. The modern candidate for a young girl's affections (with a motor car to keep and day labor to rely on, his aspirations to her hand are not so clear) comes for her in his roadster and whisks her away in it. Parents complain querulously that they never know where their girls are, or what is going to happen to them next. They feel certain that they are not behaving as decorously as they would if they were receiving their young men at home.

They lament the fact that all this "ripping" leads so slowly toward matrimony. The men at thirty earn little more than they earned at eighteen and have as few prospects of ever being able to keep anything decently but a car. The more attention a girl elicits from a motor-minded suitor, the less able is he to provide a home for her; and the girl does not press matters, because she prefers the clothes, the "gadding," and the festivities to marriage. In ten years fifteen girls have married out of this village, and many alliances were arranged by parental conferences to meet an emergency. Quite often the emergency arises and the parental conference comes to nothing, because the young man whom the girl is at last willing to marry protests that she went riding in many roadsters besides his.

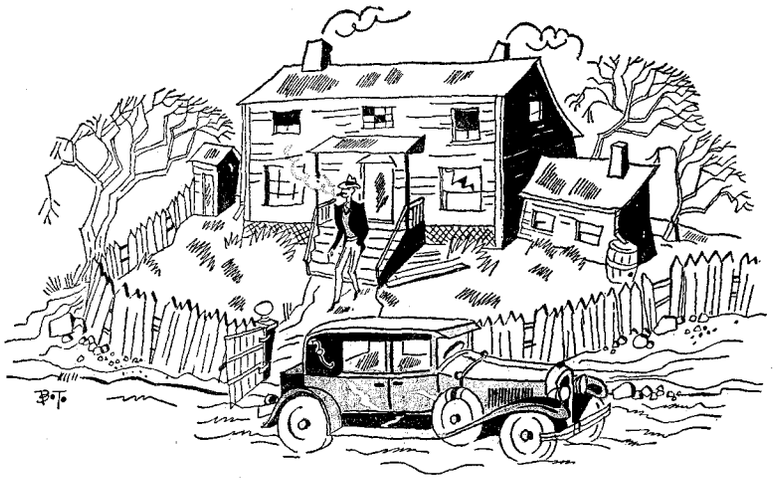
To come back to the elders, I have pointed out that forty out of fifty-odd automobiles in this village are justified neither by the business needs nor by the incomes of their drivers. With the possible exception of the radio, they represent the only real luxury to which their owners dare to aspire. Otherwise, despite bigger incomes, the standard of living is not a whit higher than it was twenty years ago. The houses of car owners are as bare, ugly, and uncomfortable, often as unsanitary, as were those of their grandparents. Their social and cultural life is even more barren than it used to be, because they are almost solely devoted to "gadding" and have neither thought nor time for anything else. No one from this village ever uses the automobile to go to a lecture, a concert, or a play. Shopping, the movies, and permanent waves are the three standard excuses for going to town.

The taste displayed in architecture and domestic furniture is far ghastlier than it ever was. There are only three households in which anything is read besides newspaper headlines and, rarely, a rubbishy novel. Two of these are without cars. The rising generation has little home life, sees no reading done, has little education, and therefore has neither the taste nor the time for the absorption of even the most rudimentary culture. The elders and youngsters alike attend every possible festivity within a thirty mile radius where they can mix with a crowd and spend money, so they cannot even contemplate using their cars for scenic or educational tours. When a car owner is inspired to see something of the larger world, he goes in spite of the car and not in it, for he leaves the expensive luxury at home and joins a bus tour.

As I look upon the life about me with an un-American detachment, I cannot escape the conviction that motor-mindedness imposes an inordinately heavy burden upon a relatively poor community and adds pathetically little to such enjoyment of life as a higher civilization is generally supposed to yield. From what I have seen elsewhere, on my own limited "gaddings," I am coming to believe that the benefits derived from motoring, highly advertised to justify the tremendous cost of roads and traffic control, are vastly overrated.

As an inducement to take the sun and air, for instance, the car is rapidly ceasing to function at all. It is a rare sight on a crowded

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



highway, in any weather, to see a touring car with the top down. The motorist now wants protection against glare, dust, and drafts in summer and demands a heated conveyance in winter, so the national preference is obviously for tightly closed glassed boxes. Farmers, who lead open air lives, grumble bitterly if they have to ride in an open car; and the poor man's wife wants to lie back in something that smacks of parlor car luxury and coziness in keeping with the cost of the thing. The cheap machine used to carry its owners to woodland picnics. The ubiquitous hot-dog stand and road house are monuments to the gradual demise of that idea. Motoring as an aid to health is much nearer being a thing of the past than the Saturday night bath.

The automobile, it used to be said, stimulates an interest in mechanical things and caters to the spirit of adventure. There may have been a time when it did both, but the American motorist is now highly displeased if it does either. The average man now makes far less effort to doctor his car than he does to doctor his own person. He relies almost entirely on the convenient garage. He never puts in gasoline, oil, or water, or pumps up a tire. He will not soil his hands and clothes in roadside repairs. If he has trouble, he draws up at the side of the road and asks the next man who passes to send help from the nearest garage. A man who earns his living with his hands would as soon try to half-sole his shoes as put asbestos packing in his water pump. I know two ardent motorists, each of whom has had his car several years, who have not seen their engines since the salesman made a perfunctory display of them. I recently asked a friend how often he had to put water in his battery. He was not quite sure where his battery was. It would be as cruel to start the average American motorist on a six hundred mile run across the Gobi desert, let us say, in an automobile as on a camel.

As for adventure, there is not one American car owner out of a hundred who does not devote much earnest thought to escaping all chance of it. The sport of hunting difficulties to overcome with a car, of exploring byways where the going is bound to be bad and the traffic light, would be considered a fool's diversion by this American generation. The pleasure of motoring, to the American car owner, now means one thing only — the swiftest and least eventful running on the best possible road. Tell a friend that you know of a forgotten old wagon track over a mountain, boggy in spots, caved in here and there, and without bridges over some of the streams, but commanding some new views over picturesque country. Then suggest that it would be great sport to try to get over it in a car. He is aghast. He protests that he would wreck his car; and probably he would, for he is wholly inexperienced in such driving.

His one idea when he sets out, after noting all the red lines on his road map and ignoring the black ones, is to get off dirt roads on to tar roads, then off tar roads onto a cement

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

highway, join the endless nose-to-tail procession, and "let her out." He will reject a suggestion to see some reputedly charming wooded country, because he has heard that one cannot comfortably do more than fifteen miles an hour on the roads through it. With time on his hands and no objective, he chooses instead to follow a strip of glaring cement through flat country, adorned chiefly by billboards and home-brew emporiums, and through the congested traffic of a dozen cities, doing forty miles an hour with his tense vision focused on the spare tire immediately ahead.

One day a bevy of college students in a touring car laden with camping gear — a party out for motoring adventure presumably — stopped in our village street and asked a group of the local yeomanry the way to the other village. Our natives not only told them about a dirt road thither, less than two miles long, but also told of its flaws — hollows the size of a soup plate and a stone here and there the size of one's fist. By doing five miles to the westward on our tarred highway, they advised, and by coming back five miles on the other highway eastward, the adventurers could run on a paved surface all the way. The college boys consulted among themselves and agreed unanimously to do the ten miles. So does the gas engine foster the pioneer spirit.

How exasperating this form of motor-mindedness can be, no one can appreciate as the pedestrian does when he has been sent miles out of his true course by rustics, now accustomed to travel by car, so that he may have the advantage of dodging traffic on hot, hard, treeless highways, instead of following the shady but now forgotten country roads. Not long ago, when I was on a hike and was most obviously a pedestrian, an old farmer who was wielding a scythe in a meadow told me in all solemnity not to take a direct road over a range of hills, because a freshet had washed gullies in the road surface and "there was a party busted his back axle up there last week."

Now the substance of all these ponderous observations is that a very big proportion of the running to and fro on wheels which the "comfortably poor" American people do yields them nothing but a certain limited, circumscribed kind of satisfaction for which they pay a perfectly exorbitant price. I have made it appear that the first element in this satisfaction is that derived from keeping up appearances, from complying with a rule laid down by commercial advertising. The average American feels that he owes it just as much to his family and himself to own a car as to have a Sunday suit of clothes. The second and greater element in this satisfaction is found in the escape from care or a dull routine.

In modern America, æsthetics, concern for health, the pursuit of culture, and the love of encountering obstacles and of overcoming them which we call adventure are very small elements in the motorist's pleasure. It appears indeed that the biggest element in his enjoyment is nothing but exhilaration, and that a huge percentage of the automobiles in use in this country serve the one purpose of an intoxicant and no other. In fact there are two ways only in which the automobile differs conspicuously from the form of stimulant which is now theoretically prohibited. The first is that the woman of the house fully shares in the man's enjoyment of the car and therefore endorses the extravagances that it entails as strongly as she used to resent his selfish search for uplift in the saloon. The second is that the automobile is a much heavier drain upon the finances of the average "comfortably poor" family than the saloon ever was.

Some day, not so far off perhaps, economic conditions in this country may call for an appraisal of the value of the automobile on the basis of the part that it actually plays in the life of the masses of the people; and when that begins I foresee that the justification of the car will be a matter for as futile a controversy, over as long a period of years, as prohibition has already been. I have a feeling that the present industrial slump is bringing us to the eve of a campaign for "temperance" and "moderation" in motor-mindedness which the priesthood of the cult will combat with great fury. But that campaign cannot be intelligently launched until some voice that speaks with authority challenges the fallacy that the automobile is an index to prosperity or a clue to our standard of living. We shall not have a glimmer of understanding of what a car is really worth to us, or of our right to own and operate such a fascinating contraption, until we are ready to admit to one another that, for most of us, it is just an outrageously expensive form of stimulant.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Onward March of Repeal

by **FABIAN FRANKLIN**

WHEN THE EIGHTEENTH Amendment became a part of the Constitution of the United States, eleven years ago, it was the universal belief among its supporters, and the almost universal belief among its opponents, that the question was settled for good and all. For several years after that, only a few voices were raised for its repeal. Much fault was found with the enforcement of the Volstead Act, but the most that anybody — with those few exceptions — thought of as a possibility of practical politics was the elimination of certain features regarded as peculiarly unreasonable. The permission of beer and light wines, some restraint upon arbitrary or violent procedure, increase of alcoholic content — such were the objects which to most people alone seemed worthy of serious practical effort.

Nevertheless almost from the beginning opposition to the Amendment itself, and not merely the particular statute enacted in pursuance of it, made itself heard in quarters that could not be completely ignored. How extensive may have been the resentment against the Amendment on fundamental grounds, both of constitutional theory and of the ordinary principles of rational government, it is impossible to determine; for, whatever people may have felt in their hearts, the supposed impossibility of successfully attacking the evil at its root in the Constitution kept nearly everybody silent.

An interesting reminiscence of that period is to be found in a conspicuous feature of the 1930 campaign to defeat Mr. Wadsworth in his candidacy for reëlection to the United States Senate. Although his Democratic opponent, Mr. Wagner, was a pronounced and unqualified wet, the streets of New York City were placarded with warnings appealing to voters in favor of Wagner against Wadsworth on the ground that Wadsworth was a "fake" wet, because he was for the impossible program of repeal and not for a mere modification of the Volstead Act. And probably nine persons out of ten, though fully conscious that this was a slander and that Mr. Wadsworth was absolutely sincere, believed that the idea of repeal was a quixotic notion in which practical men could take little or no interest.

The change that has taken place within the last five or six years has been greater than the most sanguine opponent of the Eighteenth Amendment could have thought possible within so short a period. From a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, the sentiment for repeal, the agitation for repeal, the expectation of repeal, has grown so big that it now overshadows the whole political sky. Even more remarkable than this steady growth has been the extraordinary acceleration of the movement within the past two years. Mr. Hoover's overwhelming victory at the election of 1928, so far from stopping the onward march of repeal sentiment, has been followed by a concentration of attention on the prohibition question, and a focusing of that attention on the central issue and not on incidental defects and palliative proposals, such as had at no previous stage been witnessed. All this has been so evident during the past two years that no specific demonstration of it was required;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but such specific demonstration has in point of fact been furnished in a most remarkable fashion by the Report of the Wickersham Commission, and even by the way in which that Report has been received.

When I say this, what I have in mind is neither the storm of criticism that has burst upon the Report from so many quarters both wet and dry, nor the wets' strong disapproval of that curious summary of the Commission's conclusions which begins with the statement: "1. The Commission is opposed to the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment." What I have chiefly in mind is the profound satisfaction with the report expressed by a number of the foremost representatives of the Anti-Saloon League because of this "Conclusion No. 1," in spite of the sweeping admissions of failure of the law and the fundamental criticisms of its very nature with which the report is filled.

In point of fact, "Conclusion No. 1" is a statement so flagrantly misleading as to be little less than an outright falsehood; the most that could be truthfully said — as is evident upon a reading of the Report — is that the Commission is not in favor of the *immediate* and *unqualified* repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. But even that is not my main point. A few years ago nobody would have dreamed of the possibility of a commission, appointed as this one was, coming out in favor of repeal of the Amendment. Its mere denial that it advocates repeal is the clearest possible evidence of the fact that repeal has become a practical question in a sense in which nobody thought of it as such three or four years ago.

That the prohibition forces should be delighted with the Commission's refusal to recommend repeal of the Amendment is as if a commission of representative Catholic laymen, appointed by high ecclesiastical authority to consider the condition of the Church, should have reported that, though everything was in a very bad way, they were not in favor of abolishing the Papacy; and as if this conclusion should have been received with gratitude and delight by the Roman Catholic hierarchy.

Taking Liquor out of Politics

THE SUPPOSED impossibility of repeal was the very foundation stone of the whole edifice of prohibition built up in 1920. It was assumed that the majestic decree of the Constitution would meet with universal assent, even if very far from universal approval. Yet here is this great Hoover Commission taking the very bottom out of this assumption. Of its eleven members, two declare flatly for outright repeal, and five others expressly favor what the Commission chooses to call revision, but what is in fact repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and substitution for it of a radically different amendment. For the so-called revision completely repeals prohibition as a constitutional decree and substitutes for this a mere grant to Congress of *power* to regulate or prohibit.

Whatever else may be said about this proposal, it does take prohibition out of the Constitution. Although it is not my purpose in this article to enter into any close discussion of specific questions of prohibition policy, a few remarks on the merits and demerits of this proposal will not be out of place.

The Eighteenth Amendment is open to two fundamental objections, wholly different in kind but of almost equal importance. The most vital objection to it is that which lies against the incorporation in the Constitution of anything which is in its nature a mere police regulation, a mere statute of criminal law. This objection the proposed substitute would completely remove. But there is another objection which, in its practical bearings and its relation to the whole character of our Federal republic, is of equally serious import.

The control by each state of its own internal concerns, and especially of those things which affect the everyday doings of the people, has always been regarded as a vital part of our institutions and a chief guarantee of their successful working. The proposed substitute for the Eighteenth Amendment abrogates this principle, and abrogates it in reference to the most sensitive of all subjects — control of the habits and desires of the people in their daily life. This, of course, is done also by the Eighteenth Amendment; but the one plea that might be made — and *was* very prominently made — in favor of the adoption of that extreme measure is wholly inapplicable to the milder substitute which the Commission suggests.

One of the great reasons why many persons, fully aware of the objections to the Eighteenth Amendment, found it possible to reconcile themselves to approval of it was that it would take the liquor question out of politics; and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

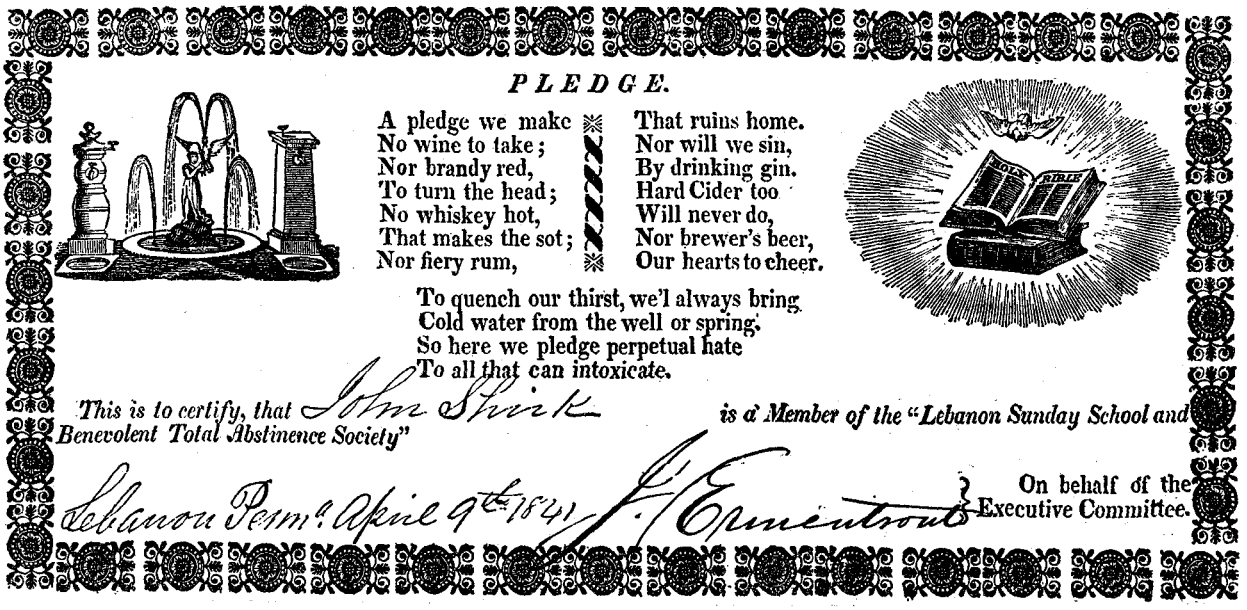
this expectation was of course based *exclusively* upon the fact that prohibition was placed by the Amendment in a position where it could not be disturbed by Congressional action. Under the proposed substitute this plea wholly falls to the ground. With Congress empowered to regulate, control, or prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks, the liquor question, far from being shelved, would be a perennial source of political disturbance, not in the old and relatively harmless way with which we were familiar, but as an issue of national politics, bedeviling the situation as it has never been bedeviled before, except in these last few years of agitation over the Amendment itself.

The hope of taking the liquor question out of politics, so widely entertained when the Eighteenth Amendment was pending, has indeed gone glimmering; it won't get out of politics until the Eighteenth Amendment gets out of the Constitution. But if this new amendment were put into its place, there could not be even a faint hope of our being relieved of this incubus on our politics. In effect, it would be a constitutional provision directing us to keep the liquor question *in* politics; and, unlike the decree of the Eighteenth Amendment, the direction would unquestionably be fully lived up to. The states would remain shorn of their natural power to manage this affair, each for itself; and in every national election we should have its ugly shape thrust upon the stage and shoving out issues that are of truly national concern. On the whole, although in abstract principle the proposed substitute is not, like the Eighteenth Amendment, preposterous, its practical effect would very probably be to make our latter situation worse than the first. What we need is repeal; and the way to repeal is repeal.

The Decline of Drinking

THE FALLACIES which are habitually employed in the service of the Eighteenth Amendment are innumerable; but among them all the one which is perhaps the most insidious and the most effective has been subjected to astonishingly little criticism. Thousands of people who stand on the brink of rejecting the Amendment are held back by the argument that prohibition is the only possible way to get rid of the evils of drink. Yet the argument rests upon an outright fallacy. It assumes that there *is* some way — some reasonable and practicable way, some way compatible with human nature and with the instincts of a free people — by which drunkenness can be wiped out.

For this assumption there is no basis whatsoever. Not only our experience, both with this present monstrosity and with previous attempts to deal with the subject, not only the experience of other nations dealing either sensibly or foolishly with the same question, but the experience of mankind in many other domains of conduct show the childishness of supposing that the vices and failings and maladjustments with which life abounds can be eliminated by drastic laws; or even that they can be better reduced by laws of extreme severity than they can by milder measures. To


PLEDGE.
A pledge we make
No wine to take;
Nor brandy red,
To turn the head;
No whiskey hot,
That makes the sot;
Nor fiery rum,
That ruins home.
Nor will we sin,
By drinking gin.
Hard Cider too
Will never do,
Nor brewer's beer,
Our hearts to cheer.
To quench our thirst, we'l always bring
Cold water from the well or spring.
So here we pledge perpetual hate
To all that can intoxicate.
This is to certify, that John Smith is a Member of the "Lebanon Sunday School and Benevolent Total Abstinence Society"
Lebanon Penn.a April 9th 1841
On behalf of the Executive Committee.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

argue that we must decree by law the total abolition of intoxicating drinks because nothing short of this can eliminate the abuse of them is no more rational than it would be to argue that we must establish by law a rigorous segregation of the sexes because nothing short of this can prevent sexual immorality.

But it happens that over and above the inherent fallacy of this argument, the experience of mankind has shown that without the interposition of law progress can be attained in this matter of temperance — progress so great that it cannot be properly characterized as anything less than revolutionary. Go back forty years or sixty years or one hundred years or one hundred and fifty years, and at every stage we find a state of things at the end of the period incomparably better than at the beginning. Read the life of Charles James Fox in the eighteenth century, the life of John Marshall in the early nineteenth century, the novels of Dickens and Thackeray in the Victorian period, and any novel or biography belonging to the close of the nineteenth century, and you need no statistics to show how completely the habits of men in regard to excessive drinking have changed.

Nor do we need to go even to books of any kind to get the same lesson. No man who has lived long enough to remember his New York or his Baltimore or his Washington as they were forty years ago or sixty years ago needs any evidence outside his own personal memory to tell him how steadily and how enormously the evil which the Eighteenth Amendment was designed to combat had diminished through the change of social and personal standards without legal coercion. If any such change as has taken place without law in America, England, and Germany during the past half century had been brought about by law, prohibitionists would have been filling the heavens with their shouts of triumph and rejoicing; and the Wickersham Report would have been impossible.

Unanimity among the States

There remains one aspect of the situation to which I must advert in conclusion. It may be said, with good reason, that however strong may be the case against the Eighteenth Amendment, however overwhelming may be the sentiment for its repeal among the vast majority of our population, the actual accomplishment of it is rendered impossible by the circumstance that the refusal of thirteen states — however small in population, however unrepresentative of the nation as a whole — would suffice to prevent repeal.

It would be idle to deny the seriousness of this difficulty. Nor is it easy to put into the shape of ordinary statistical or political estimates the grounds of a belief that the difficulty *can* be overcome. Nevertheless I believe that those grounds are not only substantial but so substantial that they can be counted on in the end to decide the question.

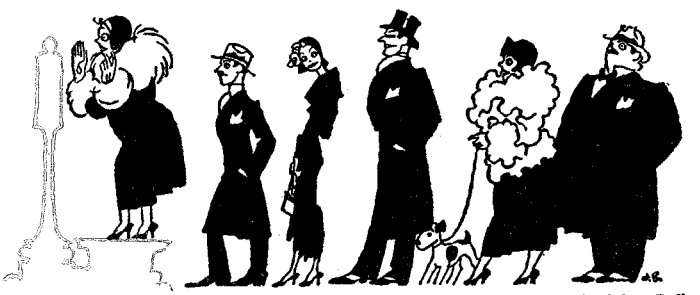
In issues of this kind there is something more potent than any mechanical contrivance, something of which the measure transcends the ordinary calculations of political arithmetic. I do not say that it is *certain* that thirteen little states — or thirteen states little or big, for that matter — will find it morally impossible to stand out against the clearly ascertained will of the rest of the nation in a matter in which such standing out would mean tyrannical domination of a vast majority by a comparatively small minority. But if it is not certain, this must be because the people of thirteen of the states of our Union are inaccessible to the appeal of principles and motives which have hitherto been regarded as the very vital stuff of our national life.

I do not believe that such a state of things exists. I believe that, when the case has been sufficiently made out, there will be a steady accession to the cause of repeal from among the ranks of sincere, high-minded, intelligent men who had been devoted adherents of prohibition. I believe that when a sufficient number of such men of light and leading have found themselves constrained to admit that, however noble the motive, the enactment of the Eighteenth Amendment was an error and that its retention would be an outrage, the rank and file in great numbers will fall in line with these leaders. When that time arrives, the difficulty will disappear; and if progress toward this consummation shall proceed with anything like the rapidity which we have witnessed in the past two years, the end of the prohibition nightmare in which we have been living will come far sooner than the most sanguine of us, only a few years ago, had dared to hope.

Next month, "Grandmother Goes Wet," by Anna Steese Richardson

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Digging Our Graves With Our Teeth



Drawings by Johan Bull

by **LOUIS I. DUBLIN**

DEEP IN THE archives of the life insurance companies are statistics which, dry as they seem, may provide an answer to that topical question which everyone is constantly asking — "What should I weigh?" Weight is not only a factor in our personal appearance, but it is now generally recognized to be an indication of how things are going on inside us. Any light that we can throw upon the subject is valuable, and information tested by experience is of double worth.

First of all, weight is only one — though an important — item in the structure of the body. It should be considered in relation to the individual's build or physique. The medical directors and actuaries of the insurance companies have long realized this, as they have realized that build and weight are vital factors in judging the nature of the risk they are assuming. They have been accordingly careful to exclude those applicants whose build they believed unfavorable to longevity, and they have also kept good records of the persons they did accept. The applications of all insured men and women contain, among other medical questions, information regarding height, weight, the circumference of the chest and abdomen, as well as the history of recent changes in weight. The analysis of these data has given us a notable body of accurate information concerning the relationship between build and longevity.

The insurance fraternity has for a number of years placed its chief reliance upon the so-called Medico-Actuarial Investigation of Build. This coöperative report made by the medical directors and actuaries of leading companies covered the years 1885–1909 and remains a classic on the relation between weight and mortality. It confirmed the general impression that overweight is a distinct handicap, the seriousness of which increases with the amount of excess and with age. It likewise proved that the companies were correct in identifying average build and weight with "normal" build and weight, and in avoiding the extremes.

The "Standard Tables of Height and Weight" accompanying this article are based directly on the findings of the Medico-Actuarial Investigation. In spite of the date when they were compiled and the recent reduction fad, there is good reason to believe that they represent current conditions very well. They give the average weights of men and women for each inch of height at five year age intervals, and are used by insurance companies, physicians, and others as an indication of what people in good health may be expected to weigh. I reprint them here because all intelligent persons should be familiar with them and because they are essential to the whole argument which follows.

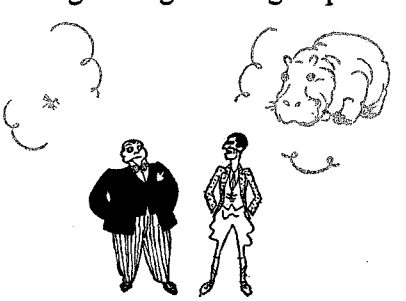
It will be seen that the weights are very moderate for the various heights. Very few entries show weights in excess of 175 pounds and none shows 200 pounds, even when very tall men are included. As might be expected,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

weight increases with height — the increase ranging from about two pounds an inch among the shorter persons to about five pounds at the greater heights. Weight also increases with advancing age; after thirty most people gain about two or three pounds every five years.

Valuable as were the results of the Medico-Actuarial Investigation of Build, insurance medical directors felt that additional and more up-to-date knowledge on the subject of weight was desirable. For one thing, they wanted to test the statements brought forth several years ago by Dr. Georges Dreyer of Oxford, who claimed that he had developed a simple arithmetical formula for determining the physical fitness of individuals. He believed that in healthy persons there exists a more or less fixed relationship between certain bodily measurements, such as weight, the length of the trunk, the circumference of the chest, and the vital capacity as measured by the spirometer. Thus a man whose trunk was so many inches long, whose chest was so many inches around, and who had such and such a vital capacity should weigh so many pounds; and if his weight was proportionate to his build he should ordinarily be a healthy person.

Now obviously if experience should approve Dr. Dreyer's contentions, here was a method not only for determining what people in good health should weigh but also for distinguishing those who were physically fit from those who were not. The Association of Life Insurance Directors therefore invited the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's statistical bureau to try to discover whether Dr. Dreyer's theory was well-founded and to investigate further the connection between weight and longevity. This paper will be concerned with the results of our study.



Average Weight is Best

We were supplied with the records of nearly 200,000 white men insured by the Union Central Life Insurance Company from 1887 to 1908, and they were followed from the date of their taking out of insurance up to 1921, or to the earlier terminations of their policies. The study was many-sided and required much time, but it finally revealed various interesting relationships between the several items that make up the build of a man and his chances of survival, and they provided a very decided answer to Dr. Dreyer's claims. Unfortunately, women were not included in the study, but there is no reason to believe that they would have materially affected our findings or that our conclusions are not applicable to them as well as to men.

We classified the 200,000 men into nine groups according to their height and weight at the time their insurance was written. The first and largest division consisted of those of normal weight — that is, those who varied less than 5 per cent above or below the average as given in the Standard Tables. There were in addition five groups of overweights and three groups of underweights. It will be simpler for our purpose, however, to distinguish only three classes of overweights — namely, those who were from 5 to 15 per cent above the Standard Tables average, then those who were from 15 to 25 per cent above, and lastly those who were 25 or more per cent overweight. In like manner we shall differentiate only two classes of underweights — those who were between 5 and 15 per cent below the Standard Tables average and those who were from 15 to 34 per cent below (very few people fall below this weight).

The subsequent mortality of each of these six groups was followed. If we call the death rate of the large class of persons of average weight for their height the norm, or 100 per cent, we find that the mortality of the underweight group as a whole was likewise 100 per cent, but that the mortality of the overweights was high — 132 per cent. But more interest attaches to the figures for each of the six classes.

Those in the first or only slightly underweight division showed a better than average mortality — namely, 99 per cent; but those in the extremely underweight group exceeded the average mortality by 8 per cent. Among the overweights, however, the mortality increased steadily with the increase in overweight. Those in the first class showed a mortality of 22 per cent above normal. The next group suffered an excess mortality of 44 per cent; and the third group — those who were greatly overweight — a 74 per cent excess mortality. We may

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

therefore conclude that those who are well-built — that is, who are close to the average height and weight — have the best chances of a long life, with the exception of slightly underweight people. Overweight is a distinct disadvantage, the danger of which increases consistently with the degree of overweight.

We also learned that age is an important item in the discussion of weight. We subdivided our material into those under forty-five and those over, and we found most interesting differences. Among the younger men, those of average weight showed the lowest death rate. The mortality of the young underweights as a whole exceeded the average by 8 per cent and that of the overweights exceeded it by 14 per cent. Young men in the extremely underweight class showed a mortality 16 per cent in excess of the average. The death rate among the extreme overweights was high even among the younger ages, though that of the only slightly overweight was but 10 per cent above normal. In other words, overweight is not so great a disadvantage when one is young.

It is after forty-five that the death rate among overweights stands out in sharpest relief. Still considering the average as 100 per cent, the underweights as a whole showed a mortality of 97 per cent. However, this favorable margin was traceable to the fact that the slightly underweight group had a mortality 4 per cent lower than the class whose weight was normal. The excess mortality of the overweights, on the other hand, was much higher. As a whole they showed a mortality 39 per cent in excess of the average. Taken in increasing order of weight, the excess was 27 per cent for the moderate overweights, 56 per cent for the middling overweights, and 86 per cent for the extreme overweights. These high mortality figures are all the more striking when it is remembered that the overweights in our study were carefully selected by the medical directors of the insurance company and were, therefore, the best risks of their kind. Similar overweights less rigidly chosen would undoubtedly show up even worse.

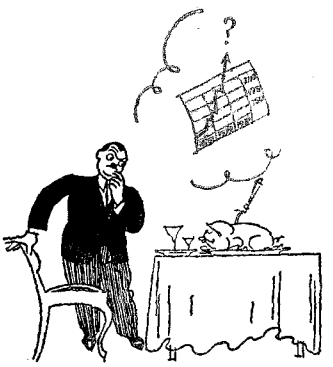
The figures I have just recited indicate very clearly the high mortality among individuals whose weight differs considerably from the average, particularly on the side of overweight. They show likewise that the danger from overweight is much less at the younger ages than it is later in life, and, conversely, that the danger from underweight is greater when one is young. Under forty-five, the man with the most favorable constitution appears to be the man of average weight. As we grow older, it is better to be slightly underweight. This phenomenon is so marked that insurance companies will accept a man over forty-five for standard insurance even if he is decidedly underweight, provided that his family history and personal record are satisfactory.

On the other hand, young people who are much underweight pay a heavy penalty. They are particularly prone to tuberculosis and to pneumonia. Therein lies the danger which so many young people, and especially young girls, court in their mania for slim figures. They forget that a chest pad and a good cover of flesh are very much to be desired, at least until full growth has been reached. After maturity, extreme overweight becomes a distinct hazard — in fact those who are more than 25 per cent overweight have a mortality rate twice the normal. This means that an overweight person of forty-five may have his expectation of life cut as much as ten years. Insurance companies do not want such risks for standard policies, and, if they take them at all, they charge considerably higher premiums.

As to the authenticity of Dr. Dreyer's claim that well-organized overweights — that is, those with long trunks, large chest girths, and ample vital capacities — are as physically fit as persons of average weight and build, we drew from our data some illuminating facts. Fortunately, our material was well adapted to this purpose, even though it did not provide the measure of vital capacity. We may summarize our findings as follows. Those overweights who are short or medium in height are, as a group, a better constituted class than those who are tall. Tall overweights apparently have an unmitigable handicap. Furthermore, and very contrary to the expectations which the Dreyer studies suggested, those overweights of short or medium height did better when they had a relatively short trunk. Among tall men, on the other hand, those who had a long trunk had a very much better mortality than those who had long legs.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thus measurement of the trunk presented a rather confusing answer to Dr. Dreyer's theories. We therefore added to the picture the measurement of chest girth to see if this added factor would clarify the results of our investigation. Here again there were many surprises. We found, contrary to all expectation, that those overweights with below-average chest



circumferences had a uniformly lower mortality.

Combining all the physical measurements, we may say that the best mortality among overweights was found among short and medium height men with short trunks and chest girths below average. For overweight tall men the mortality is best among those having a long trunk, but with a below-average chest circumference. But in no case did the tall overweights give a satisfactory mortality. Dr. Dreyer's theories appear to be confounded by statistical and scientific experience.

Of course this does not mean that every overweight person is necessarily badly constructed or that he is doomed to premature death. We know from everyday observation that many heavy people live to a ripe old age after an active life. But nevertheless the group as a whole fares rather badly, though some divisions do somewhat better than others. After all, the important point when considering overweight is to determine whether or not the individual is in good physical condition. This can best be disclosed by a thorough physical examination, which the overweight person should undergo regularly. Also he should not add to his difficulties by following a careless regimen of life, but should rather compensate for his unfavorable structural type by leading a carefully ordered existence and thus escape the physical consequences which are usually correlated with his build.

The Way to Health

A veritable plague of drugs, nostrums, and eighteen-day diets guaranteeing to everyone a sylphlike figure has been launched on a gullible public. There is every reason to believe, however, that this vogue of self-medication does much harm even when it succeeds in bringing down the weight as desired. The first essential of a sane program of weight control is that it be carried on only under good medical supervision. It is of the utmost importance to know from the beginning whether the overweight is organic or functional in origin — that is, whether it is due to glandular disturbance or to overindulgence.

A most instructive reducing experiment was conducted by Dr. Harold H. Fellows, one of the Assistant Medical Directors of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Some seven years ago he organized an overweight class for the employees at the home office of the company. The class numbered 294 men and women, most

Average Weights of Men

The following table is based on a study of about 200,000 insured men.

HEIGHT (With shoes on)		WEIGHT IN POUNDS ACCORDING TO AGE (As ordinarily dressed)								
Feet	Inches	15 to 19	20 to 24	25 to 29	30 to 34	35 to 39	40 to 44	45 to 49	50 to 54	55 to 59
5	0	113	119	124	127	129	132	134	135	136
5	1	115	121	126	129	131	134	136	137	138
5	2	118	124	128	131	133	136	138	139	140
5	3	121	127	131	134	136	139	141	142	143
5	4	124	131	134	137	140	142	144	145	146
5	5	128	135	138	141	144	146	148	149	150
5	6	132	139	142	145	148	150	152	153	154
5	7	136	142	146	149	152	154	156	157	158
5	8	140	146	150	154	157	159	161	162	163
5	9	144	150	154	158	162	164	166	167	168
5	10	148	154	158	163	167	169	171	172	173
5	11	153	158	163	168	172	175	177	178	179
6	0	158	163	169	174	178	181	183	184	185
6	1	163	168	175	180	184	187	190	191	192
6	2	168	173	181	186	191	194	197	198	199

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of whom had already attempted to reduce but with little success. Dr. Fellows' treatment consisted almost entirely of dietary restriction combined with carefully directed exercise; in a very few cases thyroid extract was used for a short time. The patients were interviewed once a week and were encouraged to keep careful records of their progress.

After a period of supervision lasting from a few weeks to several months, according to the individual, 81 per cent of the class had lost weight, the average being fifteen pounds. A seventh of the group lost as much as thirty pounds each. This successful showing was largely due to the complete coöperation between doctor and patients, and there was virtually no illness or time lost from work.

The important question, however, was how long these benefits would last. Therefore the employees were followed up regularly for five years after the treatment was completed. There were some favorable findings and some not so favorable. On the credit side it was noted, at the end of five years, that 21 per cent of the patients showed a further loss of weight; this group lost an average of ten pounds during treatment and nine pounds in the ensuing period. Furthermore, in the original group of 294 there were 33 with some serious impairment, such as high blood pressure or heart disease or both, and of these 17 were better.

On the other hand, there were plenty of slackers. Once medical supervision was removed, many fell back into their former dietary excesses. At the end of the first year there were

224 of the original group available for examination. Only 32 per cent had continued to lose weight, and the majority had gained. Whereas they had lost an average of seventeen pounds during the treatment, they regained an average of nearly ten pounds during the following year. At the end of the fifth year the great majority of those who had lost weight during the treatment had more than regained what they had lost. They lacked the self-control necessary to continue the required abstinence. Apparently medical supervision is essential if good results are to be maintained.

This and similar experiments have shown that weight can be regulated. Certainly, aside from the lessons taught concerning the death rate by the Metropolitan Life's study, there are ample reasons why we should try to retain average weight. Overweight is often attended by premature heart disease, Bright's disease, cerebral hemorrhage, apoplexy, angina pectoris, and diabetes. Tuberculosis and pneumonia find their most susceptible victims in persons who are underweight.

In general, then, it is wise for people to keep within the figures of the Standard Tables, and after they are thirty-five it would be even better if they could lop off a few pounds from the normal. Many of us—

Average Weights of Women

The following table is based on a study of 136,000 insured women.

HEIGHT		WEIGHT IN POUNDS ACCORDING TO AGE (As ordinarily dressed)								
Feet	Inches	15 to 19	20 to 24	25 to 29	30 to 34	35 to 39	40 to 44	45 to 49	50 to 54	55 to 59
4	11	110	113	116	119	122	126	129	131	132
5	0	112	115	118	121	124	128	131	133	134
5	1	114	117	120	123	126	130	133	135	137
5	2	117	120	122	125	129	133	136	138	140
5	3	120	123	125	128	132	136	139	141	143
5	4	123	126	129	132	136	139	142	144	146
5	5	126	129	132	136	140	143	146	148	150
5	6	130	133	136	140	144	147	151	152	153
5	7	134	137	140	144	148	151	155	157	158
5	8	138	141	144	148	152	155	159	162	163
5	9	141	145	148	152	156	159	163	166	167
5	10	145	149	152	155	159	162	166	170	173
5	11	150	153	155	158	162	166	170	174	177
6	0	155	157	159	162	165	169	173	177	182

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

especially those who live in cities — lead a sedentary existence. As we grow older we cut down our activities and exercise, and at the same time indulge our appetite for food. In a study of over 20,000 records of examinations made by the Life Extension Institute among apparently well persons it was found that almost 13 per cent were at least 20 per cent overweight. Yet, apart from the relatively few who were suffering from an inherited difficulty or from serious glandular disturbances, the large majority could have materially improved their condition.

A wide and sincere interest in this phase of personal hygiene would have important national consequences. No progress has been made in reducing the death rate of people over forty, even though the general death rate has been cut in two and ten years added to the life expectation. The general gains have almost all been accomplished through curtailing and treating the diseases of infants and children. Those who are over forty have shown retrogression. In this respect we present a worse picture than either England or Germany, where the mortality is uniformly better for adults, though their children do not fare so well as ours.

Longevity of itself may be no great ideal, but it usually reflects a healthy and active life. The man is fortunate indeed who, despite an inherited disadvantage of build, lives out his normal life expectation. But doubly fortunate is he who with the best type of physical inheritance adds further to his years by adhering to the rules of health. At present too many of us are digging our graves with our teeth. We can add years to our lives and happiness to our days if we take to heart the lessons on the relation between weight and longevity which these figures of the statistician have disclosed.

SOS from the Colleges

Decorations by Robert Lovejoy

by H. ALEXANDER SMITH

THE EDUCATIONAL pyramid shows an increasingly thin and uncertain middle section. At the bottom are the schools, public and private; on top rest the universities — impressive, effective, a little heavy; in between, the colleges. This was not always so. For years America was satisfied with a pyramid of two sections (that is, roughly classifying primary and secondary education as "schools"), and college-mindedness was considered a sufficient climax to our educational scheme. Even to-day, with universities multiplied over the land, there are many educational centers where colleges are holding their own.

But the movement born in Germany for bigger and better universities gave rise to a sister movement on this side of the Atlantic. The Ph.D. became the badge of honor in fields of higher learning, and university-mindedness was widely heralded as the *summum bonum*. We, provincial, eager, forgot that on the Continent the college, as we understand it, was practically non-existent; we forgot that in Europe many of the more advanced character-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forming activities were included in the school educational programs and that for generations foreign students had been taught to jump from school-mindedness directly into university-mindedness. We forgot that under the German scheme of things a middle section for the pyramid was not needed.

Now there is some reason to believe that in America we *do* need a middle section. There is, moreover, evidence that in just the very places where the apex is the most inspiring, the pyramid is sagging in the middle.

College-mindedness and university-mindedness are two different things, and the question is whether in the evolution of our educational system we are squeezing out or should squeeze out the college entirely. Can we dispense with it by insisting that our secondary educational institutions take on its functions? Or is the college a necessary intermediate link between the secondary school and the "cold, cold world" on the one hand, or the university on the other?

Perhaps the college is merely a more advanced stage of secondary education, as Dr. Flexner has recently suggested, and perhaps it should be absorbed by the school, or in any case, divorced from the university. This might have been the solution had we seen the issue earlier, but as a matter of fact the university, where it has emerged, has grown out of the college, and in the minds of many eminent educators the college is still the important nucleus around which the university has and should have been built.

The difficulty has arisen from the fact that the "pure university enthusiast," like Dr. Flexner, is impatient with the immaturity of the college, and the failure to recognize that the maturing young barbarian, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two, needs inspiring, human direction and friendship as he steps from boyhood into manhood. The function of the college (or its equivalent) has been, and continues to be, to give perspective and a sense of direction in life. Its area, therefore, is larger than the purely intellectual function of the university, which is to specialize and focus. The function of the college is to make men. The function of the university is the advancement of knowledge.

But the college is in danger because of this confusion with regard to its legitimate functions. It is being pressed on the one side to complete the work inadequately done by the schools and, on the other hand, it is asked by the university to speed up a university-mindedness and a university approach to intellectual things.

That school-mindedness is being forced on the college is evidenced by the apparent inadequacy of the ordinary freshman year curriculum. It amounts to little more than a glorified preparatory school program — a sorry continuance of mind-training exercises at a time when the average boy desires, though unconscious of it as yet, an introduction to the attractive side of his intellectual resources. He really wants intellectual inspiration rather than discipline. Perhaps we cannot correct this until we improve our secondary school system to the point where it will complete the disciplinary part of the educational program.

Assuming, however, that the schools will do their part, we must still ask the university to be patient, until the college has done its part. The jump from school-mindedness to world or university-mindedness cannot be made without the transitional influence of the college. That must be restored and strengthened.

Too Much Competition

The crux of the matter lies in the fact that competition has become a major influence in a situation where partnership should be the keynote. If we could look at the field of knowledge, at our educational ideals and our maturing youth, as a whole, we would see the importance of this distinction. Within our institutions we are competing in ideals, in subjects of study, and in our personnel, with resulting confusion and disintegrating tendencies. Research competes with teaching, department competes with department, and individual competes with individual. The university-minded group competes with the college-minded group and the result is a stalemate.

Members of the university-minded group, thinking in terms of graduate students, believe that a quantitatively stiff curriculum, overshadowing all extra-curriculum activities almost to the point of their exclusion, would not only develop intellectual power but would add the necessary character development as well. And they insist on the Ph.D. degree and evidence of productive research as the yardstick to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

measure the progress of the faculty. In fact, this yardstick is coming to be the required standard for promotion in rank and salary.

Those in the college-minded group recognize that a boy in the transition stage between immaturity and maturity needs a development more inclusive than that of the intellect alone. They insist that the physical and spiritual have a place of equal importance with the intellectual, and they recognize the valuable self-developing influences of student-originated, extra-curriculum activities. They value scholarship but maintain that in the college, as distinguished from the university, inspiring human teaching is more important than productive research. They resist the glorification of publication at the expense of the students' larger needs. They complain that there tends to be no career for the college teacher whose primary function is the training of men.

Another source of competition is the multiplication of departments. Without elaborating on the point, its dangers are obvious. Competition between departments for prestige, facilities, and students tends to emphasize the tendency toward specialization and to ignore the importance of perspective. Before the days of the specialist, the curriculum of the college was an inclusive whole and was presented by a group of men who worked together, each knowing what the other was doing and what the comparatively small number of students were doing. It was like the general practitioner in medicine who knew your whole body, though he did not know so much about the separate parts.

To-day the separate parts are studied and known in scientific detail, but the whole body tends to be neglected. We need some general practitioners — some men who really can "orient" all knowledge, who can find a synthesis. And we need this general practitioner, not only to keep his eye on all knowledge, but also to keep his eye on the whole student. Men, during their college years at least, must learn how to live, work, and play together. The social group cannot be ignored. The Oxford or Cambridge idea of single direction by a single tutor seems safer and more promising of result than the present system of competition for the students' time.

The solution of the problem lies in the partnership ideal, which frankly recognizes that the college differs in its function from the university and that the teacher differs in his function from the research worker. Both teachers and research workers are indispensable, but their work is consecutive rather than competitive. The objectives of both college and university are of vital importance to our advancing civilization. But they are different. They can be combined in one institution, but only on condition that they do not become confused. And confusion is very easy. We slide into dangerous tendencies without knowing it.

One of these dangerous tendencies has grown out of the laudable desire to raise our academic standards. This academic generation has been dissatisfied with the scholastic output of the United States as compared with foreign countries. A definite campaign has been waged to raise the standards of the teaching profession, just as a definite campaign is being waged to raise the standards in the medical profession and the standards for admission to the bar. Our faculties all over the country have insisted, and properly insisted, on a voice in promotion in rank and salary of their members. The Association of University Professors has supported this movement. And thus the Ph.D. productive research yardstick has come into general use.

This yardstick may be legitimate for the movement in a university career. But what of the college? Is the first-class, up-to-date inspiring teacher in the same career? Sympathetic understanding of individual students and friendly participation with them in their extra-curriculum (life) problems takes valuable time from research and production. Rarely are productive ability and the qualities requisite for the sympathetic teacher found in the same person. The two objectives require different types of individuals. And living under one or the other objective tends to develop a difference of character and outlook. The research man must be self-centered, wrapped up in his own discoveries and ideas. If he is diverted too much, he loses the thread. Any lawyer or business man can understand this.

But take the other point of view. The sympathetic, inspiring teacher, while he must keep abreast of his subject and be able to express himself clearly, must necessarily have his mind on his output, which in his case is his students. He gets interested in them as men. He is more

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

concerned with their emergence than his own. He would rather save a "lost sheep" than write a book. The motive of the research worker must be self-development. The motive of the teacher must be the inspiration and development of others.

Academic Partnership

Research in the university sense and teaching in the college sense are thus two different functions. If they can be combined in one person, well and good. But if they cannot be so combined, what are we to do about it?

In other walks of life we find a different approach. In any business partnership men of different attainments and qualities are needed. Even in a specialized profession like the law, it takes different qualities and different points of view to make a successful combination. One member of the firm may be the research expert. He writes the briefs and knows the law. Another may be a skilled trial lawyer who knows his procedure and how to deal with court and jury. Still another has social qualities and human sympathy that win clients. All are indispensable to success, and none is more important for the good of the whole than any other. The essentials of any successful partnership are unity and teamwork and no thought of competition as between the members of the firm.

Similar analogies can be pointed out in any successful athletic team or, in fact, any cooperative endeavor. It is a case of each for all and all for each. Unity is the keynote. Unfortunately if we examine the modern faculty we find a different situation. It is not a partnership but a competition. Because of the academic system of gradations in rank and salary there is competition within the departments.

Each department wants the best students. Some want the most students. All want the best facilities. Each wants as many full professors and men of lesser grades as the other comparable departments. And within the departments each individual quite naturally wants to rise to the highest rank and receive the maximum salary as rapidly as possible. If there are conditions to be met to reach the top rank, every other consideration will inevitably be sacrificed to meet those conditions. Under the existing tradition, productive scholarship or the evidence of it holds first place ahead of everything else. A professor not long ago was heard to complain that his students, with their petty human problems, were thieves of his time. They kept him from his productive work. This would be a legitimate complaint for a research worker but not for a college teacher. Unfortunately all must at least try to be productive research workers under the existing system. It is not the members of the faculty who are to blame, it is the system.

The competition extends to the intercollegiate field. A man who becomes known by his writings and who attains a position of standing in his learned society has created a trading value for himself, which he may not wish to use but which he does use when the inevitable call to another institution comes. The sincere teacher, on the other hand, is known and loved by his successful students, but he cannot be known outside. It is difficult for him to create a trading value for himself.

In spite of the difficulties involved, can we approximate the partnership ideal? It would open our faculty doors much wider if we could. Many a young man who yearns to serve by human contact and teaching would go into this field to-day if he did not feel that he must ultimately subordinate his primary interest to productive scholarship. We can even go further. Many men who have made their mark in the world of practical affairs would go into our faculties and leaven the perspective if their careers fitted them for a full partnership based on their particular but different training and qualifications.

The business and professional worlds call men constantly from the academic profession and do not hesitate to take them into full partnership. But the academic world is so jealous of its Ph.D. degree and its own particular approach to life that it is unwilling to give full place to the man of other training and experience.

Rank and Salaries

With a recognition of the distinction between university and college functions, and with the partnership principle displacing the present competitive atmosphere, the way ahead may be along lines diverging somewhat from the present American academic traditions. In the first place, the faculties of our institutions might be divided into two groups, depending

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on the major emphasis in the world of the individual — that is, research or teaching. This does not imply that the teacher might not do some research work or that the researcher would not teach. It merely would define primary function. The departmental organization would stay as it is with men of both groups in each department. (It has been suggested that the departments are likely to become the units in the American university of the future, corresponding to, but thus distinguished from, the residential colleges within the university as at Oxford and Cambridge, and the new "house plans" at Harvard and Yale. This implies an intellectual as distinguished from a social unit.)

In the second place, and emphasizing the partnership idea, academic rank might be abolished entirely, leaving all members of the faculty on a par in rank, as are the Fellows in an Oxford college. If necessary, the title of Research Professor might be retained for those rare, exceptional men — an Einstein, a Millikan, or a Russell — who are so gifted as to make a real contribution to the advance of human knowledge. But even such a distinction would have its dangers and would tend to depreciate the other members of the partnership.

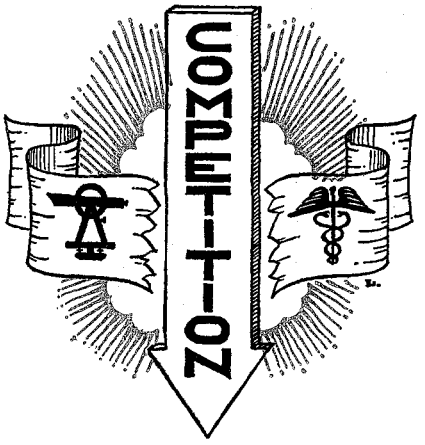
Within the departments the two groups would work in partnership. The research and teaching functions would be performed by those respectively best qualified. All might be called Fellows (or any other appropriate name) — Research Fellows or Teaching Fellows as the case might be. But there would be no ranking in title.

The suggestion to abolish rank is not a *sine qua non* of a successful partnership. It is made to illustrate the point that competition in rank is an unsound basis for an academic organization and tends to foster a non-coöperative spirit.

We may even carry the non-competitive idea further. It has been suggested that differentiation in salaries is another important contributing cause of the competitive spirit. Men do not enter academic life for money. They really want a congenial atmosphere, where they can give their best and receive a reasonable livelihood. But they soon acquire the commercial attitude under the existing system. If we could change the whole policy of compensation to one where age and length of service (with ample pension provision) were the common basis for all, it might be more satisfactory than the present attempts to fix a money value for services rendered.

Such a change might be difficult to install immediately, but the day may come when we will recognize that the legitimate financial incentives in the business world have nothing to do with honorable academic accomplishment. When and if that day comes, the members of any faculty will welcome financial "parity." It is not parity that can be objected to. What is objected to is discrimination between individuals, all of whom are rendering indispensable though different kinds of service. Any college or university president would welcome the time when he could be spared the anxiety of faculty salary adjustments.

To suggest that the elimination of rank and standardization of salaries would take away the incentive for the highest accomplishments confuses a purely commercial incentive with a true partnership spirit. Would the members of such an academic partnership prefer to compete with each other for a larger



share of the common pot, or to work together for a worth-while common objective? Would any individual lie back and let his associates carry his work? Does a member of an athletic team quit because he may not be the outstanding star? No honorable man shirks a group obligation. The moral pressure is greater when we are working for a group ideal than when we work for ourselves.

The legitimate aspirations of faculties to have a larger share in administrative policy would come nearer to realization under such a plan, and the fear, recently expressed, that members of faculties are fast becoming mere employees of great corporations would soon disappear.

The College-University

A recognition of the distinction between college and university functions and the partnership ideal suggests a scheme of organization for the modern college-university. The duty of the president would be to coördinate the whole and protect the respective academic college and university objectives. He should be relieved of all purely business administration, which should be directed by a chairman of the Board of Trustees, preferably devoting his whole time to business matters.

The institution would be divided into two principal parts, each headed by a dean — a dean of the college and a dean of the university. Their respective duties would be obvious under the plan. Other deans or directors might be desirable for the graduate school, as such, or for law, medicine, engineering, and so on. But the principal deans would be those directing the college and university functions respectively. They would protect their fields of operation and would insure parity of treatment for teacher and research worker.

The fruits would be those of the spirit in its largest sense. Our research men would be developing sound material, and their teaching colleagues would be expounding this material to the students and inspiring them to investigate further. These same teachers would know their human material sufficiently intimately to direct its own self-education. This mature companionship would give the opportunity at least for those who had a faith in a comprehensive philosophy of life to pass it on in the intimacy of the personal contacts. No other form of presenting religion in a personal way could be so effective. The sense of direction and ultimate emergence of the students in successful careers would be both the objective and the ultimate reward to those who dedicated their lives to such a service.

And can it be doubted that such a relationship between teacher and student would reflect itself in every campus activity? With a properly coördinated curriculum recognizing the diverse demands on the students' time and based upon the experience of the Fellows in the handling of their individual cases, legitimate and sufficient attention could be given to all activities, including athletics. Victory in intercollegiate contests, while desirable, would not be the sole objective, but success in true sportsmanship as in every other endeavor would be required. The Fellow would be primarily interested in the complete all-around development of his particular protégés.

Under such a system and in such an atmosphere it would seem that calls to other institutions would have small appeal. A man's environment and the opportunity to do his best as he feels the urge within are greater compensations than a higher wage. Given an association with high-minded men having a common objective in the forging of fine human personalities — life offers no more compensating occupation. Both teacher and research worker would have his distinctive place.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

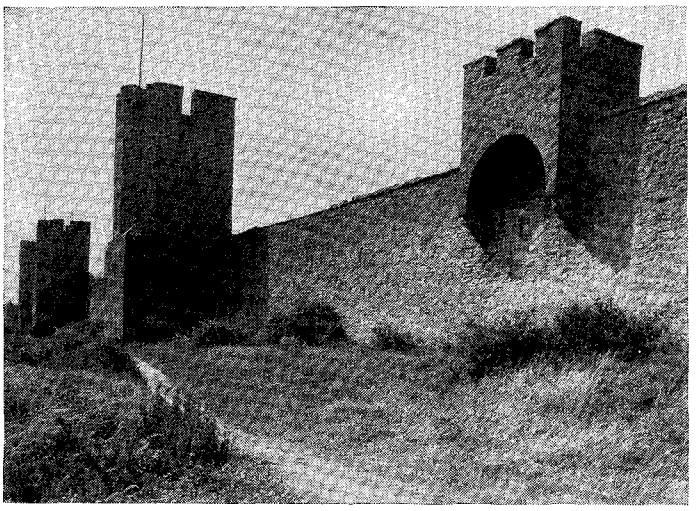
TRAVEL

Visby, Enchanted City

by **WIRT W. BARNITZ**

ON AN ISLAND in the midst of the Baltic, away from the rest of Europe and utterly alone, is an ancient city. For centuries it belonged to the past. History records its days of power and grandeur, when it was one of the most important bases of the Hanseatic League, and when richly laden argosies dropped anchor in its harbor.

Time and again the Danes, in the days of their great power, beat against the fastnesses of this old town, sometimes with success, sometimes without. Marauding pirates beset its walls and frequently carried away spoils of fabulous value. In fact almost every northern nation of medieval times assailed Visby and its Island of Gotland, attempting to rob it of its vast wealth.



Swedish State Railways

The Town Wall of Visby

From 1250 to 1350 this Hanseatic city was at the height of its greatest prosperity and at that time dominated the commerce of northern seas as truly as did Venice the trade of the Adriatic and the Mediterranean. Then, suddenly, the trade routes of the world changed and Visby sank into oblivion. Legend soon threw her gossamer strands about the place and wove a wondrous tale of the ancient stronghold sinking into the bosom of the sea and rising at long intervals as a mirage which only the eyes of seafarers might behold.

We have been told by the captain of the little boat that was carrying us from the mainland of Sweden to Gotland to get up early and see the island rise out of the dawn mists. He assured us that the illusion would be complete and that we should actually witness Visby mounting from the waves.

At break of day we were on deck. Afar off, against the dim gray of the dawn, lay an irregular silhouette of spires and towers, which, for the moment, awakened memories of Jerusalem. Then the sun burst from a cloud bank that lay along the horizon and magically touched everything with gold, transforming what had seemed a dead place into what might be an abode of spirits. The engines of our boat had stopped, and we were gliding noiselessly into a harbor drenched in silence. A few souls moved dreamily about on the quay. Beyond, in deep shadow, loomed a great, gray gate which, with the dusty road that led up to it, was a stage set and awaiting the entrance of the actors.

The ancient city wall, tall and perfectly preserved, stretched away to the south and to the north. Thirty-eight magnificent towers marked the great extent of its

VALUE

THE UNIVERSAL APPEAL!

People cross the Atlantic via Cunard in far larger numbers than by any other line or group of lines . . . have been doing so consistently for years.

This enduring and persistent preference is founded upon many things, not the least of which is *value* . . . value from every viewpoint of distinctive service, comfort, atmosphere.

Always Cunard has stood as a symbol of excellence . . . excellence bred of 91 years of steamship management . . . of catering to the individual needs and tastes of millions of ocean voyagers.

Aboard Cunarders you will find the unlimited à la carte menu, at no extra cost . . . the deftness of stewards long trained in Cunard traditions, stewards who like all the Cunard staff, speak your own language.

The time-saving feature of Cunard ships is a matter of days . . . not hours, due to the unparalleled frequency of the Cunard Service . . . 123 Sailings to Europe between April 1st and mid-August. A sailing exactly to suit you . . . when you want it . . . with a choice of every type of accommodations, from the super-luxurious to the modest.

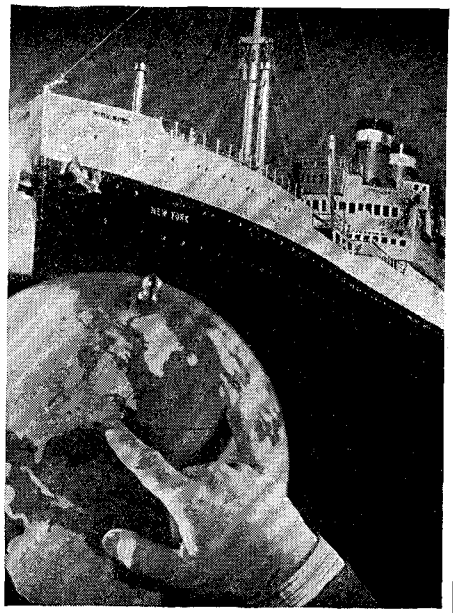
Not content with past glories and achievements . . . Cunard announces the building of the new Super-Cunarder that will write a fresh chapter in the history of transatlantic travel.

Carry your funds in Cunard Travellers' Cheques

Your Local Agent or The Cunard Steam Ship Co., Ltd., 25 Broadway, New York

CUNARD

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



You'll wish these Seven Days had 48 hours Each

Every Wednesday midnight there sails from New York a great Hamburg-American liner, crossing to Cherbourg, Southampton, Hamburg, all too soon for everyone aboard.

For the appeal of the "Famous Four"—S.S. New York, Deutschland, Hamburg, Albert Ballin, is in the completeness of the comfort afforded—unusual spaciousness, smoothness of sailing due to unique anti-rolling devices, the charming grill where the "Line" signs the checks, the meticulous service. Yet rates are moderate.

For a more leisurely trip, with utmost comfort and at even lower rates, use the superb cabin liners—Milwaukee, St. Louis and Cleveland.

Inspiring Cruises

"Around-the-World" on the S. S. RESOLUTE January 6; or Northern Wonderlands—Russia, on the S. S. RELIANCE June 27; both at greatly reduced rates:

Inquire of

YOUR LOCAL AGENT or

Hamburg-American Line

39 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

Branches in Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina, Edmonton, Vancouver

encircling protection. Here and there masses and turrets of ruins reached upward; some clad with ivy, others naked and bare; and in the midst of all towered the huge limestone arches of a cathedral, the dominant note in this picture of age-old serenity.

HERE we were in the midst of the Middle Ages, having made the leap from the present to the far-distant past in less than two weeks from New York. Although there are other ancient cities just as charming hidden away in Europe, none that I have yet discovered quite possesses the atmosphere of medieval days in such a pure and unalloyed state. The burghers still think the thoughts of the Middle Ages, speak the same, quaint old Swedish, affect the same customs, and live their placid lives much as did their forbears. Much of their furniture has descended from generation to generation through the centuries, while even a great deal of their table wear is that of their ancestors. One house, at least, that we visited had added nothing new for more than a hundred years.

Soon after going ashore, a great cliff in the southern quarter of the city attracted us. Perched high on the top of it was a row of little log houses. One of these stood out from the others in an inviting sort of way. We had been told of it; and so up the winding, narrow street, lined with low-eaved and tiny-windowed houses, we climbed. Once upon the summit it was but a moment to our destination. The house looked more like a pretty toy dwelling than anything else. We were struck by the quaintness of the old-fashioned flower garden in its two-by-four dooryard. The hut commanded a view of superb beauty. Below were rose-covered ruins, while in the offing the blue bosom of the Baltic gently rose and fell.

Under an arbor sat an old woman knitting. In our lame Swedish we informed her that we sought lodgings in her doll's house; but she eyed us doubtfully. When we explained that Consul Ekman, the dominating personality of Visby, would vouch for us, her hesitation gave way to exuberant welcome and her whole house became ours. Such hospitality as that good, old soul extended us was a revelation. Special dishes, fancy cakes, her oldest, home-brewed wines — these were all shadowings forth of her genuine, Visbian friendliness. Each afternoon she diligently plied her knitting there beneath her ancient arbor which had faithfully supported the trusty vine that had unfailingly furnished her family through the years with shade and wine. As her needles flew, her tongue wagged rapidly in mumbled conversation with her children who had, long before, gone to America.

A message from the Consul that we should meet him at the Burgomeister's House sent us on our way thither. But it is hard to hurry in Visby. The streets are so crooked and interlace in such fashion that a labyrinth is simplicity in comparison. Three times in our haste we found ourselves back at the foot of the staircase street before we finally made the proper turns and twists.

The Burgomeister's House is a great, red building of several gables with tiny, leaded-glass windows and heavily linteled doors. It was once the abode of a wealthy Hansa merchant, who, just as Consul Ekman to-day, controlled the destinies of the town some hundreds of years ago. This part of the old city, more than any other, bespeaks the commercial heyday of Visby. Here are some of the huge warehouses with towering gables abutting on the street; and not far off is the apothecary's shop, surmounted with turret-like shafts of masonry.

The Burgess greeted us with true Swedish heartiness and waved us into chairs. Then he moved across the room to a chest. Lifting its iron-bound lid, he drew forth one gigantic key after another until he had piled a dozen or more at his feet. These he strung together on a light chain and handed the whole pondrous open-sesame to us with metallic clangings, with the words: "These are the keys to the city. The town is yours. Explore the mysteries of the place." With Swedish punch he skoaled us, supplied us with a youthful guide of highly romantic tendencies, and merrily sent us on our way.

OUR romantic guide managed the gigantic keys without undue difficulty. One enchanted ruin after another we visited, wandering now by the sanctuary of Helgeands, then past the Cathedral of Saint Mary, with its deep-toned organ softly pealing some ancient hymn, for it happens that this magnificent edifice has never been allowed to fall into ruin and has been used continuously for ages.

Arriving at the Well Tower, Harold the Romantic swung the largest of the keys with much grandiloquence into the rusty lock. With considerable flourish and gesticulation he detailed the story of the maiden who was buried alive. She was the daughter of the Burgomeister of that day, so legend has it. The leader of the Danes, who were then besieging the city, disguising himself as a Gotlander and succeeding in penetrating beyond the walls, made ardent love to the fair damsel. To put it tersely and in good American, she fell for him, and she fell so hard that she delivered up unto him not only herself but her city. So much for the Heaven-given power of love.

Of course, as the story goes, she stole into her father's room in the dead of night and, while he peacefully snored, drew

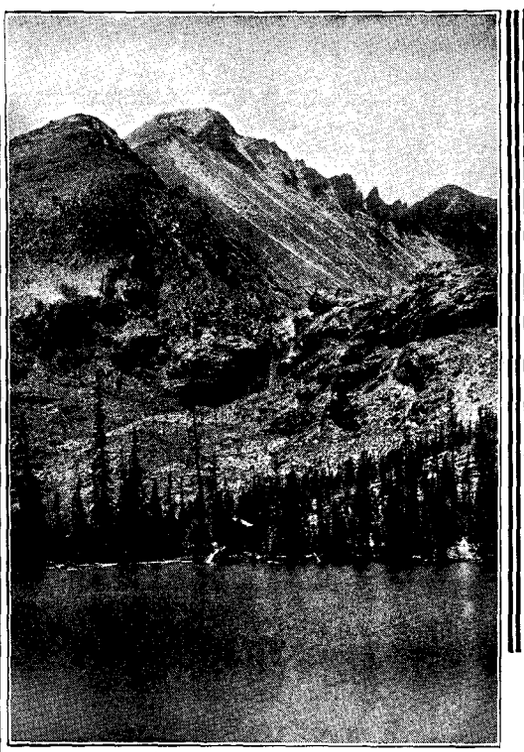
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from under his pillow the keys to Visby. Without pause or compunction that villain unlocked the gates to the city and let in the avalanche of merciless invaders. The wealth of medieval Europe's richest town — even including the golden troughs from which the swine were fed — were piled upon the Danish ships. Even the garments of the great merchants were not spared, and many of the powerful families watched, clad only in rags, the plunderers depart. But when the enraged burghers discovered the traitress, a deep hole was hurriedly dug in the bottom of the Well Tower and into it she was hurled and dirt heaped upon her.

But upon another time the Danes were not so successful. A great army of them was almost completely wiped out by the Visbians. Only a few years ago, archæologists uncovered a vast grave in which the skeletons in armor of the Danish host had been hurriedly buried. Many of these suits of mail, together with some of the bones, now repose in the museum of Visby.

On our last morning we explored the secret passages of the ruins of the Abbey of St. Lars and St. Nicholas and the Powder Tower. In the latter we experienced a real thrill. It was with much difficulty that we swung open its ponderous door. Within there was a tomblike stillness. As we struck a light, a trapdoor loomed before us. We tugged at it until it came open. From the hole issued dank, musty air, so fetid that we stepped back a pace. Lowering a light, we could make out chains with rings attached to their ends, and scattered about were human bones. Within the tower had been built another about the time the bow and arrow gave way to powder for the storing of this agent so revolutionary in the domain of war.

Just before boarding the night boat to the mainland, we wandered through the dusky silence of St. Karin's Cathedral and beneath some of the grandest Gothic arches to be found anywhere. Then, returning to St. Lars and St. Nicholas, we climbed a stone staircase within a wall; from which we emerged to find ourselves in the midst of a garden of wild roses and marigolds. On that part of the roof which time had not torn down, seeds driven by the wind and carried by the birds had taken root in the particles of limestone and adorned this corner of an age-old ruin with exquisite loveliness. All about us lay the dreaming, medieval town. Fragments of ancient melodies were wafted up to us on the soft evening breeze, and the radiance of sunset lay over sea and city.



Bear Lake in Rocky Mountain National Park, Colorado

UNION PACIFIC SYSTEM — THE OVERLAND ROUTE

Colorado for the Ideal 1931 Vacation

Spend a week or a whole summer in America's nearest mountain playground. Only one night from Chicago or St. Louis. Excellent accommodations at reasonable prices.

To Get the Best and See the Most, Go Union Pacific

Unexcelled vacation service to the West. All the best attractions to choose from; 15 National Parks and more of the scenic West than any other railroad serves—

Zion-Bryce-Grand Canyon
Yellowstone-Grand Teton
Rocky Mountain National Parks
Colorado
California and Hawaii
Pacific Northwest and Alaska
Western Dude Ranches

Take advantage of low summer fares with liberal stopover privileges. At little more than half the usual rail fares via Union Pacific you can visit any of the above regions.

Let us also tell you about our all-expense escorted tours. You save time, money, trouble, know the cost before you start.

Write today for free illustrated booklets about any of our vacation wonderlands.

J. P. Cummins, General Passenger Agent, Room 60
Union Pacific System, Omaha, Nebr.

Please send me complete information and booklets about_____

_____

Name_____ Street_____

City_____ State_____

THE OVERLAND ROUTE

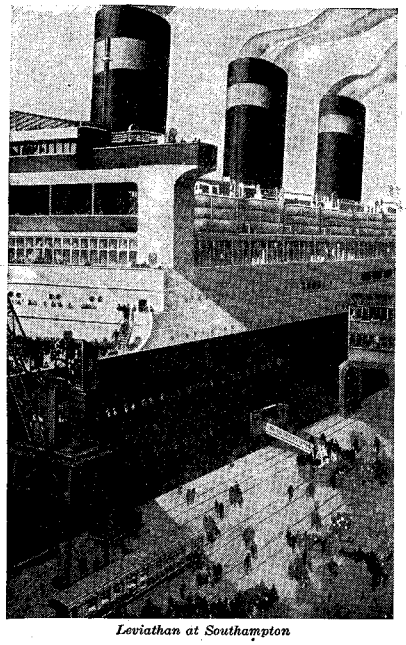
UNION PACIFIC

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Leviathan

. . . to France and England

MAY 9 • MAY 27 • JUNE 17
JULY 4 • AUGUST 1



Leviathan at Southampton

Smart folk off to the golf championships, the races and the thrills of Europe . . . bankers, diplomats, debutantes, and stars of sport and screen . . . sail with them on the Leviathan, world's largest ship.

In salons, lounges, smoking rooms, game rooms, staterooms, everywhere, there is the American flair for spaciousness, modern appointments and faultless service . . . *Comfort* at 5-day speed . . . Brilliant Club Leviathan, Ben Bernie dance orchestra, suppers and entertainment, without cover charge or check . . . Pompeian swimming pool . . . Ship to Shore telephone . . . a renowned cuisine under the direction of a famous chef.

FIVE FAMOUS CABIN LINERS
Weekly sailings at low fares
to Plymouth, Cherbourg, Hamburg

GEORGE WASHINGTON · AMERICA
REPUBLIC · PRESIDENT HARDING
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

● Tourist Third Cabin accommodations as low as $105 one way, $185 round trip. Leviathan famous "Grade A" Tourist $122.50 one way, $216 round trip.

UNITED STATES LINES

Paul W. Chapman, President

For complete information see your local agent or our offices: New York, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, St. Louis, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Seattle, Pittsburgh, Washington, Little Rock, New Orleans. SPECIFY AMERICAN SHIPS FOR YOUR FOREIGN TRADE

Travel News

SEEING THE NORTHLANDS

For those who like to plan in advance, it might be remembered that the Hamburg-American Line is offering one of the more interesting of the many summer cruises which will clamor for attention. The *Reliance* will leave New York on June twenty-seventh and eight days later will reach Iceland, where a stopover will be made at Reykjavik, the capital. Then the boat heads northward again — to Norway and Sweden; and eventually, after the usual pauses at interesting ports, sails on to Leningrad, where three days are spent and from which one may take a side excursion to Moscow. Finland and Estonia are next on the list and after that the more conventional names begin to appear on the itinerary — Copenhagen, Hamburg, and Boulogne. The tour lasts for thirty-six days, plus the time taken to return to New York; the distance covered is 9,127 miles; and the rates start from eight hundred dollars.

ANOTHER GREYHOUND

The new 42,500-ton liner, *Empress of Britain*, will sail from Southampton on May twenty-seventh on her maiden voyage to Quebec, making the westbound crossing in less than five days, and will do a right-about-face and head back toward Europe on June sixth. This Canadian Pacific liner, the pride of Canadian hearts, is very large, but her carrying capacity for passengers will be only 1,153, which is a comparatively small number in these days. Thus, claim its owners, the ship will provide ample room and there will be no crowding. The public salons on the *Empress of Britain* have been designed by well-known English artists, including Frank Brangwyn, Sir John Lavery, Edmund Dulac, Sir Charles Allom, and W. Heath Robinson.

OUR HOMEMADE GLACIERS

It is not, as our western railroads will be the first to tell you, necessary to go to Switzerland or Alaska to enjoy the unique sport of climbing a glacier. For instance, there is Colorado, where they are very proud of Arapaho Glacier, accessible by a four-day trip from Denver. Here you may have midsummer coolness — and a solid river of ice, half a mile wide, with an annual "flow" of twenty-seven feet a year. Arapaho lies west of Boulder, at the crest of the range. It is a typically "live" glacier, seamed with giant crevasses and feeding three lakes. Other noted ice fields may be seen in the same vicinity, such as St. Vrain, Isabelle, and Fair. The country is part of Colorado National Forest — a playground of over thirteen million acres, in which are 760 peaks, six thousand miles

SEE BONNIE SCOTLAND

AND TRAVEL BY

A WORLD FAMOUS TRAIN

◆

Take the FLYING SCOTSMAN . . . superb train of modern luxury . . . at 10.0 a. m. any week-day from King's Cross Station (London) and in just 8¼ hours you will be in Edinburgh. Glorious Edinburgh . . . Athens of the North they call it . . . well named too . . . the rugged beauty of the castle high upon the rock is not excelled by the Acropolis. When you have seen and left the beauty of Edinburgh, go north to mighty Stirling . . . then further to Balmoral, highland home of the King and Queen. Scotland makes poets . . . you will know why when you have seen the glorious Trossachs and the Western Highlands . . . Scotland makes golfers, too . . . you will understand this also when you have played at St. Andrews. Call or write for new descriptive booklet 7.

◆

COMMUNICATE WITH KETCHAM
General Agent
11 W. 42nd Street, New York

◆

LONDON AND NORTH EASTERN RAILWAY

OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Travel News

of trout streams, and five hundred trout-stocked lakes. The glacier area of the Forest lies fifty miles northwest of Denver, but, though this is a comparatively short distance in Colorado, four days are really essential for a thorough trip.

A TRIP IN A ZEP

DURING the coming summer an air voyage in the German dirigible, *Graf Zeppelin*, will be within the reach of practically the entire traveling public. There will be short trips at a rate as low as thirty-six dollars per passenger, and there will be flights from Friedrichshafen, the "Graf's" home port, extending over distances up to two thousand miles, to Egypt, Spain, the French Riviera, the Scandinavian countries, and other points. The thirty-six dollar excursion will last for four hours and will cover either Lake Lucerne, the Black Forest, or the Tyrol, provided that from thirty to thirty-five persons participate. The flight to Egypt is scheduled for early April, and the three-day excursion to Spain (with a stop-over at Seville) for May twenty-ninth. The dirigible will be available for charter by groups of tourists, societies, and clubs whenever a minimum of fifteen passengers is booked.

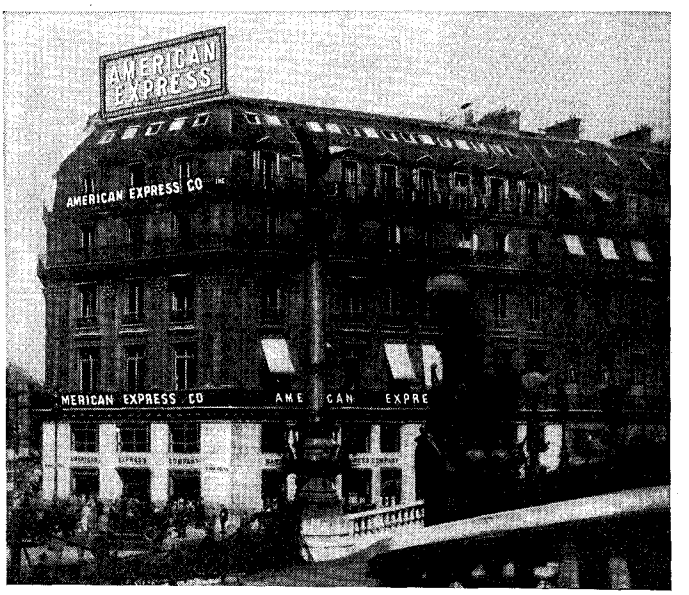
MALVERN FESTIVAL

ONE HUNDRED and twenty-eight miles from London, the little town of Malvern, nestling among the Worcestershire hills hard against the Welsh border, annually does its bit to keep alive the spark of English drama. Under the direction of Sir Barry Jackson, the Malvern Festival has become a national institution, along with the Stratford Festival. This year the dates are from August third to August twenty-second inclusive. The program will feature English plays dating from 1513 to 1931 and is dedicated to George Bernard Shaw, whose *The Apple Cart* had its world première at Malvern. Aside from the presentation of the plays, well-known authorities will give a series of lectures. The near-by cities of Gloucester and Worcester have first-class hotels.

WAGNER, MOZART

THIS SUMMER Central Europe will ring with great music heard by large audiences. At Bayreuth, from July twenty-first to August nineteenth, Wagner's Ring cycle will be presented. The same operas will also draw crowds to Munich beginning on July eighteenth; Mozart will be played at the same place and time. The Mozart Jubilee Anniversary is scheduled at Salzburg starting July twenty-fifth. It will continue until August thirtieth, and the Milan opera will be a feature.

THE BEST KNOWN ADDRESS IN THE TRAVEL WORLD



11 RUE SCRIBE

For thirty-nine years travelers from all over the world have been streaming into the American Express office in Paris for its valuable travel service.

Taxi drivers, guides, hotel clerks, and porters in Paris understand you when you say, "American Express Office." They know instantly, 11 Rue Scribe.

A picturesque old building, modernized to fit American taste . . . six stories . . . elevators . . .

And men. It is the men who have made 11 Rue Scribe the best known address in the travel world. For these men service to travelers is their life work . . .

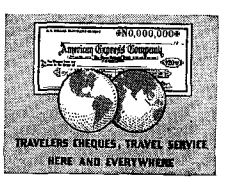
They have been put in Paris to give aid to Americans who, in the States, bought American Express Travelers Cheques, or some form of American Express travel service.

These men have been chosen for their specialized knowledge . . . a versatile corps equipped with experience to meet the demands of an infinite variety of travelers.

The best trains? Aeroplane services? How much to hire a car? How to get funds from home? Every travel or shopping question answered courteously and correctly.

Americans flood into this little bit of transplanted America because they feel at home there. They know they are welcome and are expected to ask questions, cash Travelers Cheques, receive their mail and cables, arrange for their travel accommodations, and meet their friends there.

The best known travel address? To be sure. And yet it is only one of the chain of travel Meccas maintained for travelers by the American Express Company in Europe and other lands.



AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY
WORLD SERVICE FOR TRAVELERS

American Express Company
65 Broadway, New York
70 E. Randolph St., Chicago
599 Market St. at 2nd, San Francisco
603-608 Standard Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

41

Please send me information on a trip to_____
leaving about_____ lasting_____weeks.
Name_____ Address_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TAKE YOUR VACATION IN *EUROPE*
. . . . . IT NEED COST NO MORE

To EUROPE IN GREAT CABIN SHIPS

$115 up

Now reserves best accommodations

Your pick of ships and sailing dates. A deposit of only $15 up, according to your choice, reserves your room. Total cost as little as $147.50 and no more than $258.00 with attractive round trip discount during certain seasons.

One or more sailings weekly

The White Star Liners *Britannic*, world's largest Cabin ship, the *Adriatic*, *Baltic* and *Cedric* maintain a schedule of weekly sailings to Ireland and England.

The Red Star Liner *Lapland*, recently refurnished and now more beautiful than ever, sails to England, France and Belgium.

You will be amazed at the luxury these great steamers provide at the low Cabin rates.

New M. V. BRITANNIC
World's Largest Cabin Liner

S. S. LAPLAND
S. S. ADRIATIC
S. S. BALTIC
S. S. CEDRIC

WHITE STAR LINE
RED STAR LINE
International Mercantile Marine Company

30 Principal Offices in the United States and Canada. Main Office, No. 1 Broadway, New York City. Authorized agents everywhere.

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

Prizes for Letters

A prize of twenty dollars will be awarded each month to the author of the most valuable letter of comment contributed to Our Rostrum. Comments, of course, may be favorable or unfavorable, general or pertaining to one particular article: all will receive equal consideration. The letters need not come from regular subscribers to be eligible. The decision of the Editor must be accepted as final in the matter of awards. This is not an attempt to obtain back-slapping testimonials for The Forum, but to enlist the critical assistance of our readers in editing the magazine.

General Butler's Proposal

In the March Forum Smedley D. Butler contributed an article, "Making War on the Gangs," in which he advocated "a single, state-controlled police force in every one of our forty-eight states, organized and trained somewhat along military lines." The opinions of several governors and mayors concerning the merit of his plan follow.

Law-Abiding Chicago

To the Editor:

Every investigation that I have made of state police forces has indicated that they are failures and do not compare favorably with municipal forces. The way to wipe out crime is to get rid of prohibition, which has brought to this nation the criminals of the world because of the profits in bootlegging. Chicago to-day enjoys the position of ranking sixty-eighth in crime of the cities of the nation of upwards of 100,000 population, based on the Federal Government report, with New York and Pittsburgh refusing to give to the Federal Government their figures on crime, which indicates that Chicago is seventieth, with only thirteen other cities of the nation with less crime. The Chicago Association of Commerce crime table shows that Chicago is the only city in the nation with a continual reduction in crime from 1915 until now. I have been Mayor during this time, with the exception of the years 1923–1927. The worst crime that we have in Chicago is the falsifying *Chicago Tribune* which heralds to the world that Chicago is first in crime because they do not and cannot control the Mayor of Chicago.

WILLIAM HALE THOMPSON, *Mayor*
Chicago, Ill.

New York's Experience

To the Editor:

There is much in General Butler's article with which I agree. But to place all police of townships and cities in the state under one head would give such power to the commander of the force that he would virtually become a dictator, for there would be only one above him and that man would be the governor. Should they both agree in certain matters, they would have power to place the state in a position such as might obtain under martial law. The commander's position would be almost the same as Mussolini's in Italy — which may be good in that country but would, I think, not be tolerated in our representative form of government, for it would practically do away with the home rule of cities.

I do not agree with General Butler's idea of a special school for detectives. Detectives, like artists, are born and not made. . . . To take police out of politics can easily be done by taking them out of civil service; and I offer as proof of this the Department of State Police in New York State. Let a good Chief in each city make his own appointments, hiring and discharging his men for their fitness and ability. This is my solution of the problem.

GEORGE F. CHANDLER, M.D.
Kingston, N. Y.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: — *Colonel Chandler is the organizer of New York State's police system and is, according to Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, "the recognized national authority."*]

Virginia Has Crime Controlled

To the Editor:

Fortunately for Virginia the conditions outlined in General Butler's very able article do not exist in this State, and therefore there is no need for applying here the remedy suggested.

JOHN GARLAND POLLARD, *Governor*
Richmond, Va.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our Rostrum

Denver—"Yes and No"

To the Editor:

General Butler's article contains some good suggestions and many others that are quite impractical. He seems to have a rather poor opinion of men in public office; but it has been my experience that men in public office are not far from an average of the communities in which they live. The article is well worth reading and consideration.

B. F. Stapleton, *Mayor*
Denver, Col.

Jacksonville in Opposition

To the Editor:

I quite agree with General Butler that "the only solution" for making war on the gangs "is for the people to get genuinely aroused until the chosen representatives do their duty." Until the people *are* aroused, however, there will be just as much politics in a state police force as in the police departments of various municipalities — and as little efficiency. With the advent of radio, airplane, high-powered automobiles, motor cycles, and motor boats state police departments should be enlarged and there should be greater coöperation with all police departments, sheriffs, and federal officers throughout the nation. But I am unalterably opposed to the abolishment of police departments in cities. Let us not resort to militarism, which threatened the peace of the whole earth prior to the World War.

John T. Alsop, Jr., *Mayor*
Jacksonville, Fla.

Not for Dallas!

To the Editor:

I am not in sympathy with anything advocated by General Smedley D. Butler.

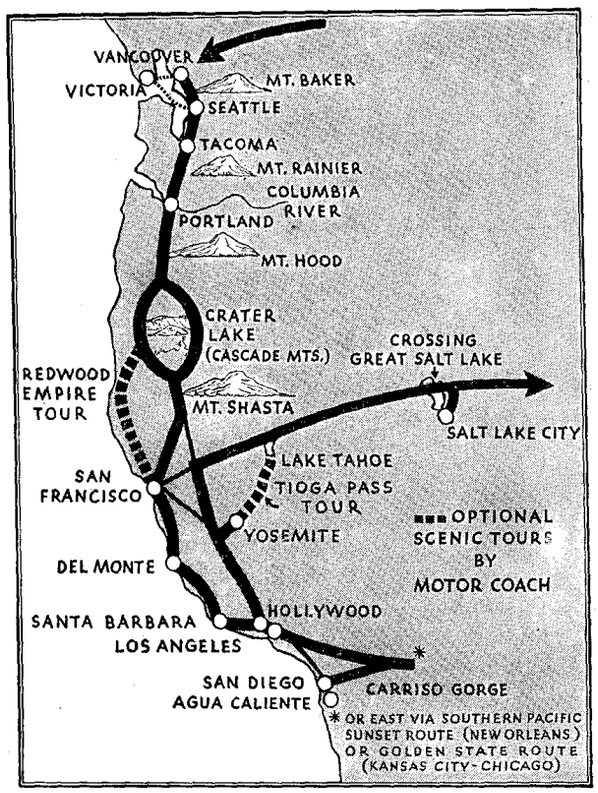
J. Waddy Tate, *Mayor*
Dallas, Tex.

Los Angeles Comments

To the Editor:

As an idealistic picture of the goal we are striving for, General Butler's article is well expressed and worthy of careful consideration, but as a practical working procedure to be immediately adopted it is unwise until such a time as human nature undergoes a radical change for the better. The integrity of public officials has a deeper significance to-day than ever before, but just why or when we should expect state politics to be cleaner and more free from intrigue is not made clear; and this, to my mind, is the crux of the entire argument. Politics will play just as important a part in the affairs of the

How best to see the *whole* Pacific Coast *on one roundtrip ticket!*



When you go to the Pacific Coast this year don't miss one single place you want to see. No matter where you buy your ticket insist that it include every famous place you want to see *after you reach California.*

Illustrated above is one Southern Pacific roundtrip. You come West by any northern United States or Canadian line, then by Shasta Route down through the Pacific Northwest to San Francisco and Los Angeles. Returning via the Overland Route you can include, among other famous places, Yosemite and Lake Tahoe.

You can reverse the order. Or come West via the Sunset Route through New Orleans or Golden State Route, Chicago, Kansas City and Los Angeles. Send the coupon. *Low summer fares West are in effect May 15.*

Southern Pacific

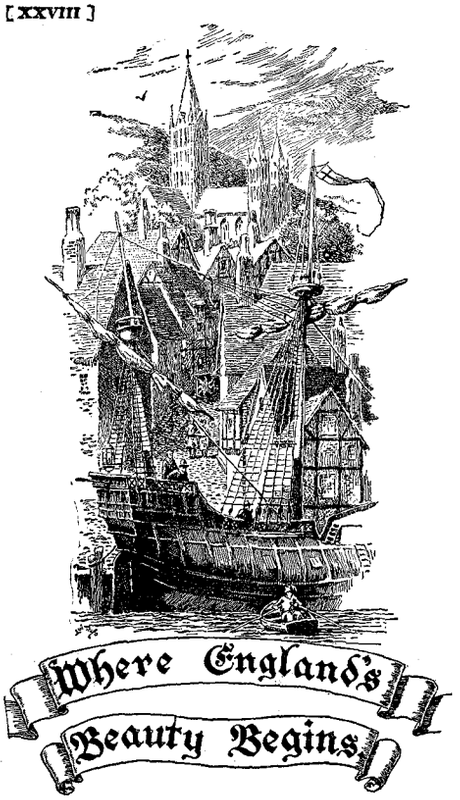
4 GREAT ROUTES FOR TRANSCONTINENTAL TRAVEL

O. P. Bartlett, 310 South Michigan Blvd., Chicago, or H. H. Gray, 531 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

My Pacific Coast destination will be _____ Please send me an itinerary that will include the places I have checked: [ ] *Great Salt Lake* [ ] *Lake Tahoe* [ ] *Yosemite* [ ] *Tioga Pass Tour* [ ] *The Big Trees* [ ] *Crater Lake* [ ] *Pacific Northwest* [ ] *San Francisco* [ ] *Los Angeles* [ ] *San Diego* [ ] *Santa Barbara* [ ] *Del Monte* [ ] *El Paso* [ ] *San Antonio* [ ] *Houston* [ ] *New Orleans*

Name _____ Address _____ 2005

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



It was the Devon tides that first brought news of England's rising sea power. Even though Fowey is pronounced "Foy", she is proud of having sent forty-seven ships to the siege of Calais against London's twenty-five. A tumble of ridges and ravines takes you to Falmouth where the Greeks came for hides and the French for revenge.

You can gather wild rose sprays in June on sunny Devon hedgerows. The green barley grows deep along the fields. The grasses begin to be tinged with the soft hues of their bloom and ox-eye daisies flourish in white companies. There are dapplings of the elder's creamy blossom on some of the hedges and the broom flowers follow the gorses in a blaze of gold.

In palm-bowered Cornwall a day's rain is a news event. You feel as Sir Francis Drake must have felt three hundred years before when you admire the grizzled sea dogs who man the fleets of Britain. The West Countrie of England is as characteristic as Chaucer. An old mansion in which Effingham and Hawkins may have caroused, watches you warily as you drive your ball into a ring of evergreens.

Suggestions, plans, and reservations will be gladly made if you write to

G. E. ORTON, *General Agent*, 500 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Great Western and Southern Railways of England.

Our Rostrum

commonwealth as it does in the smaller subdivisions; and with the responsibility being further removed from the people, difficulties connected with correcting irregularities of our police departments would increase rather than diminish. . . .

My observation is that the people's government should be brought close to the voter rather than farther away, and that the mayors of our great cities should be given more freedom of action with adequate authority to function effectively — and then held strictly accountable for the proper conduct of their police departments.

JOHN C. PORTER, *Mayor*
Los Angeles, Calif.

Vigilance Committees

To the Editor:

I read with much interest Smedley D. Butler's article, "Making War on the Gangs," in the March issue of THE FORUM. I have a great deal of respect for Mr. Butler as a man and I believe that his proposed plan for a state controlled police force would do much to reduce crime if it could be carried out, but I disagree with him on one point. I do not believe that any police system, no matter how efficiently it may be organized and regardless of how honest its members may be, can accomplish much in the way of eliminating organized crime without the coöperation of the courts.

The police might be efficient and incorruptible, but after they had captured a criminal their duties would end. They could not try him, sentence him, nor see that the sentence was enforced. They could not prevent a corrupt judge from turning him loose; they could not prevent bribed or intimidated witnesses from giving false testimony; they could not put intelligence into the heads of jurymen who were chosen because of their stupidity; and they could not prevent unscrupulous criminal lawyers from making use of every available loophole and technicality in our complicated and silly law system to make a joke of our law courts.

Butler speaks of the possibility of vigilance committees taking the law into their own hands as being a danger. I believe that, rather than a danger, it is the only practical solution to the present crime problem. It is all very well to advance theories on what should be done to curb the present orgy of crime and corruption, but it is too much to expect that our corrupt city officials will effect such reforms voluntarily. It is equally improbable that the ballot will be a very effective weapon in the hands of the intelligent and public spirited American citizen in ousting these corrupt officials. In our larger cities, his vote will be more than offset by the votes of the ignorant, almost illiterate swarm of European riff-

DOWN

to the sea

WHERE the wind blows free. Breathe deep the clean fresh air. Relax in the friendly hospitality and comfort of Chalfonte-Haddon Hall. The children can amuse themselves in Sandy Cove . . . their very own playroom. You can snooze in the sun, or indulge in your favorite amusements, content in the knowledge of their contentment, for Chalfonte-Haddon Hall is as delightful to children as it is to grown-ups. Send the whole family down to the sea for a healthy and zestful vacation. Write for further information.

American and European Plans

CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL

ATLANTIC CITY

Leeds and Lippincott Company

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our Rostrum

raff who can read barely enough to be made voters, and who vote for a candidate of their own race or religion, regardless of what his character or policies may be.

I believe in law and order — at least in theory — but I also believe that direct, effective, even illegal action on the part of respectable, upright citizens is preferable to law in the hands of crooked public officials. Radical? Fantastic? Illegal? Well, possibly, but so was the Revolutionary War.

WILBUR J. DOWD

New York, N. Y.

Labor Opposes State Police

To the Editor:

In his article in the March FORUM, "Making War on the Gangs", General Butler has outlined an excellent method for the suppression of crime, but in specifying the sources of opposition to such a measure, he has overlooked the most important and powerful one, organized labor. Out of bitter experience, in that state police have invariably been used against them in their efforts to secure higher wages and better working conditions, labor has developed an intense opposition to any police system that is not under local control.

A few years ago, I sponsored a state police system for my state, for the express purpose of checking the then rising tide of criminality, but the only result was to bring upon my head the anathemas, not only of organized labor, but of the entire "progressive" element in the political system of this most "progressive" state. Needless to say, in Wisconsin, the idea of a state police "died a'borning." The member who introduced the bill in the legislature never got a chance to come back. If there is some way of convincing labor that the state police will be used to protect them and to insure fair play in their struggles, we might get somewhere with the proposition, but at present I see no hope for it.

I doubt, however, if it would be possible to keep even a state police force from the taint of political influence. When American voters will rise to a sense of their responsibility and clean up politics, we shall get rid of crime and political corruption, and not till then.

WILLIAM C. DEAN

Madison, Wis.

The Patient's Dilemma

To the Editor:

"The Patient's Dilemma," in your February issue, has been called to my attention: this is written to commend your enterprise in publishing the article. The regular medical profession, unable to meet the competition of other healing systems, has recourse to intimidation, bribery, and persecution, measurably to

"GO EMPRESS"

to the ORIENT . . .

for the thrill of speed

● Tokio's Imperial Palace, Peiping's Temple of Heaven, Hong Kong's Repulse Bay...the whole fascinating Orient is days nearer via the great White Empresses.

Sail on the mammoth new Empress of Japan, 26,000 gross tons, 39,000 displacement tons, 23-knots speed. Enjoy her 1931 travel luxury. Or choose her sister-ship in luxury, Empress of Canada. These are the largest, fastest liners on the Pacific, offering cuisine that trans-Pacific travelers talk about . . . service they meet in the Orient's best homes.

via HONOLULU . . . *or Direct Express*

● Two Empress routes! Both from Vancouver, where trains go to ship's side, and Victoria. On the Hawaii route, Empress of Canada and Empress of Japan, connecting at Honolulu with San Francisco and Los Angeles sailings. On the Speedway Express Route, direct to Yokohama in 10 days, Empress of Asia and Empress of Russia, famous "commuter" liners.

Also, "Empress" Cabin . . . offering cuisine and service truly Empress in manner, yet at much lower rates. Also "Tourist" and "Third."

Independent travel-touring round the world . . . Orient conducted tours with Canadian Pacific's veteran travel "know-how."

Low-cost Summer Fares! First Class, Cabin Class! Round trip...from $450

Information, booklets with itineraries and rates, also reservations from your own agent or Canadian Pacific: New York, Chicago, Montreal and 32 other cities in U. S. and Canada.

HONOLULU
YOKOHAMA
KOBE
NAGASAKI
SHANGHAI
HONG KONG
MANILA

TO THE ORIENT

Canadian Pacific

WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOUTH AFRICA

View of the Victoria Falls

—where sunshine, health, and travel thrills abound!

The land of Kimberley and the Rand, that pours forth the greatest harvest of diamonds and gold, is also blest with rich floods of golden sunshine and a glorious, stimulating climate!

South Africa, a vast Temple of Nature, is adorned with many marvelous masterpieces — Victoria Falls, the Drakensberg Mountains, the weird Cango Caves, the Valley of a Thousand Hills, and a succession of awe-inspiring scenic beauties. Here also are luscious fruits and gorgeous flowers in amazing profusion!

See African game animals in fascinating variety at close range in Kruger National Park, the world's greatest natural "zoo"!

Near Durban — "Pearl of the East African Coast" — you will meet the black man in all his native glory — quaint kraals, age-old tribal customs, primitive musical instruments, wild war dances!

Good golf, tennis, and fishing — delightful seaside sports — ample travel comfort, with modern trains and motor roads, and good hotels.

The Premier Diamond Mine at Pretoria

Waterbuck in the Kruger National Park

For full information address

Thos. Cook & Son
587 Fifth Ave.
New York, N.Y.

or

American Express Company
65 Broadway
New York, N.Y.

or any office of Thos. Cook & Son or the American Express Company

2-1845

Our Rostrum

preserve the monopoly to which they claim they are entitled on the ground of public necessity. If enough of their victims could be heard to make medical inefficiency the proverb it deserves to be, ousting medicine from the government would be easy. But as long as American Medical Association influence controls the press, a large element of the public will remain in ignorance.

L. C. W. LITTLE

Chicago, Ill.

The Doctor's Reply

To the Editor:

I have just read, in the February issue of THE FORUM, "The Patient's Dilemma," by Alice Elinor. I presume she is the same Alice as Alice in Wonderland; a vivid imagination creates whatever it will. As literature this is a very readable sob story. As a contribution to our scientific sociological problems it's a wash-out. It is not only inane, but capable of much harm by giving the public the idea that her experience is a cross section of modern medicine and surgery. Cults, quacks, and peddlers of nostrums will get great comfort out of such an article. Possibly that is what was intended, but surely not. To make this story complete the final diagnosis should have been made by a clairvoyant. If this story had been put on the "funny page," it would have "gone over" well. Many very reputable physicians and well known members of excellent clinics had not found the "female trouble" which went on and on unobserved for years. That really elicits an indulgent smile. The diagnosis of "female trouble" incident to childbirth is usually just about as difficult to make as recognizing a large wart on one's nose. Doctors make mistakes, of course; so do preachers, judges, bankers, and even publishers.

Now, Alice will go on like this for many years. Get another story from her five years from now; only names and places will change. If this story had been published in *True Story* or *True Confessions*, nothing would be thought of it. Published in THE FORUM, with the title on the cover, is another matter. A story like this is hardly worthy of space in THE FORUM. The only comfort to be obtained from Alice Elinor's story is that she is a writer of fiction and not a nurse.

GEORGE I. HURLEY, M.D.

Eugene, Ore.

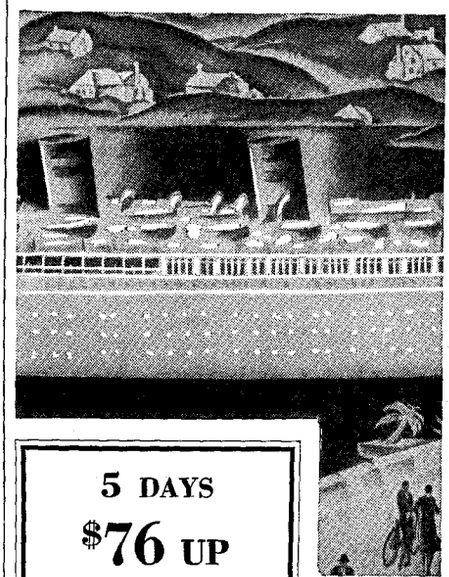
"Spend for Prosperity"

To the Editor:

Two or three weeks ago the *Detroit Saturday Night* — one of the best papers published anywhere — made the statement that 45,000 families were being fed, clothed, and warmed in Detroit at the expense of the city. This sort of thing has been going on *for months* all over the land.

ALL-EXPENSE SPRING TOURS

BERMUDA



5 DAYS
$76 UP
8 DAYS $105 UP

Including first-class accommodations and meals on ship and at a good hotel ashore.

Correspondingly low Spring Rates for 9-12 and 15 day Tours.

TAKE a short vacation *now* . . . and replenish flagging energy on a thrilling Bermuda sea-trip holiday!

Think of four full days at sea on a great ocean liner . . . with delicious meals . . . full Transatlantic luxury . . . and "Furness" service always at your elbow!

Then think of yourself in Bermuda . . . soaking up sun on a beach made of pink coral dust . . . swimming and golfing . . . or bicycling on smooth white roads that never saw an automobile. Looking younger, feeling better, breathing deeper.

Look at those low prices! And that means *first-class staterooms*—no "bargain-rooms" in the bow or stern or under the water-line — nothing but luxurious travel on the finest ships in the Bermuda service.

Come along — give yourself a good time! Just pack your bag and get a ticket from any tourist agent. No passport required.

SAILINGS EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY

IMPORTANT TO NOTE: M. S. "Bermuda," S. S. "Veendam," and S. S. "Fort St. George" sail from Manhattan Pier 95 (West 55th St.) and go direct to dock at Hamilton (Bermuda) thus avoiding inconvenience of five-mile transfer from anchorage.

FURNESS
Bermuda Line

34 Whitehall St. (*where Broadway begins*)
565 Fifth Ave., New York *or any Authorized Agent*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our Rostrum

It has been costing our own little city over $1,000 a day for a long time to care for the needy. And yet, these same people are being told by the medicine men of the magazines to "get out and spend" in order to set the business ball rolling. What are they going to use for money? Somebody tell them — *please*. May I call on Messrs. Foster, Catchings, and Franklin for this much needed information?

HENRY CLAY GLOVER, M.D.
Jackson, Mich.

The Fun of Poverty

To the Editor:

I read with interest the article by Sarah Adams in your February issue. What I and my husband can not understand about their plan is why they have not saved enough out of $25,000 a year to make a comfortable living possible for the years ahead, or even if they have not saved any, why they don't live on $5000 for five years on the present salary and save $100,000 before he changes his job. If they are in the early thirties they are young enough to do this, and five years preparation ought not to be too long for the work that is a man's real life interest.

I feel that their present plan is an impractical one, very much harder to put through than they realize. Apparently Mrs. Adams' article was written in the first flush of days when to the woman who has never had to do it, "manipulating food so that it remains palatable to a finicky family and yet is inexpensive," is fun. After a few years she will wonder where the fun has gone!

CAROLYN HALL GRANT
Scarsdale, N. Y.

England's Opinion of Us

To the Editor:

If Mr. Layman, in his article in the February FORUM, is indeed giving voice to the opinion of the average thoughtful Englishman, there exists, certainly, a grave misunderstanding. Can we, whom I venture to call "the silent majority," allow him to believe the blatant, impervious, meddlesome creature he is chastising is the real spirit and epitome of America? He seems to be speaking either from hearsay or from a very limited and unfortunate experience with our American people. And he chides, not as his disarming, though illuminating, introduction leads us to hope, as a wiser brother, but far more like a querulous and disgruntled grandfather.

HELENA STACY FRENCH
Lowell, Mass.

A National Blot

To the Editor:

In the February number of THE FORUM, Geoffrey Layman gives the Englishman's opinion of us, saying that we should be outraged if the English were to address a public protest to our President on the subject of the treatment of the Negroes in the Southern States, particularly with reference to lynching. From an average American's viewpoint it would seem that it might do us a lot of good if such action were to be taken by the British or any other people. It would tend to rouse us from our apathy and help us to realize how ridiculous we are in having passed two amendments to the Constitution which guarantee the rights of the Negro Americans, and in having permitted and encouraged the nullification of these amendments while we put all possible energy and huge sums of money into a vain attempt to prevent the nullification of a more recent and less vital amendment.

JOHN E. FALK
Pasedena, Calif.

They Spank in Scotland

To the Editor:

I was greatly interested in Mr. Myers' article on spanking [February FORUM] and its value in the upbringing of our children. I quite agree with him and am sorry to see that form of punishment is not too popular now. If the so-called bright young people of to-day had been spanked years ago by their parents, they might have been better thinking people to-day. To Mr. and Mrs. Myers I extend my heartiest congratulations for the way in which they have brought their children up.

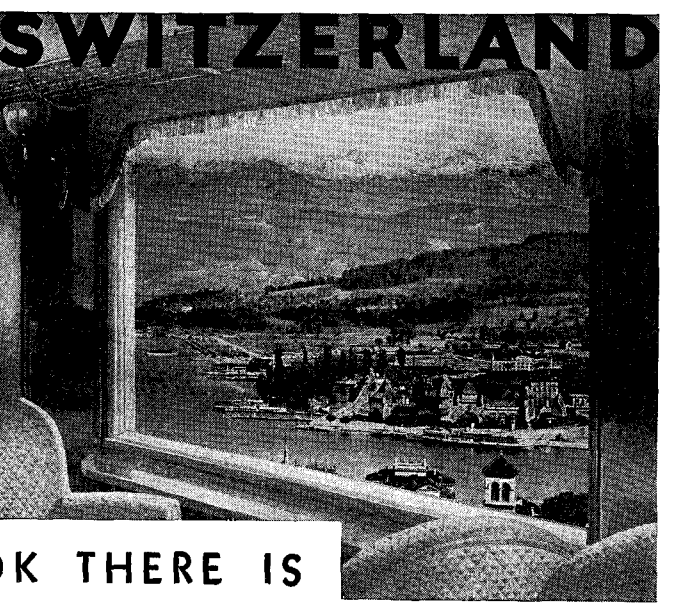
JOHN L. WATSON
Dundee, Scotland

"What I Believe"

To the Editor:

In your answer to Bishop Anderson's complaint that your series of articles on "What I Believe" has hardly given the Christian view point a fair chance, you repeat in a milder and more courteous form a statement you made to a clergyman of less exalted rank a few months before to this effect: because only one or two contributors to the series expressed a belief in orthodox Christianity, your correspondent ought to be able to see how lacking in intelligence he was.

You are conducting ably a valuable magazine. It is doing rather more than its share in setting Americans capable of leadership to thinking. But like nearly all other editors you make an occasional mistake. Your "What I Believe" series, as you interpret it, is one.



WHEREVER YOU LOOK THERE IS
BEAUTY · JOY · HAPPINESS

If you are looking for peace, joy and contentment, not to mention opportunities for rejuvenation and intellectual improvement, cease further search, for Switzerland is waiting to graciously offer you these comforts.

TRAVEL in COMFORT and SAFETY

Travel wisely and economically. Our 8 day 2nd Class season ticket costs only $18.50.

We shall be glad to send you illustrated literature on the following most delightful routes and places:

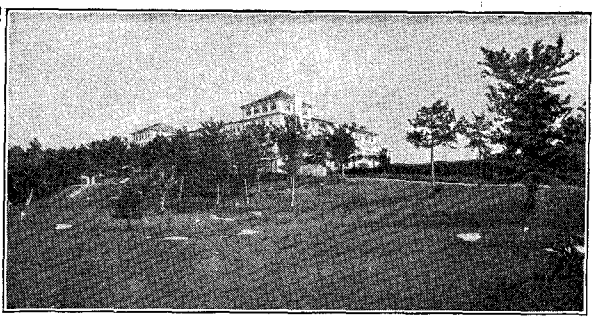
St. Gothard, Lucerne and its Lake District, Grisons, St. Moritz, Simplon, Loetschberg, Bernese Oberland, Jungfraujoch, Lausanne-Ouchy, Geneva.

Write or clip this ad for packet F & C

SWISS FEDERAL RAILROADS
475 Fifth Avenue, New York

First Swiss Exhibition of Hygiene and Sport (Hyspa) at Berne
July 24 – September 20

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



TRULY BERMUDIAN

BELMONT MANOR & GOLF CLUB

● Here one finds a rare combination of comfort, quaint charm and out-of-doors activity, carefully blended to insure the maximum in vacation value.

Glorious days under a warm sun have their complement in evening hours under a friendly roof, with congenial companions for dancing, bridge, or simple, unstudied loafing.

Unexcelled service and cuisine, bathing in Pool or sea, sailing, tennis — *Special Golf Privileges on Belmont's Two 18-Hole Courses* — everything the heart desires in beautiful surroundings.

For literature, rates, etc., address
A. P. THOMPSON, Manager, BERMUDA
Or, New York Office:
BERMUDA HOTELS ASSOCIATED Inc.
250 W. 57th Street Columbus 5-0012

VISITS TO SOVIET RUSSIA

YOU can READ more news about Russia than any other country in the world . . . but you can't COMPREHEND what transpires there without going yourself.

Traveling individually or in groups inquiring Americans are welcome in Soviet Russia. The Open Road, now in its fifth season, renders them a specialist's service based on a specialist's knowledge and facilities.

STRANGER THAN FICTION

IMAGINE vast industries run by the workers, a great army without military caste, unification of all industry and enterprise under government control, farming industrialized and socialized, unlimited experimentation in education, art and human relations . . . a nation mobilized not for war but for social and economic construction.

For model itineraries and travel costs, apply to

The OPEN ROAD

Booklets available on Russian or European Travel

Room 2370-78
20-26 W. 43d St.
New York

BY MOTOR THRU EUROPE

ALL EXPENSES $365

Price includes round trip ocean passage, motor transportation abroad, hotels, meals, sightseeing and tips. Itineraries to every country in Europe. Write for free booklet, E143. THE TRAVEL GUILD, Inc.
180 N. Michigan, Chicago 521 5th Ave. New York

A TRIBUTE

to the excellence and appeal of

The Forum Magazine

is its inclusion in the very restricted libraries of the various transcontinental air lines. Wherever people travel for pleasure—*and business*—you will find THE FORUM.

EUROPE $7.50 A DAY

ALL EXPENSES
Price deflation hits travel. 15 All Expense tours. New Tourist Cabin ships. $7.50 a day covers everything, hotels, meals, sightseeing, tips. Most Sensational Travel Value ever offered. Send for booklet.
VACATION CLUB, Inc.
333 N. Michigan Ave. Chicago

Our Rostrum

Dean Inge, whose mind Walter Lippmann ranks among the highest of the day, puts his finger on your trouble. You have asked what you call "the most distinguished thinkers of our age" to set forth their personal beliefs. These folk are chiefly literary men, with now and then a scientist. You are dealing with philosophy and religion, to which few of your contributors have given their lives. The Dean says that it is always safe to follow far the specialist so long as he stays in his own field, but it is wise to go very warily with him when he departs from it.

In the same issue you published articles by Dean Inge and George Jean Nathan dealing with this subject of religious faith. And ever since you have been receiving letters praising the Dean's way of handling it and condemning Nathan's.

The reason is not that the Dean is a much deeper thinker, though I think he is, but that he is a philosopher, a mystic, and a theologian. He has put in his life considering and testing the problems of religion. Nathan is an engaging dramatic critic admittedly concerned with life merely as a means of ministering to his own pleasure. How he could know anything about religion worth publishing it is difficult, as your correspondent shows, for those who seek the Good Life to understand.

As to your implied method of judging religious truth by counting heads, that method is one our friend the Dean particularly distrusts. If we arrived at truth by holding elections, the Galileos, Newtons, and Einsteins would have to go out of business.

THE FORUM is a great magazine. Its batting average is amazingly high, but it places too exalted an emphasis upon the religious views of its Nathans and Menckens.

REV. FREDERICK W. JONES
Providence, R. I.

[EDITOR'S NOTE:— *The "What I Believe" series was not planned as a balanced discussion of all the aspects of either religion or philosophy. We merely picked out a number of men who, because of their intellectual activities in one direction or another, we believed would command the interest of our readers. We said to them, "Tell us what you believe" — without any stipulation as to what they should discuss, what point of view they should favor, or how large a part religion should play in their essays. Bearing in mind this hit-or-miss approach to the series, we feel it is not insignificant that so few of the writers supported the orthodox Christian beliefs.*]

What Is an Honest Man?

The following definitions have been awarded prizes:

1. An honest man is one who does not try to pass for other than he is, financially,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Where there is no VISION the people perish"

VISION is not sight alone. The birds of the air, the fish in the sea, and the beasts that walk the earth share with man vision external. But vision in its larger sense is inner light, and this is man's priceless heritage.

In every age and civilization there have emerged from the multitude leaders upon whose vision the fate of their fellow man has depended. The onward march of time has witnessed the rise and fall of nations. The people have harkened to the word of the prophet, both the false and the true; but only when the VISION IN LEADERSHIP has contained the ELEMENTS OF ETERNAL TRUTH have the people survived.

The Vision in Leadership dares not avoid fact, but, like faith, must contain the substance of things hoped for and unseen.

This is the place of FORBES in the life of our times. For, on its editorial pages, FORBES has reported and appraised the Vision in Business Leadership of our country. FORBES makes no claim of infallibility for its ideas and opinions; but the thoughts that find place on the printed page arise from and are tempered with COMMON SENSE AND SOCIAL JUSTICE.

The many letters we receive from our readers week by week indicate an increasing understanding that HUMAN RELATIONS AND THE PROFIT MOTIVE IN BUSINESS ARE DEFINITELY INTERRELATED. Our circulation records show the steady growth of our following. The Audit Bureau of Circulations recorded 54,310 circulation in 1927; 63,621 in 1928; 70,819 in 1929; 76,309 in 1930.

A compact, powerful group, the business leaders of to-day and to-morrow who read each issue of FORBES — they are the Decision Market of Business America. Their number grows steadily. One cannot limit leadership. Among them you are sure to find the Youngs, the Giffords, the Mitchells, the Taylors, the Teagles and the Sloans; and of like importance are the names of men you may not recognize, whose INFLUENCE AND POWER are also ENRICHING not merely the pockets but the LIVES of their associates.

Where there is no vision the people perish. America shall not perish. For, in Business America, there are enough men of purpose whose VISION CAN BE TRUSTED and whose JUDGMENT WILL BE FOLLOWED.

To follow and appraise the Vision in Leadership of Business America, read FORBES. Send for a "get-acquainted" copy to-day.

FORBES

BUSINESS, FINANCE, BUSINESS OF LIFE

Published twice a month. Sold at newsstands. 25c a copy. Annual subscription, 24 issues, $5.00. B. C. Forbes, Editor, 120 Fifth Avenue, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gaiety Rules the Waves
in the Luxury of Lloyd Cabin Quartet

BERLIN
STUTTGART
GENERAL VON
STEUBEN
DRESDEN
TO
ENGLAND · IRELAND
FRANCE · GERMANY

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

The Line of Lloyd Express
BREMEN · EUROPA · COLUMBUS

LLOYD OFFICES AND AGENTS EVERYWHERE

Our Rostrum

mentally, or morally. When he cannot afford to do a thing, he says he cannot afford to do it. When he doesn't know a thing, he says he doesn't know. He is not two-faced. When he says he is your friend, he means it. He never considers "white lies" justifiable. He does not stoop to a low deed because his friends and the public will never know. Neither is he a crab at home and a jovial fellow with his friends and the public. (*Alice Claypool, Columbia, Missouri*)

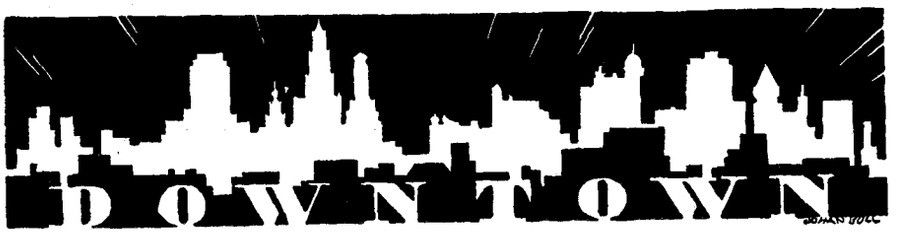
2. He who has proven that "honesty is the best policy" and therefore is honest is not necessarily an honest man but merely a politic one. Neither is he honest whom Duty has placed in a groove where he must perforce walk the straight and narrow path or lose prestige or be found out. As the proverb has it, "it is hard for an empty sack to stand upright," so is it hard for a man in dire necessity to be honest. That man, however, who with perhaps starvation or doom staring him in the face, is not tempted from the path of honor is an honest man. (*M. B. Cove, Belmae, California*)

3. An honest man is one who refrains from deceiving himself, who denies himself the luxury of comforting deceptions or of deceptions easily acquired when truth costs painful labor. An honest man is honest enough to confess ignorance or uncertainty to himself or to others, even at the cost of esteem or material advantage. In matters of money, property, or of written or spoken words, he is controlled, not by law nor custom-sanction of class or group, but by the habit, developed through years of practice, of taking no liberties with his integrity. (*Philip W. Raymond, Oak Park, Illinois*)

4. An honest man is one who exhibits integrity, fairness, and straightforwardness in conduct, thought, and speech. This does not include any warmth or tactfulness, but neither does it exclude such softening qualities. There are honest men — and Scots! I know a perfect "honest man." He is my "next-door neighbor." He drives his five-year-old car another year, wears his three-year-old overcoat another winter, and sends his children to public, instead of private school, so as to pay his debts. He puts sincerity before swank. He pays his fair share of a dinner check. And when his dog tears up my flower beds, he *admits* it. (*Mara E. Serriov, Palo Alto, California*)

[NOTE:— *Next month the prize-winning definitions of* A HERO *will be published. This will conclude* THE FORUM'S *series of definitions contests. The attention of those who have been taking part in these contests is directed to the prize offer for the best Rostrum letter each month, announcement of which is made elsewhere in these columns.*]

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Foreign Bonds

by **DONALD REA HANSON**

Some substantial declines in various foreign bond issues late last year followed the outbreak of revolutions in Argentina, Brazil, and Peru. Australian issues were severely depressed at one time as a financial crisis developed. German issues were temporarily unsettled by the elections in that country last autumn. Now the combination of these discouraging developments caused practically a complete cessation of the normal flow of investment capital from the United States to foreign countries in the last quarter of 1930. In practically every instance the political troubles of these nations could be traced to the economic depression which was world wide in 1930. The collapse of the coffee market in Brazil, poor crops in Argentina, a fall in wheat and wool prices in Australia, and a depressed state of business preceded each of these political disturbances. The news was duly played up by the press and, coming at a time when stocks were undergoing a thoroughly drastic deflation in New York, it is not altogether surprising that investors reacted to the situation by forcing the liquidation of their foreign security holdings on a declining market.

To those not entirely familiar with the foreign bond market the inference might have been drawn that all foreign bonds were depressed; but such was not the case. Any examination of the list of foreign bonds daily traded on the New York Stock Exchange will reveal that, on the whole, the foreign bond market gave a fairly good account of itself during a period of trying circumstances in all investment markets at the close of 1930.

Foreign investments represent a comparatively new type of security for Americans. Prior to the war our investments abroad did not exceed $235,000,000. The latest reliable estimate of the amount of our foreign investments places the total holdings of foreign securities in the United States at about $17,500,000,000. As a debtor nation, prior to the war, we relied in large measure upon the capital of British, Dutch, and French investors to develop our railroads, mines, and other industrial activities. Since the war we have progressed to the point where we can not only finance our own capital requirements, but have a substantial excess of capital available for foreign investment.

Our metamorphosis from the position of a borrower to a lender in the world's capital markets came during the war. The first great international loan to be financed in this period was the $500,000,000 Anglo-French five per cent loan in 1915. Serious doubts were raised as to whether the syndicate headed by the Morgans could float a loan of this size and, secondly, whether the country could absorb all these bonds. Nothing approaching this transaction in magnitude had ever been attempted by American bankers. A nation-wide syndicate of bankers participated in the offering and the loan was literally forced upon the public upon the basis of an appeal to support the Allied cause and upon the logical argument that it would help business in this country. The yield of about five and a half per cent offered no particular inducement to investors.

Considering that the country was officially neutral and that war feeling was running high, the wonder is that the loan was floated. From a financial standpoint it was not a great success, the bonds going to a discount not long after they were offered; and when the United States declared war and began issuing billions in Liberty bonds, foreign bonds slumped. The Anglo-French issue fell to 81⅞ in 1917, where the yield was over eleven per cent. However, the effect of this financing was to support sterling exchange and to enable England and France to expend large sums in this country for war munitions and foodstuffs. Prices soared. A new crop of industrial millionaires was created in the course of the boom. Labor costs went out of sight and all in all there was an advancement in living standards in this country from which we have never receded. The incident affords a vivid, although extreme, illustration of the direct connection between foreign loans, export trade, and business activity here.

WARTIME ISSUES

When the United States entered the war the Treasury advanced large sums to Allied nations directly, total advances in this connection rising above $11,000,000,000. This temporarily relieved private bankers of the burden of financing foreign borrowers directly, and while bankers all over the country rendered invaluable assistance to the Government in financing the successive Liberty and Victory loans, which indirectly provided funds for foreign borrowers, their participation in international advances had hardly begun. A few small issues of French city bonds were offered during the war, but the immediate experience was painful. When the Germans began their great offensive in 1918, and their long range cannon began dropping shells in Paris from a point seventy miles away, the five per cent bonds of that city dropped to 73½.

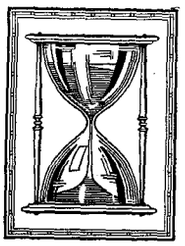
The World War left in its train bitterness and distrust between nations. Financially most of the important participants in the war, with the exception of the United States, were nearly prostrate at its conclusion. That bankers of the United States had the temerity to venture their funds abroad, and then to offer those securities to American investors, is hardly comprehensible to those who can recall clearly the complete financial collapse in Germany, the terrific struggle with currency reform in France and Italy, and the overwhelming burden of debt and taxation in England after the war. Nations that formerly looked to London or Paris for funds turned to New York, among such instances being the South American countries, Canada, Australia, and some of the Central European nations. The burden of financing the world rested upon American bankers. They carried it on and to a great extent the prosperity of the decade from 1920 to 1930 can be credited to their success in this direction.

But bankers are chiefly merchandisers of securities. They cannot tie up their funds indefinitely in slow-moving issues. They base their judgment, when purchasing an issue of securities, upon their ability to dispose of the bonds to their customers. Their reputation depends upon their ability to market securities that are going to prove safe and satisfactory investments. And their success depends upon merchandising securities of the type the public wants. In the final analysis the investor determines whether bankers will finance a corporation or a government loan.

To facilitate the marketing of foreign bonds in this country the interest return had to be made attractive. Capital is timid. But if interest rates are made high enough to compensate for the real or assumed risk, securities can be sold. That was the magnet that attracted American funds to foreign bonds after the war. Bonds of the French Government bearing an eight per cent coupon were sold at less than par. New issues of such strong governments as Belgium, Denmark, Italy, and others were frequently offered with six or seven per cent coupon rates. When Germany recovered her financial equilib-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a Quarter Century *of* Group Management



IN 1906 the Associated Gas and Electric Company was incorporated for the purpose of bringing several gas and electric properties under common management. This company with its central office at Ithaca, New York, represented one of the first five public utility groups in the United States.

Service by these original Associated properties to some 8,000 customers in 20 communities was the nucleus of Associated System service now furnished to 1,429,000 customers in more than 2,500 communities.

To invest, or for information, write

Associated Gas and Electric System

61 Broadway, New York

ASSOCIATED GAS & ELECTRIC SYSTEM 1852

For Your Foreign Trip

TO HAVE your travel funds in convenient and safeguarded form take a Guaranty Letter of Credit with you.

It will assure to you also the courtesies and varied services of our foreign offices and of our banking correspondents in every accessible section the world over.

Obtainable at banks throughout the country or from this Company direct.

Booklet "Banking facilities in Europe," on request

Guaranty Trust Company of New York

140 Broadway **New York**

BOUND COPIES

of the

Century Magazine

ARE WANTED

1913–1926, Only

Please quote

Forum & Century

441 Lexington Avenue

New York City

rium in 1924, New York bankers offered $110,000,000 of seven per cent German Government bonds, due in 1949 at 92, on a seven and three-quarters per cent yield basis. Thus the bulk of the $17,000,000,000 worth of foreign bonds was sold in this country in the decade following the war.

Practically all of the large European bond issues which were brought out in the post-war period proved to be high grade issues, the quality of security comparing favorably with domestic issues. How these bonds stood up in the liquidation in the security markets in last December's break is best illustrated by taking a representative list of twenty-five of these issues, and this is exclusive of the German 7s, the Italian 7s, and a number of other issues which were the direct obligation of powerful nations. The average initial offering price of this diversified list, selected at random, was about 92⅜. At the lowest points of the entire year 1930, which includes the acute strain in December, these bonds were selling at an average price of 100½.

GOOD RETURNS

WHEN a borrower meets his obligations promptly and goes a step further by anticipating the maturity of his obligations, his creditors' confidence in him is strengthened. That has been the record of many of the large foreign borrowers in this market. One large banking organization recently computed the investment results of twenty-two foreign issues of wide geographical distribution which have been or are in the process of being called before maturity. It found that these issues, with a total principal amount of $425,000,000, were sold to the public for $416,015,000. Upon redemption the holders of these bonds received or will receive a total of $460,550,000, or a profit of $44,535,000, equivalent to more than ten per cent on their original investment. In the meantime they received an average return of almost eight per cent on their investment. Considering that a selected list of domestic industrial bonds is selling on slightly over a five per cent yield basis on the average; that railroad bonds are averaging about four and a quarter per cent; that public utility issues yield about four and a half per cent and municipals less than four per cent, the experience in foreign bond investments in this instance has worked out most advantageously.

Instances have been rare indeed where defaults of interest and sinking fund requirements on foreign securities have occurred, and these have been mostly in the case of loans to foreign corporations. As a result of the economic and political upheaval of the past year, however, two South American countries are facing defaults. Bolivia has already defaulted

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Downtown

the interest payments on its external issues and it is a question at this writing whether Peru can meet its obligations. The situation in Latin America represents the least attractive angle of our foreign investment problem. But despite the several revolutions of 1930, all of the responsible governments have accepted the principle of strict observance of their external obligations. Europe in general, although poorer in natural resources than Latin America, although starting from an extremely impoverished position after the war, has proved the most reliable field for foreign investment.

Last year's sharp decline in a comparatively small group of foreign bonds exhibits, perhaps, the objection that is most frequently expressed by investors to these issues, namely that these bonds are hypersensitive to unfavorable news dispatches. However, it may be observed in passing that domestic issues are not immune in this respect. If foreign bonds are liable to default, it might be said that several states in this country cannot point to a clean record in this respect. After the Civil War large amounts of bonds of Southern states were sold abroad, which were subsequently repudiated. If foreign corporate issues have been defaulted in times of depression it might be well to remember that every industrial depression in this country brings in its train a few defaults of American railroad and industrial bond issues.

The record for foreign issues, based upon the experience of the last ten years, has been no worse than that for domestic bond issues, and probably on the whole somewhat better. In foreign bonds, as in every other type of investment, discrimination must be exercised in the selection. Experience of the past should be carefully noted. Soviet Russia's repudiation of the Imperial Government's obligations has barred any obligations of that country from any consideration for future investment. The experience of investors with Mexico and China has been notorious. The record of Brazil is not unmarred by defaults, but her obligations have always been recognized and subsequently refunded. Since the early nineties the record of Argentina and Chile has been satisfactory and Uruguay's has been of the best.

All reputable dealers in foreign bonds are posted upon the situations in different countries and it is well for the investor to consult freely with his banker before making such investments. Diversification of one's foreign investments also tends to reduce the risk. On the whole, foreign bonds merit the confidence of investors and the unusually high returns available from such issues offer an incentive of tangible value which should by no means be ignored.

Scene in the Tontine Coffee House during violent speculation in United States Bank scrip.

A frenzy of speculation swept the country in 1791

UNITED STATES BANK scrip, originally offered for one hundred dollars, rose to 195, dropped rapidly to 110 and finally rallied to 145. Several failures were the result. ¶ In this crisis *Hamilton authorized the Cashier of the Bank of New York to* buy *government bonds and stocks to* relieve *the merchants of the City and to sustain the credit of the United States.*

SINCE its founding, nearly a Century and a half ago, it has been the privilege of the Bank of New York to serve not only corporations, firms and individuals, but also the City, State and Federal Governments in times of stress.

Although concepts of banking have changed in many ways, the Bank of New York and Trust Company has adhered to the fundamental principles with which it was endowed 147 years ago.

Because of its independent position and its strict adherence to conservative banking principles, this bank has always represented those qualities of stability and permanence which characterize old and tried institutions.

BANK *of* NEW YORK *and* TRUST COMPANY

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS $20,000,000

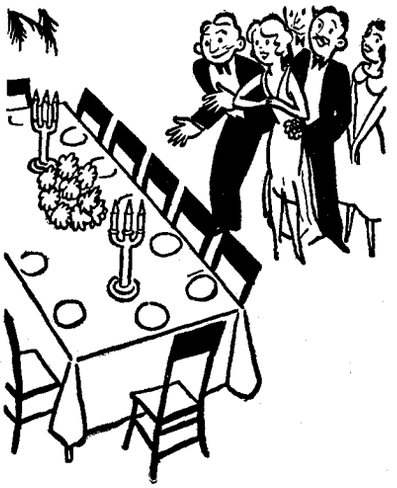
NEW YORK CLEARING HOUSE MEMBERSHIP NUMBER ONE ★

48 WALL STREET, NEW YORK

Uptown Office: Madison Avenue at 63rd Street

BANK OF NEW YORK AND TRUST COMPANY — BANK OF NEW YORK — NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE AND TRUST CO. — 1784-1930

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Sometimes WE *are surprised*

BUT we try not to show it... This time a husband said his wife was arriving in 10 minutes, and could we help him arrange a surprise dinner party for her? Here was a list of 12 guests ... would we telephone them and "fix things up" while he dashed to meet his wife at the station? There were 14 at that dinner ... and his wife *was* really surprised!

It's our belief that a hotel should do *more* than have large, airy rooms, comfortable beds, spacious closets. Beyond that, we daily try to meet the surprise situation *(without surprise)*, no matter what the guest wants.

Extra service at these 25

UNITED HOTELS

NEW YORK CITY'S *only United* ....The Roosevelt
PHILADELPHIA, PA. ..... The Benjamin Franklin
SEATTLE, WASH. ..... The Olympic
WORCESTER, MASS. ..... The Bancroft
NEWARK, N. J. ..... The Robert Treat
PATERSON, N. J. ..... The Alexander Hamilton
TRENTON, N. J. ..... The Stacy-Trent
HARRISBURG, PA. ..... The Penn-Harris
ALBANY, N. Y. ..... The Ten Eyck
SYRACUSE, N. Y. ..... The Onondaga
ROCHESTER, N. Y. ..... The Seneca
NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y. ..... The Niagara
ERIE, PA. ..... The Lawrence
AKRON, OHIO ..... The Portage
FLINT, MICH. ..... The Durant
KANSAS CITY, MO. ..... The President
TUCSON, ARIZ. ..... El Conquistador
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. ..... The St. Francis
SHREVEPORT, LA. ..... The Washington-Youree
NEW ORLEANS, LA. ..... The Roosevelt
NEW ORLEANS, LA. ..... The Bienville
TORONTO, ONT. ..... The King Edward
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT. ..... The Clifton
WINDSOR, ONT. ..... The Prince Edward
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I. .The Constant Spring

UNITED HOTELS

Investment Literature

We present to our readers the following list of booklets issued by reputable financial houses with the belief that they may be helpful in the solution of investment problems. Copies of these booklets will be furnished free upon request.

UNITED FOUNDERS CORPORATION REPORT FOR YEAR ENDED NOV. 30, 1930, showing a complete list of portfolio holdings together with earnings statement, may be obtained from Allied General Corporation, 49 Wall Street, New York City.

INVESTING IN OPPORTUNITY. A description of the electric system owned by the American Water Works and Electric Company, Inc. Copy upon request. American Water Works and Electric Company, Inc., 50 Broad St., New York City.

CLASS A STOCK. A new illustrated twelve-page booklet describing this investment stock and including photographs of the properties, map of their location, analysis of territories served, and charts of growth in earnings, assets and number of customers. Associated Gas & Electric Company, 61 Broadway, New York City.

THE LIFE INSURANCE TRUST. An outline of the program to be followed in arranging for the administration of your estate, with particular reference to insurance trusts and the benefits to be derived from such a plan. Bank of New York and Trust Company, 48 Wall Street, New York City.

A PORTFOLIO OF INDUSTRIES. The history and earnings of some of the representative companies in basic industries in which Continental Shares is a substantial stockholder; also complete classified list of securities owned by Continental Shares. Copy upon request. Continental Shares, Inc., Cuyahoga Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

CITIES SERVICE COMMON AS A PERMANENT INVESTMENT. This booklet describes the activities of Cities Service Company and its subsidiaries; also discusses common stock for investment, with special reference to the past history and future possibilities of Cities Service Common stock. Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall Street, New York City.

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL FOODS. A description of the widespread variety of products manufactured and sold by the General Foods Corporation and the history of the various companies combined in this group. Booklet upon request. General Foods Corporation, 250 Park Ave., New York City.

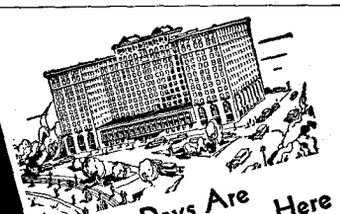
Continued on next page

FORUM FINANCIAL SERVICE

Mr. Donald Rea Hanson, Editor of *"Downtown,"* will be glad to give *Forum* readers his opinion regarding matters of investment. No advice regarding speculative operations will be given. Postage for reply should be enclosed.

Address Editor "Downtown"

THE FORUM
441 Lexington Avenue
New York, N. Y.



Summer Days Are Comfortable ... Here

SUMMER days in Chicago are comfortable ... at THE DRAKE. Pleasant ... spacious ... airy rooms and an ideal location ... overlooking Lake Michigan ... Beach, bridle paths ... Lincoln Park ... and other attractions immediately accessible. *Rates begin at $5 per day. Permanent Suites at Special Discounts.*

THE DRAKE HOTEL, CHICAGO
Under Blackstone Management

"AN ADDRESS OF DISTINCTION"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Investment Literature

THE CARE OF YOUR SECURITIES. A booklet describing the advantages and small cost of a Custody Service Account and outlining the numerous services offered security holders, such as review of investment holdings, collecting coupons, notification of maturities, etc. Guaranty Trust Company, 140 Broadway, New York City.

ANALYSIS CHART FOR THE DETERMINATION OF INVESTMENT POLICY AND POSITION. A chart designed to help investors analyze the structure of their bond account and plan their investment policy. Copy upon request. Halsey, Stuart & Co., 201 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE JOHN HANCOCK HOME BUDGET. A guide in home budgeting, showing the proper apportionment of income to fit average needs: the amount to be allowed for rent, clothes, insurance, and other savings. Budget sheet sent upon request by Inquiry Bureau, The John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., 197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass. Please enclose 2c for postage.

UTILITY PREFERRED STOCKS. An informative and interesting analysis of the advantages offered by Preferred Stocks in general and Utility Preferred Stocks in particular, showing present high yields and other advantages. G. L. Ohrstrom & Company, Inc., 36 Wall Street, New York City.

HOW TO GET THE THINGS YOU WANT. A booklet which outlines how life insurance can be used to advantage in any investment program and describes the uses and purposes of various policies, particularly retirement income policies and others for special needs. Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company, 493 Elm Street, Hartford, Conn.

23 YEARS OF SUCCESS. A booklet telling about the financial condition of the company; its method of doing business without agents; its diversified investments, and the wide distribution of its benefits. Postal Life Insurance Co., 511 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

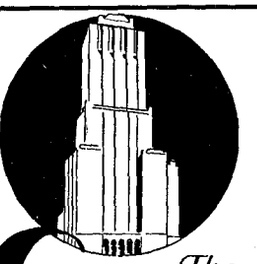
BUILDING FINANCIAL INDEPENDENCE. An outline of a sound investment program with a description of first mortgage real estate bonds safeguarded by the Straus plan, and the investment trust idea represented by Super-Corporations of American Trust Shares. Booklet upon request. S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

These booklets may be obtained by addressing the firms listed or

Financial Department

FORUM MAGAZINE

441 Lexington Avenue **NEW YORK**



The famous club-hotel

The SHELTON

at 49th and Lexington NEW YORK

It provides visitors to the city with a new sense of comfort and enjoyment. You'll like it.

Changes of Address

Notice of a change of address, to be effective with the June issue of FORUM must reach the Subscription Department by April 30.

The Post Office does not forward magazines, including FORUM, which are mailed under the Second Class Rate of Postage.

Please give your former address when advising the Subscription Department of your new.

HOTEL MONTCLAIR

49th to 50th Streets
LEXINGTON AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY

A New Luxurious Hotel as Homelike as Though You Had Designed It for Yourself

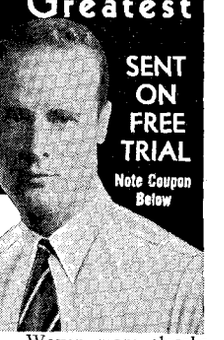
ROOM AND BATH, TUB AND SHOWER
$3 to $5 Per Day

For 2 Persons *$4 to $6 Per Day*
Suites *$8 to $15 Per Day*

SUPERB CUISINE
Radio in Every Room

OSCAR W. RICHARDS, *Manager*
Direction — S. GREGORY TAYLOR

America's Greatest "BUY" in Broadcloth Shirts



SENT ON FREE TRIAL
Note Coupon Below

LET'S get right down to facts and *see* why men last year bought 251,356 "LongWear" Broadcloth Shirts:

FIVE Advantages

1. FINE MATERIAL. Woven more closely than ordinary broadcloth -- luxurious "feel", longer wear. White (or fast-color Blue, Tan or Green), in collar-attached or neckband style.
2. CUSTOM-LIKE. Full cut; two yards more cloth in every dozen. Rounded tails, full length front pleat with *six* -- not five buttons.
3. PERFECT FIT. *Guaranteed* custom-like fit from 58 different sizes and sleeve lengths.
4. PRE-SHRUNK. To fit perfectly *permanently*. A new shirt free if any "LongWear" shrinks! Silk-like luster that lasts.
5. TAILORING. Reminds you of expensive custom-made shirts.

Reduced! Only $1.39 Each if You Act NOW!

It costs nothing to examine these better "LongWear" Shirts in your own home. Mail the coupon *now* to get the advantage of this month's reduced price of 5 shirts for $6.95.

EXAMINE FREE! Mail Coupon Today

NEW PROCESS COMPANY, WARREN, PENNA. FM

Send me 5 "LongWear" Broadcloth Shirts, postpaid. After 7 days I'll return them at your expense or remit $6.95.

Name ..... PLEASE WRITE PLAINLY

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Business or Occupation ..... Position or Title .....
(Name of Firm Connected With)

Height .....ft. .....in. (Approximately) Weight .....lbs. (Approximately) Collar Size..... (Be Exact)

Shirt Neckband Size..... (If not same as Collar size) Sleeve Length..... (Not needed if you tell height)

HOW MANY EACH?	White	Blue	Green	Tan
Collar-Attached Style				
Neckband Style				

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TOASTS

MARCUS DUFFIELD has been in newspaper work in San Diego, London, and New York. At present he is getting together material for a book on the activities of the Legion, of which the article published in this issue will form a part. Needless to say, he is not connected with the Legion, nor is he a member of any so-called "radical" or pacifist group. In fact he started writing under the most unimpeachable of auspices: the United States Government, which once awarded him a Liberty Bond for an essay on "Why We Should Buy Liberty Bonds."

LIKE MOST New Yorkers, ELMER DAVIS was born and brought up elsewhere. About twenty years ago he came from Indiana to join the staff of *Adventure*. From 1914 to 1924 he was on the editorial staff of *The New York Times*. At present he is free lancing, dividing his time mainly between fiction and commentaries on politics. His best known book is *Show Windows*, a collection of essays on contemporary personalities, published in 1927. It was followed by *Giant Killer*, one of the best-selling novels of 1928. His latest is *Morals for Moderns*.

THIS ISSUE seems to be the newspaper men's. EDWARD ANGLY is on the New York *Herald Tribune*. He started with the *Galveston News* down in Texas, where he worked until 1920. Then the metropolitan urge got him and he traveled north to New York. Feeling that while there was shoe leather there was hope, he listed all the possible employers in alphabetical order, but found it necessary to go no farther than the A's. The Associated Press took him on and sent him abroad as a foreign correspondent. Most of his stay abroad was spent in Great Britain, France, and Soviet Russia.

OUR POET for this month, THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL, lives in Denver, Colorado. Most of his time is spent in publicity work, since very few poets these days find poetry remunerative enough to keep body and soul together. The Yale University Press not long ago published a volume of his poems, *High Passage*.

JOHN R. TUNIS is no easy-chair sports writer. He played on the tennis team at Harvard, and has been following sports actively and enthusiastically ever since. He was among the first to attack the encroachments of professionalism on amateur sport, and is still at it. At present he is in Europe, covering the Davis Cup matches for the New York *Evening Post*.

H. N. BRAILSFORD started as a lecturer on logic at Glasgow University, but he gave that up for journalism. At different times he served on the editorial staffs of several English liberal papers, among them the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Nation*. For four years he edited the Independent Labor Party's weekly, *The New Leader*, and made it a notable literary review. His published works include a study of *Shelley, Godwin, and Their Circle*, and an essay entitled *Olives of Endless Age*. His article in this issue is the result of a recent trip to India.

WHEN WE get an author who is willing to talk in this department, we like to let him go. Here is ROBERT B. PARKER, JR. on Robert B. Parker, Jr. — "Born in Ipswich, Mass. Took a couple of degrees at Harvard, expecting to be offered a chair. Wasn't. A year's editorial work

ELMER DAVIS

was followed by a touch of the Navy on land and several years of farming — more or less at sea. This distracted me so that I wrote two novels which editors said things about. Again distracted, I experimented with the stock market. . . ." You need say no more, Mr. Parker. We don't blame you for retiring to South Lincoln, Mass. We don't blame you for writing the things you write. But if you should ever want to stage a come-back, we know of no surer bet than *Universal Electric*.

AND HERE are the confessions of RODNEY GILBERT: "I am a person of Quaker ancestry and conventional education in the Arts who developed at an early age so strong a distaste for the dull and useful life that it remains to this day the greatest driving force in my make-up. It has made a dabbler of me; a dabbler in languages, farming, philosophy, blacksmithing, journalism, seafaring, war, international politics, and fiction. It has made me a person of a hundred short-lived enthusiasms and a trouble-hunter who has devoted much more spiritual and physical energy to getting into uncomfortable and embarrassing positions than most successful men put into the building of a great fortune. This inclination took me not only around the world, but over many hard roads in the waste places of several continents. Now I have returned to America after an absense of nearly twenty years with no material or intellectual loot worth mentioning. From being a humanitarian I have become an advocate of race prejudice and of the extermination of the unfit, a cynical critic of liberal political institutions and a believer in ruthless imperialism. I am, in short, a burned-out adventurer displaying all the characteristic spiritual traits of a very premature senility." He forgot to mention that he, too, is a newspaper man, living in New York City.

WHILE he was still a professor of mathematics at Johns Hopkins University FABIAN FRANKLIN became interested in economic theory and later lectured on important aspects of it at both Johns Hopkins and Columbia. He was once editor of the *Baltimore News* and subsequently associate editor of the New York *Evening Post*. Although he was born in Eger, Hungary, seventy-eight years ago, no one has a keener or more alert interest in contemporary American affairs. As an opponent of prohibition he has been constantly active ever since the publication in 1922 of his book, *What Prohibition Has Done to America*.

LOUIS I. DUBLIN is the statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. In this office he has had an extraordinary opportunity to study the social phenomena of large groups, represented by the policy holders of his company. Dr. Dublin is a technician who does not object to taking the public into his confidence; he is the author of many books, monographs, and addresses on vital statistics and public health, among them *Health and Wealth, The Money Value of a Man* (with Dr. Lotka), and *Population Problems*.

H. ALEXANDER SMITH practiced law in Colorado Springs for a number of years and was connected with the United States Food Administration during the war. In September 1919 he went to Princeton to become Executive Secretary of the University. Later, after traveling abroad and studying at Oxford, he came back to Princeton to lecture on international relations. For the past ten years he has been a member of the Commission for Relief of Belgium Educational Foundation, which was organized after the war for the rehabilitation of Belgian education and the exchange of professorships and scholarships between Belgium and the United States. Dr. Smith is still a member of the faculty of the Department of Politics at Princeton.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED